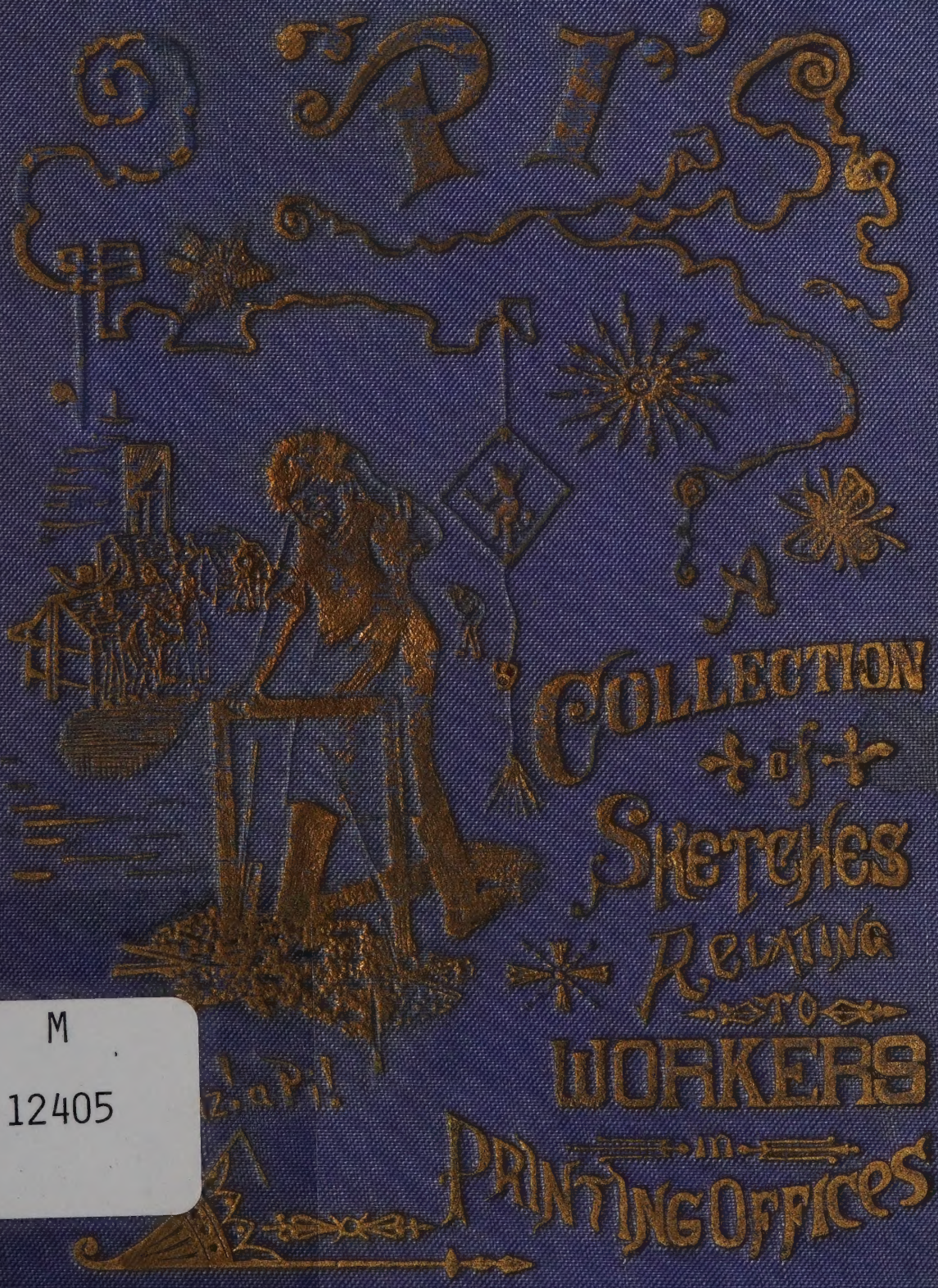
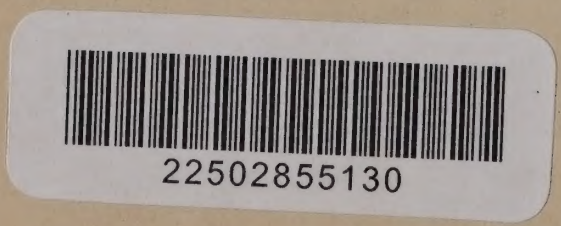

A
COLLECTION
of
SKETCHES
RELATING
TO
WORKERS
IN
PRINTING OFFICES

M
12405


22502855130

With Red-Inks'
Compliments.

WELLCOME
LIBRARY
General Collections
M
12405
YHD/P1

90051

"PI"

A COMPILATION OF ODDS AND ENDS

RELATING TO WORKERS IN

SANCTUM AND NEWSROOM

CULLED FROM THE SCRAP-BOOK
OF A COMPOSITOR.

HAMILTON, ONT.
GRIFFIN & KIDNER, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS, KING WILLIAM STREET.
1890

PREFACE.

IN presenting this little volume to the craft and others, the compiler is imbued with the belief that it will be accorded a favorable reception. The aim has been not so much to instruct as to amuse, and in pursuance of this object the hope is expressed that he has not overshot the mark. Through changed conditions, not the least important feature of which is the advent of the type-setting machine, the old order of things is fast losing its identity, and along with it a race of printers full of quaint conceits and eccentricities, whose counterparts are but rarely seen to-day. Part of the compiler's object, therefore, in gathering this typographical lore from various sources and embodying it in its present shape was to rescue the memory of these waifs and strays from oblivion, to forge a connecting link, imperfect though it may be, between the hazy past and the bustling, practical present. In some of the sketches, old-timers will recognize once restless characters who have since lain down to "sleep the sleep that knows no waking," and if certain of the articles themselves bear a familiar face to some, they will not surely resent their reappearance—a good thing is always worth reading twice. As for those who may con them for the first time, it is confidently expected they will derive a degree of enjoyment worthy of the undertaking. Technical works relating to typography there are in abundance, and they undoubtedly occupy a very important position in developing the capabilities of the modern disciple of Faust; but the opinion is hazarded that this unpretentious compilation, treating of the lights and shadows of the printer's career and of the inner life of the sanctum, from the taking standpoint of wit and humor, is a new departure. If it has compeers, the writer has failed to come across them. Of this he is full sure, however—that the present effort is a most congenial one, pursued at odd times; and, if but the bare outlay connected therewith be met, will feel amply repaid by the entertainment accruing to the perusal of these legends of the craft by his fellow-typos. Credit has been given in every instance where obtainable.

RED-INK.

CONTENTS.

Ancient Customs in a Printing Office 49
An Esteemed Contemporary..... 122
Beating a Circus Advertising Agent 76
Bogus..... 65
Chapel, The..... 8
Chapel and Our Comps., The..... 120
Cleaning Out a Lunch Man..... 145
Coffin Dealer Who Wanted a Notice 68
Composing Room Slang..... 128
Crowded Out..... 159
David and Goliath..... 113
Detective's Effort, A..... 95
Devil and I, The..... 88
Dollar Bill on Each Take, A 100
Editorial Cares..... 141
Fat Take, A..... 141
Foreman's Item, The..... 144
For Money, Drinks and Glory.... 101
For They are Jolly Good Fellows.. 143
Friend of the Editor, The..... 126
Fully Equipped and from College.. 63
Giving an Item..... 9
Habits of Printers, The..... 86
Handlers of the Stick..... 160
He Couldn't Linger..... 40
He Wasn't a Vegetarian..... 118
How it Sounds..... 116
How Poetry is Made..... 36
How the Colonel Got Up the River 21
" It Don't Pay, Young Fellows."... 134
Jno. H. Prentiss of the Lost Cause 72
Keeping the Galleys Open..... 156
Lay of the Last Minstrel..... 132
Love in a Printing Office..... 43
Mark Twain as a Printer..... 27
Mark Twain's Report of an Accident 48
Model Newspaper, A..... 83
Modest Poet, A..... 60
Morning Paper Printers..... 125
New Society Reporter, The..... 24
New York Chapel Meeting, A.... 96
No Ephs nor Cays..... 121
Old Oaken Bucket, The..... 62
Old Printer, The..... 5
Opposed to Inflation..... 32
Origin of the Printer's Devil..... 136
Pilgrim Printer, The..... 154
Printers as Actor 82
Printers' Errors..... 70
Proof Reader, A..... 38
Proof Readers..... 150
Putting Up a Job on the Foreman 158
Quaker Printer's Proverbs, A..... 133
Sad Mix-Up, A..... 53
Sagebrush Sketches..... 77
Sandy Grub..... 55
Secresy in a Printing Office..... 34
Short Takes..... 110
Slug Eleven..... 13
Sorrows of Genius, The..... 30
Thirty Was In..... 111
Tourist, The..... 157
Trials of an Ambitious Journalist.. 146
Troubles of a Poet, The..... 16
Turning a Town Upside Down.... 51
Twain and Dan de Quille..... 137
Type-Setting in Japan..... 117
Typographical Consolation..... 92
Wayz-Goose, The..... 19
W E O W 3 MO 45
Young Devil's Opinion of Tramps, A 26

POETRY.

Agile Type-Lifter, The..... 204
A Protest..... 192
Artistic Printer, The..... 202
Blacksmith's Lament, The..... 207
Celestial Reporter, The..... 188
Country Editor's Troubles, A 180
Deadly Weapon, A..... 206
Devil to Pay, The..... 176
Editor's Obituary, An..... 199
Employment vs. Dismissal..... 203
Emptying Takes..... 193
Freedom of the Press..... 186
Intelligent Compositor, The..... 208
Jeffing 179
Jonas Jones..... 209
Model Subscriber, A..... 196
Old Scissors' Soliloquy, The..... 184
Old Printer, The..... 198
Only a Printer..... 194
Out of Sorts..... 191
Phantom Printers, The..... 213
Printer's Progress, The..... 212
Sojering..... 180
Song of the Printer..... 200
Tragedy of Types, The..... 186
Tramp Printer's Dream, A..... 182
Tramp Printer's Story, A..... 197
Towel's Farewell, The..... 201
Type-Setting Machine, The..... 215
Worn-Out Font of Type..... 177
Wrong Font Eyes..... 210
Young Female Compositor, The.. 175

COPY

"PI."

PEN PICTURES OF PRINTERDOM.

THE OLD PRINTER.

[By Bob Burdette.]

"Slug Nine" learned his letters right from the boxes, and grew up and learned to set type in one of those mustang offices where they keep the type in a coffee-sack and chalk out the cases on the floor. He wasn't even a very fast printer; he didn't often rush, and never "soldiered for the fat on the hook," but took whatever came along with equal patience and good nature, whether it was a "pick-up" or a great take of blind copy, scribbled in pencil on blue foolscap on both sides of the paper and marked solid, with never a break or paragraph from A to Z. But he would stand at that old case and pick up type all night, pegging along on straight brevier as tranquilly as though he struck a display head on every take. He always made fair bills, and after awhile, as the sixties began creeping on him, the boys had a way of "soldiering" for him, and maybe you don't know how hard it is for a printer to drop a good many type, and fumble for the boxes, and let his thumb get most awfully sore, and to hunt for the bellows to blow out his case, and study his copy closely and find it dreadfully hard to read, and that sort of thing, when by pulling out a little he can get a "pick-

up" as long as your arm and a leaded take with paragraphs to every sentence. But they did that for the old man, and he knew it by and by, and loved the boys as though they were his own, every last slug of them.

And so, year after year he wrought among the boys on a morning paper. He went to bed about the time the rest of the world got up, and he rose about the time the rest of the world sat down to dinner. He worked by every kind of light except sunlight. There were candles in the office when he came in; then they had lard oil lamps that smoked and spluttered and smelled; then he saw two or three printers blinded by explosions of camphene and spirit gas; then kerosene came in and heated up the newsroom on summer nights like a furnace; then the office put in gas; and now the electric light hung from the ceiling and dazzled his old eyes and glared into them from his copy. If he sang on his way home a policeman bade him "cheese that," and reminded him that he was disturbing the peace and people wanted to sleep. But when he wanted to sleep, the rest of the world, for whom he had sat up all night to make a morning paper, roared and crashed by down the noisy street under his window, with cart and truck and omnibus; blared with brass bands, howled with hand organs, talked and shouted, and even the shrieking newsboy, with a ghastly sarcasm, murdered the sleep of the tired old printer by yelling the name of his own paper. Year after year the foreman roared at him to remember that this wasn't an afternoon paper; editors shrieked down the tube to have a blind man put on that dead man's case; smart young proofreaders scribbled sarcastic comments on his work on the margin of his proof-slips; long-winded correspondents, learning to write, and long-haired poets who could never learn to spell, wrathfully cast all their imprecations on his head. But, through all, he wrought patiently, and found more sunshine than shadow in the world; he had more friends than enemies. Printers and foremen and pressmen and reporters

came and went, but he staid, and he saw newsroom and sanctum filled and emptied, and filled and emptied again and filled again with new and strange faces.

He was working one night, and when the hours that are so short in a ball-room drew wearily on, he was tired. He hadn't thrown in a full case, he said. One of the boys, tired as himself—but a printer is never too tired to be good-natured—offered to change cases with him; but the old man said there was enough in his case to last him through his take, and he wouldn't work any more to-night. The type clicked in the silent room and by and by the old man said,

"I'm out of sorts."

He sat down on the low window sill by his case, with his stick in his hand, his hands folded wearily over his lap. The types clicked on. A galley of telegraph waited.

"Will anyone kindly tell me what gentleman is lingering with D 13?" called the foreman, who was always dangerously polished and polite when he was on the point of exploding with wrath and impatience.

Slug Twelve, passing by the alley, stopped to speak to the old man, sitting there so quietly.

The telegraph boy came running in with the last manifold sheet, shouting:

"Thirty!"

They carried the old man to the foreman's long table, and laid him down reverently and covered his face. They took the stick out of his nerveless hand, and read his last take:

"BOSTON, Nov. 23.—The American bark Pilgrim went to pieces off Marblehead in a light gale about midnight. She was old and unseaworthy, and this was to have been her last trip."

THE "CHAPEL."

On several occasions I have been asked by persons outside the printing business what the name "chapel," as applied to printing-houses, meant. I find the following from John Southward, a well-known English authority on the "art preservative," in the *Printer's Register*, August 6, 1885. He copies from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a paper printed in 1740, which republished it from a long-defunct periodical called the *Craftsman*. It is in the shape of a letter, and gives an account of the customs prevailing in the trade about 150 years ago. It says:

"I wonder that neither you nor any other authors who have written so many learned discourses in defense of the liberty of the press, and upon the usefulness of the art of printing, never give us any account of the hierarchy (for so I may call it) of a printing-house. I shall, therefore, endeavor to supply that defect in the following letter:

"You cannot be ignorant, sir, that the first printing-press in England was set up in a chapel in Westminster Abbey, or some other religious house; from whence that part of the house which is assigned for printing hath ever since been called a chapel, and constituted in an ecclesiastical manner, with diverse religious rites and ceremonies. * * * When a printer first sets up, if it is in a house that was never used for printing before, the part designed for that purpose is consecrated, which is performed by the senior freeman the master employs, who is the father or dean of the chapel; and the chief ceremony is drinking success to the master, sprinkling the walls with strong beer, and singing the Cuz's anthem, at the conclusion of which there is a supper given by the master. * * * All the workmen are called chapellonians, who are obliged to submit to certain laws, all of which are calculated for the good of the whole body, and for the well carrying on of the master's business. To the breach of these laws is annexed a penalty,

which an obstinate member sometimes refuses to pay; upon which it is left to the majority of the chapel, in convocation assembled, whether he shall be continued any longer a chapellonian; and if his sentence is to be discontinued, he is then declared a brimstone—that is, an excommunicated person—and deprived of all shares of the money given by the gentlemen, authors, booksellers and others, to make them drink, especially that great annual solemnity, commonly called the Wayz Goose Feast."

In commenting on the above, Mr. Southward says:

"That Caxton set up his press within the precincts of Westminster Abbey is, of course, an error, as was shown by Mr. Blades in his 'Life of Caxton.' The error, however, is constantly repeated, even to this day."

It need hardly be pointed out, however, that it is the meeting of the journeymen, not the place of meeting, that is now called a "chapel."

And thus the "chapel" has been retained to the present day, but without any ceremonies, business chiefly in the cause of labor having supplanted them, as the "Cuz," or journeyman, has greatly outstripped the "master" in the progress of humanity and civilization.—*Cor. in Globe-Democrat.*

GIVING AN ITEM.

The following little story teaches caution in the use of pronouns:

Mr. Tucker came into the editorial room of a local paper, and sliding up to the reporter's table, he took a seat and nudged up close and said:

"Just take it down and I'll give you a good item. Ready?"

"Yes. Go ahead."

"Well, this morning, Mrs. Tucker—my wife, you know—and her daughter Bessie were driving out with the bay mare named Kitty, along the river road, to see her aunt."

"Whose aunt?"

"Mrs. Tucker's aunt. To see her aunt. Bessie was driving the mare, and a little after they had passed Stapleton Place she threw one of her shoes."

"Bessie did?"

"No, Kitty the mare. And Bessie said to her mother that she thought she was behaving queerly."

"Mrs. Tucker was?"

"The mare; and she felt so worried that she had half a notion to turn back."

"Are you speaking of the mare or Bessie?"

"I mean Bessie, of course. But she kept on limping and going kinder uneven until they were down by the gas works, when she laid back her ears and—"

"You don't mean Bessie's ears?"

"Certainly not."

"Go on, then. Mrs. Tucker laid back her ears."

"The mare's ears. And just as they got on the bridge over the creek the mare gave a tilt to one side, and, as Mrs. Tucker screamed, she let drive with both her hind legs against the carriage."

"Are you referring to Mrs. Tucker or to the—"

"Kitty the mare—and snapped both shafts off short. The next moment, before Mrs. Tucker or Bessie could save themselves, she went over the side, turning a complete somersault."

"You are now speaking of the mare?"

"Yes, the mare turned a complete somersault into the water. One of the traces remained unbroken, and of course, as Kitty went over, she dragged the carriage after her, and Mrs. Tucker and Bessie went floundering into the creek. The mare at once struck out for the shore, and Bessie had fortunately presence of mind enough to grasp

her by the tail. She had the blind staggers, but it had passed off—"

"Not Bessie?"

"No—the mare; and as soon as she was being towed past Mrs. Tucker she caught hold of her dress."

"The mare's dress?"

"Bessie's dress: and it seemed for a moment the mare would bring them safely to land. But Mrs. Tucker's hold on the mare loosened somehow, and—"

"You said Bessie had hold of the mare's tail."

"Did I? Well, so it was; Mrs. Tucker had hold of her dress."

"Whose dress?"

"Didn't I say Bessie's dress? Well, then, somehow, Mrs. Tucker's hold loosened and—"

"Her hold of what?"

"Her hold of the mare—no, I must be mistaken; Bessie had hold of the mare's tail, while the mare was swimming, and the mare had hold of Mrs. Tucker's dr—that is, Mrs. Tucker had hold of—. Well, anyhow, she let go—"

"Mrs. Tucker let go?"

"Oh, I dunno; whoever had hold of the mare let go, and she went to the bottom like a stone."

"If I follow your meaning, it was the mare that went to the bottom."

"My goodness, man! Can't you understand? It wasn't the mare. The mare swam ashore."

"What did you say she went to the bottom for, then?"

"I didn't; it was Bessie."

"Bessie never said a word about it."

"You know what I meant: Bessie went to the bottom."

"And Mrs. Tucker swam ashore?"

"No, she didn't."

"Very well, then. Mrs. Tucker went to the bottom, too?"

"No, she didn't either."

"Mrs. Tucker flew up in the air, then?"

"You think you're smart, don't you?"

"Well, go on and tell your story; we'll discuss that after. What did Bessie say when she got to the bottom?"

"I've a good mind to wollup you."

"What did she say that for?"

"You mud-headed idiot!" said Mr. Tucker, "give me any more of your insolence, and I'll flay you alive. I was going to give you a good item about that mare, and what Mrs. Tucker said about her turning somersaults all the way home, but now I'll see you hanged first."

The reporter got behind the desk, lifted up a chair to ward off a missle, and then he said calmly:

"What was Mrs. Tucker's object in turning somersaults all the way home?"—*Pittsburg Critic.*

SLUG ELEVEN.

Never been in a printing office before, I suppose. What woman's portrait is that over that case, you ask? Why, that's Nan. She was Slug 11. Oh, no; Slug 11 wasn't her nickname. 'Twas her number. See, here is a slug eleven. Printers use their slug numbers to mark their matter; else, how could they make up their strings? A string? Oh, we paste all our dupes together, and that makes a string that shows what we have done. Here's my string for the day—regular rope, ain't it?

Want to know about Nan, eh! Well, she was the only female type-setter we had, and she was a hummer. She could talk longer and on occasions, louder, and truth compels me to say broader, than—well, than some girls. Pretty? Not exactly; just so so. Slender, lively, hair the color of canned salmon, teeth pretty well justified, and eyes that were usually blue, but were liable to turn green if she got mad. Boys used to say that if Nan was going to paradise,

she'd be late getting there; but I never saw anything bad about her except, once in a while, her tongue. Mister, don't you get it into your head that because a girl sets type or works in a factory among a lot of men, she can't be good.

To resume my yarn. One day there came along a handsome young fellow that we dubbed Mr. Kokuk, because he came from the town of Kokuk. Nan took a fancy to him. He and The Rat were about the only persons in the office that Nan did notice. We called him The Rat because he went back on us once when we struck. We took him back out of pity, but no one loved him. Lank, cadaverous, pock-marked, thin-lipped fellow, with eyes like two holes burned in a blanket.

Well, Nan and Mr. Kokuk went to two or three dances and a circus or two—we used to get plenty of comps. to such things then—and first we knew they were engaged. The very next day we went on a strike again, all except Nan and The Rat. He said his wife was dying, and he had to earn what he could. It wasn't much, because he was a regular blacksmith. Nan's eyes turned green as she said she wouldn't go out because she didn't want to, "so there!" About a week after the strike began Mr. Kokuk and I were in a saloon opposite the block where the Rat folks roomed, and we saw Nan come in at the family entrance and buy a flask of whisky. We were in there celebrating the end of the strike. All went back the next day, and late in the evening when only Mr. Kokuk, Nan and myself were left in the office, I heard him go over and tell Nan he must break off the engagement because she had gone back on the strikers, but more particularly for the reason that he would never marry a woman who bought whisky by the flask at a saloon. Mr. Kokuk was a kind of goody-goody fellow, you see. Nan wheeled about on her stool, her eyes snapped till the lashes fairly cracked, and she said: "You're a little plaster-of-paris god, ain't you? Be careful you don't tip over, or you'll break in two. You ought to go as a missionary to the

cannibals. You wouldn't be good eating, but they ain't very particular." Mr. Kokuk put on his coat and went away, but after he had gone I went to lift a handful of type out of a form that stood near Nan's case, and I saw that her eyes were sweating. Tears as big as raindrops fell down over her case. She kept on throwing in type. She tossed a's into the e box, and commas in among the periods, and caps down among the lower-case letters, in a reckless manner. Every stickful of type she set up next day was so lousy, the foreman threatened to discharge her. What do I mean by lousy? Why, full of mistakes, to be sure. I knew the reason, and corrected some of her galleys to help her out. At the next meeting of our union some one said that it was proposed to raise a fund to bury The Rat's two children that had just died that day from scarlet fever. Both in the same day, mind you. He had buried his wife the week before. "He ought to be able to bury his own dead, he's been at work right along," said some one, and nearly all growled assent.

"Who started the movement to raise the fund?" asked I.

"Nan," answered the fellow who had proposed the matter. "She's about the only friend the family had. Sat up nights to take care of Rat's wife, who was a mighty sweet little woman. Bought whisky for her when that was all that would keep the poor little woman alive."

You ought to have seen the expression of Mr. Kokuk's face when he heard the explanation as to why Nan went to the saloon to get a bottle of whisky. "And when Rat's wife died," continued the speaker, "and his two children fell sick, she cared for them—worked all day and sat up all night with them. I tell you, boys, printing offices have their devils, but now and then angels drop down into them, and——"

Before he could say any more Mr. Kokuk sprang up and moved that each member be assessed two dollars to defray the funeral expenses of Rat's children, and that as many of

the boys as could hire subs should attend the funeral. Did we carry the motion? Well, rather.

Nan was the only woman mourner, and she looked handsome in a cheap dress of black she had got for the occasion. Next day she was back at her case, and at evening while she was distributing type, Mr. Kokuk crept up to her case, looking like a whipped spaniel, and said:

"Nan, do you know what I think of you?"

"No; and what's more, I don't care," snapped Nan.

"Well, I think you are a saint upon earth."

"Do you know what I think of you?" said Nan, knocking half a handful of matter into pi; "I don't think anything."

Then how Mr. Kokuk did plead for forgiveness! Nan said not a word for a long time, but finally she turned about with half a sneer on her face and said: "I'll jeff you to see who pays for the tickets to the theatre to-night." Mr. Kokuk got stuck for the tickets, and I tell you he was tickled. They went; but they only saw part of the play. As they were walking along to the theatre they passed a parsonage. Isn't that the man who preached the funeral sermon for The Rat's children?" asked Mr. Kokuk.

"Yes," answered Nan.

"Let's go in and see him," said Mr. Kokuk. In they went, and Nan, who was usually surprised at nothing, was much astonished when Mr. Kokuk asked the minister to marry them, but she consented and they were married, and when the minister had reached the end of the performance and Mr. Kokuk took Nan in his arms and kissed her, what did she do but drop her head on his shoulder and cry! She said it was because she was so worn out with watching The Rat's folks, but I guess those tears were tinctured with the compound essence of joy.

Say, do you see that kind of countryfied-looking fellow with the slouch hat, standing over there by one of the forms, talking to the foreman? That's Mr. Kokuk. He's now editor and proprietor of the *Kokuk Banner.* Gets all the

county printing, and is making a barrel of money. He's here on a visit and telling the boys about Nan. Gave me her picture as she now looks. Gentle, refined-looking lady, isn't she? She's boss of the Sunday-school in Kokuk, has two scholars from her own family to send to it, and when any of the printers go on the tramp she bustles into the *Banner* office and tosses metal with the best of them. If there's a sick family in Kokuk or the contiguous territory that needs help, you bet Nan will be there.

Say, mister, I'm not well posted on religion, but when the saints take their places in line in heaven, I'll bet Nan will not be far from the head.—*New York Evening Sun.*

THE TROUBLES OF A POET.

While Colonel Bangs, editor of the *Argus*, was sitting in his office one day, a man whose brow was clothed with thunder entered. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor, and sat down.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"

"Of course."

"Read that, then," he said, thrusting at the Colonel an envelope with an inscription on it.

"B——," said the Colonel, trying to spell.

"That's not a B; it's an S," said the man.

"S? Oh, yes, I see. Well, the words look a little like 'Salt for Dinner,'" said the Colonel.

"No, sir," replied the man, "nothing of the kind. That's my name—Samuel H. Brunner. I knew you couldn't read. I called to see about that poem of mine you printed the other day, on the 'Surcease of Sorrow.'"

"I don't remember it," said the Colonel.

"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the infamous title of 'Smearcase To-Morrow.'"

"A stupid blunder of the compositor, I suppose."

"Yes, sir; and that is what I want to see you for. The way that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. It exposed me to derision. People think I am an ass. Let me show you."

"Go ahead," said the Colonel.

"The first line when I wrote it read in this manner:

'Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope.'

That is beautiful, poetic, affecting. Now, how did your vile sheet present it to the public? There it is. Look at that. Made it read in this way—

'Lying to a weeping widow, to induce her to elope.

Weeping widow, mind you! A widow! This is too much —it's enough to drive a man crazy!"

"I'm sorry," said the Colonel, "but—"

"But look a-here at the fourth verse," said the poet; "that's worse yet. What I said was—

'Cast thy pearls before the swine, and lose them in the dirt.'

I wrote that out clearly and distinctly, in a plain, round hand. Now, what does your compositor do? Does he catch the sense of that beautiful sentiment? Does it sink into his soul? No, sir! He sets it up in this fashion—

'Cart thy pills before the sunrise, and love them if they hurt.'

Now isn't that a cold-blooded outrage on a man's feelings? I'll leave it to you if it isn't?"

"It's hard, that's a fact," said the Colonel.

"And then again take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript it said, plain as daylight—

'Take away the jingling money; it is only glittering dross.'

A man with only one eye, and a cataract over that, could have read the words correctly. But your pirate upstairs there—do you know what he did? He made it read—

'Take away the jeering monkeys, on a sorely glandered hoss.'

By George! I felt like braining him with a shovel! I was never so cut up in my life."

"It was natural, too," said the Colonel.

"There, for instance, was the sixth verse. I wrote:

'I am weary of the tossing of the ocean as it heaves.'

It is a lovely line, too; but imagine my horror and the anguish of my family when I opened your paper and saw the line transformed into—

'I am wearing out my trousers, till they're open at the knees'

This is a little too much! That seems to me like carrying the thing an inch or two too far. I think I have a constitutional right to murder that compositor; don't you?"

"I think you have."

"Let me read you one more verse. I wrote—

'I swell the flying echoes as they roam along the hills,
And I feel my soul awaken to the ecstacy that thrills.'

Now what do you suppose your miserable outcast turned that into? Why into this—

'I smell the frying shoes as they roast along the bulls,
And I peel my sole mistaken in the erctary that whirls.'

Gibberish, sir, awful gibberish! I must slay that man. Where is he?"

"He is out just now," said the Colonel. "Come in to-morrow."

"I will," replied the poet; "and I will come armed."

Then he put on his hat, shouldered his umbrella, and drifted off down stairs.

THE "WAYZ-GOOSE."

The origin of the "wayz-goose"—a printer's festival more or less elaborately observed from time immemorial, particularly among the craft in England, is thus quaintly set forth by one Moxon, in "Mechanick Exercises," in the year 1683:

"It is also customary for all the journeymen to make every year new paper windows, whether the old will serve again or no; because on the day they make them the master printer gives them a 'wayz-goose'—that is, he makes them a good feast, and not only entertains them at his own house, but besides, gives them money to spend at the alehouse or tavern at night; and to this feast they invite the corrector, founder, smith, joyner and inck-maker, who all of them severally (except the corrector in his own civility) open their purse-strings and add their benevolence (which workmen account their duty, because they generally choose these workmen) to the master printer's; but from the corrector they expect nothing, because the master printer choosing him, the workmen can do him no kindness. These 'wayz-gooses' are always kept about Bartholomew-tide; and till the master printer have given this 'wayz-goose,' the journeymen do not use to work by candle-light."

Bartholomew-tide, as those who con church holydays are aware, comes in the latter part of August; but the age of paper windows is past, and as the necessity for associating the "wayz-goose" with making them also appears to have departed, English printers of the present day usually do their celebrating a month earlier. Here is what a writer in the *London Stationery Trades Journal* has to say on the subject:

"July is the favorite month for the dissipation which printers call the 'wayz goose,' generally abbreviated down to the 'goose.' This celebration formerly consisted of a boisterous drive to some suburban public house in an open van—including calls at various 'pubs' en route—a frightfully heavy, indigestible 'old English dinner,' altogether unsuita-

ble for men of such sedentary occupation as printers; an outrageous quantity of liquor afterward, some fulsome speeches on the relations of employers and employed, and a drive home again in a condition varyingly hilarious or oblivious. Our manners, like those of the community at large, have been improving of late. Hardly any of this kind of jollification has taken place recently—certainly none of the men employed at the largest houses have gone in for them. The annual holiday is now spent in a railway excursion to some town an hour or two's distance away, athletic sports, a sensible dinner, restricted libations, a few short speeches interspersed with songs, and the return home. Apart from the moral improvement, wives and families have much to rejoice that the new order of things has set in. Employers would do well to encourage this reform, and to discountenance the old practices. The good sense of the craft is, however, gradually abolishing this and other evil practices formerly indulged in by men, who, as a rule, are as steady and hard-working as any class which can be named."

HOW THE COLONEL GOT UP THE RIVER.

[By Kivas Pyke.]

There are very few of the "old timers" among the brotherhood of tramp printers who have not, at some period of their meanderings, ran across old Colonel Bill W——. He is known pretty much all over the country; and a great many of those who have not had the honor of a personal interview with "the Kernel," have at least been regaled with some interesting anecdote, in which he was the central figure, related possibly by one of the boys who "was there at the time." The Colonel originally hailed from a city in New Jersey, but has spent a large portion of his life in the sunny South. Just before the late rebellion he was publish-

ing a paper down in Mississippi, and used to boast of his plantation and niggers; but the war "broke him up" completely, and the dawn of peace found him, though impoverished, still a defiant, unreconstructed reb. When the Confederate army was disbanded, Bill found his "occupation gone," and he had to fall back on type-sticking for a livelihood. He had an easy address, a venerable appearance, and a way of ingratiating himself into the good graces of people that was truly wonderful. On one occasion he was in New Orleans, "playing to poor engagements," as he expressed it, and, as a consequence, soon got "flat broke." Business was lively up the river, and Bill made up his mind to "scoop in" Memphis. His wallet had become so attenuated that he had discarded it altogether, and at that particular time his sole personal property consisted of three nickels, a note-book and pencil, a Union card and a half-measure rule. But this condition of affairs did not weigh very heavily on his mind. He had a way of surmounting obstacles, and he knew it. He had decided to "shake" the Crescent City, and he soon hit upon a plan. He sauntered leisurely along the levee, where the mammoth floating palaces of the Mississippi lay with their "snoots agin the bank," unloading cotton and taking in freight for up-river landings. Finally Bill's eye caught a flaming canvass banner, stretched across the hurricane deck of a first-class packet, announcing that the steamer Magnolia would leave for Memphis that evening. Bill quickened his pace, and as he neared the palatial steamer he observed the captain and clerk of the craft standing at the head of the gang-plank. The mate was busily engaged in coaching a crew of red-shirted negroes, who were "wooding-up" the steamer, while the boss stevedore had another gang of nigs rolling in freight. Everything was bustle and activity, and the Colonel made up his mind to strike the iron while it was hot. He quickly resolved to pass himself off as a river reporter of the *Picayune*, and throw himself on the generosity of the captain of the Magnolia for a free ride

to Memphis. Accordingly he pulled out his note-book, and looking over the freight, made a few entries. This he took care to do while the captain was looking at him. It is a notable fact that officers and pilots of crafts on the Western rivers are susceptible to flattery, and pine for gratuitous puffs in the river news columns of the various journals along their routes, and to indulge this whim they cultivate the acquaintance of newspaper men. Bill knew this "racket" and meant to work it up, so he boldly walked up the gang-plank and, opening his note-book, remarked:

"Good day, Cap. What's the stage of the river?"

"Rather low—about four feet over the bar, I reckon. Reporter?"

"Yes, sir," unblushingly replied Bill.

"What paper?"

"*Pic.*"

"Ah! I'm glad to meet you. Whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"I'm Colonel W———, long connected with the Southern press. I'm about making a tour of the north—partly on business and partly on pleasure—and I have selected your boat for the occasion."

"Certainly, Colonel. Mr. Harvey, extend the courtesies of the boat to Colonel W———."

"With pleasure," responded the clerk, and Bill was soon booked for a first-class passage up river.

Soon after the deep-toned bell of the steamer announced the hour of departure. The gang-plank was hauled in, the pilot took the wheel, the gong in the engine-room sounded, the buckets of the paddle-wheels struck the water, and the noble boat pulled off the bank with a quivering motion, spouting clouds of fire and smoke from her enormous smoke-stacks, while her negro crew joined in that musical chant which is peculiar to Mississippi roustabouts on leaving a port. Bill, seated on the upper deck, with his feet resting on the guards, and enjoying a fragrant Henry Clay, given

him by the captain, felt happy in the extreme. His plan had worked admirably, and he was lionized by the officers, each of whom felt sure of getting a rousing puff in the columns of the *Pic.* for their attentions. All the way up he was in clover. A sumptuous stateroom was at his disposal, all the cigars he wished to smoke, and every officer invited him to join him in a drink at the bar of the boat at every opportunity. But, alas! this life was too pleasant to exist long, for in a few days the Magnolia reached Memphis, and the Colonel had to go ashore. He took his leave of the officers, assuring them that he would reciprocate their kindness through the journal he represented. Then he wended his way to the *Avalanche* office, where he met an old chum, who "put him on" to work for him that night. Bill pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, took a "take" and was soon pegging away lively. By a strange coincidence it so happened that the clerk of the Magnolia had a brother who worked on the *Avalanche*, and that night he came into the composing-room to see him. On taking a look around he soon discovered Bill correcting a galley, and trying to keep as much in the shade as possible. He walked over to him and playfully remarked:

"Hello, Colonel. What are you doing here? Do reporters set type in New Orleans?"

"Colonel—*who's* Colonel? Reporter—New Orleans! What are you giving us?"

"Oh, you know what I'm giving you. Didn't you come up from New Orleans with us in the Magnolia, to-day?"

"Nary. Been here a year—never was in New Orleans—never saw the Magnolia," replied the Colonel, without even a blush.

"Sold, by Jupiter!" ejaculated the clerk, as he moved off to tell his brother that "some of them tramp printers have the cheek of a mule."

And perhaps it's so.—*Printer's Miscellany.*

THE NEW SOCIETY REPORTER.

HOW SOME OF THE FIRST FAMILIES USED HIM AT A HIGH-TONED PARTY.

"Well, how did you get along at the party last night?" asked the city editor of a new reporter, whom he had engaged the day before, and whom he had sent to write up a social occasion.

"Not very well," responded the new reporter, gloomily. "I don't think Brooklyn society is the top notch racket, anyhow."

"What's the matter?" demanded the city editor. "Didn't they use you well?"

"I can't say they did," rejoined the new reporter. "Now, I went up there last night, and waded right into the fun. I asked for the chairman of the party, and told him we were laying out to swell their heads in to-day's issue, and he'd better skip in and introduce me to some of the high bugs if he calculated to have his name mentioned in the report."

"What did he say to that?" asked the city editor, with a calm gleam in his eye.

"He wanted to know who sent me. I told him the main guy of this literary bank had fired me in there, and that when I'd got through shaking a leg, I'd like some facts about the lay-out. If he couldn't give 'em, I told him he'd better get the secretary to heel up pretty lively, or I'd give the whole outfit a deal in the paper that would make him think every hair on his head a band of music, and all playing different music."

"And what did he say to that?" inquired the city editor, the gleam deepening ominously.

"Oh, he said he'd do what he could for me. I told him he'd better hop right at it, and first I wanted to meet the gals. If he calculated to hold the friendship of the *Eagle*, I said, he didn't want to waste much funny business before he had me bumping around in the mazy. He said if I'd go

up-stairs and take off my hat and overcoat, he'd see me later."

"Did you do it?" asked the city editor, in a constrained tone.

"No. I said I wanted some grub first. So he took me down in the front kitchen, and asked me if I liked boned turkey. I told him I'd take a leg and some of the breast. What do you think he gave me? Head cheese! If he didn't, you can lick me. I couldn't eat that, and so I asked him for a glass of beer and a cheese sandwich. He said he had some wine, so I drank a bottle and put a couple in my pockets."

"What did you do then?" interrupted the city editor, fingering a length of gas pipe.

"I went up to the parlor, and he said I'd better take a description of the scene before I danced, and he gave me the names. Here they are. Mary Monroe, red frock, white sack, and hair banged; Emma Latrobe, yellow dress and high-heeled slippers; Marion Willoughby, some kind of thin stuff, white and tied up with blue tape, and hair frizzled; Jennie Murchison, black clothes and a feather in her hair; Ella Wexford, red hair and gray suit, flat in front and stuck out behind; Pauline Teresley—I tell you, boss, she was a daisy. Bigger'n a tub, and dressed to the top branch. She had on a velvet outfit a mile long, and sixteen rows of teeth on her gloves. Her hair was a dead yellow, tied up like a bun, and had a lot of vegetables in it. Florence Ross, green dress, flipped with velvet and hoisted up at the side with a white check rein; Vinnie Hammersly, white net work with red streaks, walked with a limp and hair frescoed. That's all I got. There was a lot of old pelicans there, but I know you didn't care for them; and as for the men, I told 'em it would cost 'em a dollar a piece to get in, and as they wouldn't put up I shoved 'em. I can state that they were a cheap lot, who don't know any more about society than a fig does of politics, and that'll teach 'em a lesson. And I say, we'd better

give the chairman a rub. He didn't introduce me to a solitary hen. Better say that he hasn't paid his gas bill for seven months, and that day before yesterday his accounts were found short. What do you think?"

"Got any more about the party?" demanded the city editor, rising slowly.

"Nothing, only that the grub wasn't fit to eat, though furnished by that popular caterer, Mr. Traphagener. I told him I would give him a puff. You might say, too, that the whole party was a dead failure, on account of the villainous treatment to which our new society reporter was subjected when he asked for a handful of cigars. Say, what have you got for me to do to-night?"

"Not a thing!" yelled the city editor, as he brought the gas pipe across the new reporter's ear. "You infernal reptile! don't you know that was one of the best houses in town, and the affair the finest of the season?"

"I'm going back to St. Paul," groaned the new reporter, as he fell down stairs. "If that's Brooklyn society, I'm going where they have some style;" and he struck off toward the Northwest, largely afoot.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A YOUNG DEVIL'S OPINION OF TRAMPS.

The tramp is allers a printer, I never heard of no other kind of a tramp. And tha haint no slouch of printers neether, you can't stick 'em on any kind of work you may set 'em at, cause as our foreman says, "they've traveled."

The tramp is the feller wot comes into the offic and says, "Hello, fellers, hows things?" and then the regiller printers stick their heds close down into their space boxis and wok fast like litning, and say as bizness is *awful* dull, and tha haint no work for nobuddy, and the tramp smiles and says so i see, and then he gits a drink of wotter out uv the wotter cooler,

and borrers a chew of terbacker, and says so long, boys, and goes off wizzling there's a good time coming and woks 30 or 40 miles to the next town and goes through the same experience.

He's the feller that the edditur is allers swaring about for not going to work and settling down an being sumbuddy, but between ine you i notis that wen one of 'em cums along dyin' for some work, he allers says as how he ain't got no work for tramps.

One tramp come into our offis las week and he was a jolly feller I tell you. He says hello fellers, jes like ol the rest of the tramps say, and he says to the edditur says he careless like could you tel me where I can git a square meal for twenty-five cents? and then the edditur spoke up crossern a bare and tol him around to Jimson's ristarrant, and then the tramp looked funny like and says he, but say, mister, where could i get the twenty-five cents? and then the edditur fel to laffin like ol possest and give the tramp as much as ten cents.—PHRANQUE.

MARK TWAIN AS A PRINTER.

HIS REPLY TO THE TOAST, "THE COMPOSITOR," AT A TYPOTHETÆ DINNER IN NEW YORK.

The chairman's historical reminiscences of Gutenberg have caused me to fall into reminiscences, for I myself am something of an antiquity. All things change in the procession of years, and it may be that I am among strangers. It may be that the printer of to-day is not the printer of thirty-five years ago. I was no stranger to him. I knew him well. I built his fire for him in the winter mornings; I brought his water from the village pump; I swept up his office; I picked up his type from under his stand, and when he was there to see I put the good type in his case and the broken

ones among the hell matter, and if he wasn't there to see, I dumped it all among the pi on the imposing stone—for that was the furtive fashion of the cub, and I was a cub. I wetted down the paper Saturdays; I turned it Sundays—for this was a country weekly; I rolled; I washed the rollers; I washed the formes, I folded the papers, I carried them round at dawn Thursday mornings. I enveloped the papers that were for the mail—we had a hundred town subscribers and three hundred and fifty country ones; the town subscribers paid in groceries and the country ones in cabbages and cordwood—when they paid at all, which was merely sometimes, and then we always stated the fact in the paper and gave them a puff; and if we forgot it they stopped the paper. Every man on the town list helped edit the thing—that is, he gave orders as to how it was to be edited; dictated its opinions, marked out its course for it, and every time the boss failed to connect, he stopped his paper. We were just infested with critics, and we tried to satisfy them all over. We had one subscriber who paid cash, and he was more trouble to us than all the rest. He bought us, once a year, body and soul, for $2. He used to modify our politics every which way, and he made us change our religion four times in five years. If we ever tried to reason with him, he would threaten to stop his paper, and, of course, that meant bankruptcy and destruction. That man used to write articles a column and a half long, leaded long primer, and sign them "Junius," or "Veritas," or "Vox Populi," or some other high-sounding rot; and then, after it was set up, he would come in and say he had changed his mind—which was a gilded figure of speech, because he hadn't any—and order it to be left out. We couldn't stand such a waste as that; we couldn't afford "bogus" in that office; so we always took the leads out, altered the signature, credited the article to the rival paper in the next village, and put it in. Well, we did have one or two kinds of "bogus." Whenever there was a circus, or a barbecue, or a baptising, we always

knocked off for a half day ; and then, to make up for short matter would "turn over ads"—turn over the whole page and duplicate it. The other "bogus" was deep philosophical stuff, which we judged nobody ever read ; so we kept a galley of it standing, and kept on slapping the same old batches of it in, every now and then, till it got dangerous. Also, in the early days of the telegraph, we used to economise on the news. We picked out the items that were pointless and barren of information and stood them on a galley, and changed the dates and localities and used them over again, till the public interest was worn to the bone. We marked the ads, but we seldom paid any attention to the marks afterward ; so the life of a 'td' ad and a 'tf' ad were equally eternal. I have seen a 'td' notice of a sheriff's sale still booming serenely along two years after the sale was over, the sheriff dead, and the whole circumstance become ancient history. Most of the yearly ads were patent medicine stereotypes, and we used to fence with them. Life was easy with us ; if we pied a forme, we suspended till next week, and we suspended every now and then when fishing was good, and explained it by the illness of the editor—a paltry excuse, because that kind of a paper was just as well off with a sick editor as a well one, and better off with a dead one than either of them. He was full of blessed egotism and placid self-importance, but he didn't know as much as a three-em quad. He never set any type except in the rush of the last day, and then he would smouch all the poetry, and leave the rest to "jeff" for solid takes. He wrote with impressive flatulence and soaring confidence upon the vastest subjects ; but puffing alms, gifts of wedding cake, salty ice cream, abnormal watermelons and sweet potatoes the size of your leg, was his best hold. He was always a poet—a kind of poet of the carrier's address breed—and whenever his intellect suppurated, and he read the result to the printers and asked for their opinion, they were very frank and straightforward about it. They generally scraped their rules

on the boxes all the time he was reading, and called it hog-wash when he got through. All this was thirty-five years ago, when the man who could set 700 ems an hour could put on as many airs as he wanted to; and if these New York men, who recently on a wager set 2000 an hour solid minion four hours on a stretch had appeared in that office, they would have been received as accomplishers of the supremely impossible, and drenched with hospital beer till the brewery was bankrupt. I can see that printing office of prehistoric times yet with its horse bills on the walls, it's 'd' boxes clogged with tallow, because we always stood the candle in the 'k' box nights; its towel, which was not considered soiled until it could stand alone, and other signs and symbols that marked the establishment of that kind in the Mississippi valley; and I can see also the tramping jour, who flitted up in the summer and tarried a day, with his wallet stuffed with one shirt and a hatful of handbills; for if he couldn't get any type to set, he would do a temperance lecture. His way of life was simple, his needs not complex; all he wanted was plate and bed and money enough to get drunk on and he was satisfied. But it may be, as I have said, that I am among strangers, and sing the glories of a forgotten age to unfamiliar ears, so I will make even and stop.

THE SORROWS OF GENIUS.

WHAT IT IS THAT KILLS OFF THE WITS OF THE COUNTRY.

The night is waning, and the hush of inspiration makes the sanctum solemn. The news editor has just written himself a New York dispatch, telling all about the sea-serpent. The political editor is just closing a crusher full of blood and thunder, and winding up with a terrific exposure. The proof reader is opening a new case of pencils for the purpose of marking all the errors in six lines of proof. The

funny man, from the fearful expression of his sorrowful countenance, is known to be in the throes of a joke. The joke is born, and this is its name :

"A man died in Atchison, Kansas, last week, from eating diseased buffalo meat. A clear case of suicide—death from cold bison."

Enter the intelligent compositor—This Atchison item, what is this last word?

To him, the funny man—Bison.

Intelligent compositor—B-i-s-o-n?

Funny man—Yes.

The intelligent compositor demands to be informed what it means, and the painstaking funny man, with many tears, explains the joke, and with great elaboration shows forth how it is a play on "cold pisen."

"Oh, yes!" says the intelligent compositor, and retires. Sets up "cold poison."

Funny man groans, takes the proof, seeks the intelligent compositor, and explains that he wishes not only to make a play on the word "pisen," but also on the word "bison."

"And what is that?" asks the intelligent compositor.

The funny man patiently explains that it means "buffalo."

"O yes!" shouts the intelligent compositor. "Now I understand."

Mortified funny man retires, and goes home in tranquil confidence of growing fame.

Paper comes out in the morning—"cold buffalo."

Tableau—red fire and slow curtain."—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

THE father of all newspapers is the venerable Pekin *Gazette*, which is over 1000 years old. It is a ten-page paper, with a yellow cover; has no stories, no ads, no marriage or death notices, no editorials, no subscribers. It simply contains official notices of the government.

OPPOSED TO "INFLATION."

A dilapidated specimen of a traveling printer—it would be libelous to call him a "tramp," from which class in general he differs in that he lives by levying contributions only on the fellow members of his craft—yesterday told a reporter of the *Times* that he was opposed to "rag" money and "inflation," as he termed them, because he had suffered personally from the employment of soft currency, and too much of it. "It was before the war," said he, "down in Georgia. I am a great traveler, I am, and have worked in every State of the Union—footing it all the way, too. I had just got back from Texas, where I had worked in a printing office with a dirt floor and the cases chalked on it, and where oyster shells and old tin cans were used for type boxes. I am a great traveler. I am, I tell you," said the veteran, as he changed the position of the tobacco in his mouth. "I have been on the road, or, as we term it, 'carrying the banner,' these twenty years. Why, I've been so reduced that I've had to live on land turtles that I found in the road, and I have 'hung up' every tavern keeper from the great lakes at the north to the mouth of the Mississippi at the south, and would like to hang up another one, too, just now," he added, *sotto voce.* The reporter saw to it that no one should be "hung up," and requested the man to explain his opposition to paper money. "I was coming to that," said he, as he thoughtfully drew the back of his hand across his mouth. "It was in Georgia that I struck a town that had a newspaper. Well, I called on the editor and asked him if he didn't want a hand. As he hadn't got out a paper for four or five weeks, and his subscribers had begun to call on him with shot-guns and complain, he engaged me. I went to work for that man, and worked hard. I set up the whole paper and exhausted every em pica he had in the shop. I worked his edition of sixty-three off on his infernal old broken-down Franklin press, and then I concluded I had had enough, and went to him for my pay. The old

man was pleased with the idea of getting out a number, and full of good nature and corn whisky, which I helped him to drink; and then he went down into his safe, which was the back room, and came out carrying a big armful of coon skins. 'You worked ten days, didn't you?' said he, and I said yes; and he went to work and counted out twenty-five of them durned old skins and handed them over to me. When I asked him what he meant, he said: 'Them's your pay, and very well you have been paid, too. I ain't no millionaire, but I can't help being liberal; it's my nature.' Well, then, that old man told me that the only money they used in that country was coon skins, and as all his subscribers paid him in it, he had no other. It was good enough, he said, when you got used to it. Coons were the wealth and resources of that country, and their currency was based upon it. Well, I had to take them, and tramped off to the next town, where I thought I'd rest awhile. I stopped at the best hotel and stayed there a week, living on the fat of the land—which was bacon—and consumed so much corn whisky that the people had to take me by the ears two or three times. Then I went up to the landlord, and asked him for my bill. He told me what it was, and I laid them skins down on his bar, and told him to take his pay out. He wasn't a bit surprised, but scooped them right over, and reaching behind the counter, pulled out a bundle of squirrel skins, counted out five or six, and said they were my change. Yes, sir, that was a positive fact. Squirrels were the wealth and resources of that country, and they based their currency on them. You see where this thing takes you to. Why, down there in that country they got to inflating and expanding their currency so, it was so easy to make it, that after a while—the second time I passed through there—it took two coon skins to buy a drink, while squirrels had depreciated so much in value that an ox team load wouldn't buy the driver's dinner when he got to town. No, sir; I don't take any water in mine; nothing soft for me; I like it straight

and strong. I'm a Bourbon in my tendencies, I am," said the wandering political economist, as the bartender produced his glasses ; " I don't want no Kelley cocktails."—*Philadelphia Times.*

SECRESY IN A PRINTING OFFICE.

A properly-conducted printing office is as much secret as a Masonic lodge. The printers are not under oath of secresy, but always feel themselves as truly in honor bound to keep office secrets as though triple-oathed. Any employé in a printing office who willingly disregarded this rule in relation to printing office secrets would not only be scorned by his brethren of the craft, but would lose his position at once. We make this statement because it sometimes happens that a communication appears in a newspaper under an assumed signature which excites comment, and various persons try to find out who is the author. Let all be saved the trouble of questioning employés of a printing office. They are " know-nothings" on such points as these. On such matters they have eyes and ears, but no mouth : and if any fail to observe this rule, let them be put down as dishonorable members of the craft. It is the same in job printing. If anything is to be printed and kept secret, let proper notice be given of the desire for secresy, and you might as well question the Sphinx as one of the printers.—*Craftsman.*

In touch with the foregoing is the article presented below, from the *Inland Printer*, by a Philadelphia correspondent :

" Printers, as a rule, are a shrewd and secretive class of people, as the following incident will show : A foreman in one of our large printing offices a few years ago received an order for two thousand half-letter circulars, the person leaving the order stating that Mr. Smith had sent it, who in turn had received it from Mr. Jones, and that Mr. Brown would

pay the bill. The foreman, knowing the parties referred to, received it as a *bona fide* order, and as there were no further instructions the job was duly executed and placed in stamped envelopes, which had been already directed. In due course of time the person who had given the order came, paid his bill and departed. The foreman, cursorily glancing over a copy left, to his surprise found that it contained a gross libel ; but the discovery came too late, as the work had been delivered, and so the matter was allowed to drop. The next morning, on looking over the 'Personals' in one of the city papers, his eye fell on this notice : '$500 reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the parties who issued the following circular.' Here followed the libelous article referred to. While somewhat agitated by the announcement, he determined to ascertain, in a quiet way, if any of the men knew of the affair. As investigation convinced him they did not, he patiently awaited developments. He had scarcely sat down to his lunch, paper in hand, when a well-dressed individual entered, and in a familiar way gave an order for two hundred additional copies of the objectionable circular, accompanied by the statement that having done the work before, he thought it would be executed cheaper than elsewhere, as he supposed the forme was still standing.

"The foreman, though somewhat puzzled, was equal to the emergency, and with a glance at the circular and a smile at the gentleman, remarked that the visitor had doubtless got into the wrong office, as he had no forme of that description in the place (the forme having been distributed). 'But,' said the detective—for that was what the stranger proved to be—'I was told to come here by the party who gave the first order, and thereby save unnecessary expense.' 'Well, to show you that you have made a mistake,' continued the interviewed, 'here is our index card of specimens of type, and you will see that you have two lines in that circular that are not on that card ; and as to the saving, that would be insignificant. However, if you will leave the order

we will do the best we can, and it is questionable if any but a printer will know the difference.' 'No, no,' replied the detective, 'that will not do. The same party who did the first job must do this, as it must be a *fac simile.*' 'Well, I am sorry we *cannot accommodate you,*' was the shrewd response. 'And so am I,' thundered the detective, as he left the establishment in disgust, much to the relief of the foreman."

HOW POETRY IS MADE.

We haven't written any poetry for a long time—not since the memorable occasion when we were first turned loose on manuscript copy, and the foreman said, "Go in and win, you young bloke! Be careful of the rhyme and measure, and you're all right."

The copy in hand was a poetical effusion, and setting it with the slow and laborious care as to "rhyme and measure," disenchanted the young compositor who had already been so presumptuous as to try to mould his vagrant fancies into the form of verse. The dissection of that poem seemed to disclose the secret of its construction, and at the conclusion of the day's labor the supposed discovery was put to the test of a series of experiments which resulted in convincing the youthful experimenter that poetry was "all stuff," and could be gotten up too disgustingly easy to render such composition worthy of such a massive intellect. The discovery amounted to just this: There was apparently no absolute necessity of a connection of ideas in the production. The all-important thing was to have *words* in proper quantity, of the regulation number of syllables, and what the lawyers call *idem sonans.* Even at that early day Webster's Unabridged was sufficiently copious to furnish the requisite vocabulary for a first experiment. So, selecting "War" as a topic, we applied the process in this wise: Instead of fool-

ing away the precious moments in chewing the end of a pen holder, trying to think of something to write about sanguinary war, we tucked up our sleeves and dove manfully into the exhaustless pages of Webster in search of blood-curdling words that would rhyme with each other. Nothing was easier. There was "battle" suggested "rattle" at once. Then there was "gore," which to the youthful ear of the enterprising poetaster sounded as savage as a meat ax, and rhymed to perfection with so many words which seemed senseful, as "lore," "shore," "store," "swore," and "snore," that we hesitated a moment and were on the very verge of *thinking*, a process which our hypothesis had discarded as an unnecessary waste of time, when "roar" came promptly to the front and was booked for duty without more ado. After judiciously selecting a suitable number of the grizzliest parts of speech we could lay hand on, a fresh grist was put into the machine, consisting of words expressive of triumph and glory. "Brave" turned up "wave" just as naturally as the yelp of one pup starts up another; and "rout" had no sooner been mustered into service than a glance over the page brought out "shout;" "cheer" suggested "clear," and so on, till we had enough to prance the victors through in fine style, and then such words as express sorrow and grief were considered in order. "Tears" and "fears" jingled together like a pewter dollar and a brummagem button. "Woe" and "low" were yoked together, with "slow" tucked in as a kind of supernumerary, to be used in the event that one of the others failed. "Mourn" was coupled with "sworn," and so forth and so on, until there were rhymers enough selected to answer for a poem of half a dozen verses, with eight lines to the verse. These, for greater convenience, were arranged on a sheet of foolscap, on the right hand of the page, one under the other, and there was nothing left to be done but to fill in with words of a proper number of feet. Appropriate words were gobbled from memory, aided by Webster, and subjected to the crucial

test of having their syllables counted on the fingers of the left hand, while the right was busily engaged in recording them.

It worked to a charm. When the work was complete it was shown to a long-haired school teacher in the village, and the blackguard actually copied the stuff and sent it to St. Louis, where it was published in one of the leading dailies of that antediluvian town site over the signature of "Felix." Fortunately, we not only never told the pedagogue our secret, but refused to grind out any more for him, and anything he could do for himself in that line was so wretchedly poor that even a St. Louis paper wouldn't publish it.

However, the trick was disclosed in a gush of confidence to a young vagabond who used to hang around the office in daytime and sleep under the back stairs at night. He was of no earthly account—tried to learn the art of bill-posting, but was too slow. He was so long getting around that he would get hungry and eat the paste. When this miserable young coot became possessed of our method for grinding out poetry he took to it as the young pig takes to the gutter. He was shortly after missed from the village and we would not be quite positive at this distance of time whether his name was Walt. Whitman or Joaq. Miller. At all events he went West, and we have never seen him from that day to this.—*Chicago Specimen.*

A PROOF-READER.

WHAT THE NEW ORLEANS TIMES WANTED, AND WHAT IT EXPECTED TO GET.

In the advertising columns of the *Times*, some years ago, appeared the following want:

WANTED—An intelligent, well educated, industrious proof-reader, either married or single. Must be thoroughly temperate. A good position for a number-one man. Address Comp., *Times* office.

Now, innocent as that unostentatious card appears, it was productive of more trouble than anything that has appeared in the city press for many a day. There were no less than 714 letters received up to Sunday night, and on Monday the number was so great that they could not be counted up to time of going to press. Samples of the lot are as follows :

"MR. COMP : I am a proof-reader of some experience, though my mother was a dutchmen. I am well ejucated in the United States, so hope you will find me all right. I am a widower."

"DEAR SIR : I speak German, French, English, Portuguese and Spanish. Have been a civil engineer, doctor and lawyer of considerable repute ; also an editor and politician. As a proof-reader I know I would be a success, although I confess I never tried it."

"HONORED SIR : Will you give me a sling at your proofs for a day or so? If I don't make it lively for the boys down stairs, and red hot for the boys up, count me out. I am a Sanscrit, Chinook and Kanaka proof-reader. I am, J. C."

"Dear Sir i am a pore widower with four small children to 'sport likewise one eye which the other was lost in smallpox some time ago, i feel as though i could give satisfaction if i tried and anything to help along in these times. i haven't drunk a drop for five month having had no money." And so on.

Now, not one person out of ten thousand has any idea what a proof-reader is or ought to be. So, for the benefit of those who haven't as yet put in their application, we will give the standard qualifications required :

1. A competent proof-reader should be wall-eyed, to enable him to understand at first glance a sentence so mixed up by the I. C.—intelligent compositor—that no one else in the wide world, not even its author, would be able to understand or recognize it.

2. He must be so unfamiliar with Shakespeare, French, Latin, and common proverbs, as to be able, conscientiously, to change and ruin any quotation which may be made by the ignorant but well-meaning gentlemen who run the editorial rooms.

3. He must be quick at punctuation, and able instantly to detect the exact place where a comma may be inserted so as to completely alter the sense of a sentence, and make the author foam at the mouth and tear his hair the next day.

4. He must be possessed of calmness, coolness and precision, so that he may gently, but firmly, meet the excited expostulations of the city, telegraph and managing editors with that steadfast glare which alone can render them speechless and idiotic.

5. He must have grammar and the dictionary at his fingers' ends, that when he comes to a particularly choice sentence he may be able either to make it ungrammatical at a stroke, or so change a word as to completely ruin the sense.

HE COULDN'T LINGER.

A great many strapped printers are on the road now, and scarcely a day passes but one or more of them strikes us for a job. Those from the West say that business is dull in all the towns out there, and those coming from the East have the same tale of hard times to tell about the country they have passed through. One of them limped into the office the other day and propounded the old, old question:

"How's work?"

"First rate," said one of the proprietors; "never was better."

"I'd like to get in enough to get me something to eat," said the print., as he pulled his coat down over one shoulder.

"More work here than we know what to do with," continued the proprietor.

"Well, that's what I'm after," said the tramp, and h threw the other shoulder in view.

"But," and the tones of the boss were as sad and plaintive as the moan of a lost child, "there's—no—money."

Like a startled mud turtle, "juking" into its shell, the printer shot back into his coat, and a sigh—partly of regret, somewhat of relief—escaped him. He was sorry to be disappointed, and glad that he had been made acquainted with the situation before he had wasted any of his energies in uncompensative labor.

"If you ain't got any money, how do you pay your hands?" he asked, glancing around at the boys, who were pulling out with as much energy as if they were working in a silver mine.

"We pay them in real estate and town lots, sir," replied the boss, who happened to be in a communicative humor. "My partner and I run this paper, not as a money-making institution, but as a medium through which to dispose of a quantity of land which we could not get off our hands in any other manner. When we find a printer who is willing to work and take his pay in the free soil of Missouri, we employ him; otherwise, notsoever."

The tramp looked puzzled and distressed, but he said:

"I don't care about settling just now and becoming a landed proprietor. I'm poor enough already. I don't want any more of this country than I can conveniently carry around with me. I'm too feeble to grow up with any considerable amount of it. Good day, sir."

"Hold on," said the proprietor. "Don't tear yourself away from a bonanza before you become acquainted with the nature of its resources. There is an opportunity offered you to acquire distinction, if not wealth. You see that young fellow over there by the window?"

"The one with a far-away, vacant look in his mild blue eyes?"

"Yes. Well, that young man has just about completed his apprenticeship, and I've made him out a deed to 100 town lots in consideration of his services. You can see them from the window. Half of them are on the bar and the other half in the river, but they will be very valuable in a

century or two. Oh, sir, all the boys here are heavy property-holders. The pressman owns half that bar, and the jours can each point with pride to the mighty Missouri, and say it rolls and surges over their possessions, guarding and enriching them. You see that man over in the corner?"

"That long, sad, consumptive-looking being?"

"Yes. Speak low. I gave him a deed for 1000 acres of land, in payment for three years' work. It was swamp land in Linn county, and he has just returned from a visit to it. He is working this week for a lot in the cemetery. His place will soon be vacant, and you may have it on the same terms, if you like."

The tramp moved uneasily about, and finally went to the window and gazed out over the town. Presently he called the proprietor to him and said:

"I haven't got long to tarry. Something seems to call and beckon me away. But I don't mind working a couple of hours for that corner lot over there—the one with the saloon on it."

"I'm truly sorry," replied the boss, "but I deeded that lot last week to the boy who carries papers. There's a lot right back of it, with a nice cellar on—wouldn't that suit you?"

"No, I believe not. I guess I can't linger with you, however much I might desire to. I have a presentiment that I am not long for this world, and I fain would lay my bones to rest in the home of my childhood. Farewell, old man! Your kindness has moved me. I'm homeward bound."

He bounded down stairs and continued his journey into the east.—*Brunswicker.*

LOVE IN A PRINTING OFFICE.

[By Margaret Eytinge.]

NOTE FROM EDITOR TO COMPOSITOR.

Ellis Yorke finds fault with proofs of her story. Says "you correct her MS. incorrectly;" that you have substituted the word "wondrous" for "wonderous; that there is no such word as "wondrous;" that you made "overripe" a compound word when it is a single one; that, in short, you do not understand your business or are demented.

NOTE FROM COMPOSITOR TO EDITOR.

SIR,—Ellis Yorke is mistaken in more respects than one. There *is* such a word as "wondrous." Let her look in Webster's Unabridged, page 1270, last column, last word from bottom, and she will find it. Also "over-ripe" is a compound word. Evidently she does not know the sign by which compound words are distinguished or she would not be so decided in her assertion.

And with all due respect to her opinion, I am not "demented," and I *do* understand my business. Furthermore, if ever mistakes are made, it is because Ellis Yorke's MS. is most illegible. Her "r's," s's" and "b's," are all alike, and her "l's" and "t's" might stand for almost anything; and as for her punctuation!

I assure you I'd rather set up all the rest of your paper than one of her shortest articles.

NOTE FROM ELLIS YORKE TO COMPOSITOR.

SIR,—The Editor has shown me your impertinent remarks, and though *he* chooses to look upon our quarrel, as he calls it, in the light of a joke, *I* regard it as a serious matter.

Because you happen to be right about those *detestable* words, "wondrous" and "over-ripe," that is no reason why you should vilify my MS.

You may not be aware of it, but I took the gold medal for *penmanship* when I graduated at the Posthaste Institute last

year, and never before, although I have been writing for the New York press for *over six months*, have I had its legibility called in question.

And I won't stand it! I demand from *you* my story, as the Editor refuses to procure it for me. You shall no longer sneer at my "r's" and "s's," and "l's" and "t's."

NOTE FROM COMPOSITOR TO ELLIS YORKE.

MADAM,—I cannot return MS. placed in my hands. I wish I could—how gladly I would return yours!

WHAT SHE DID AND SAID.

Then I resolved to beard the lion in his den—go to the printing office, ask for Hugh Basset, and, with a few preliminary sarcastic observations, request the return of the "Tragedy of Winona Dell."

I went. The "devil" requested me to be seated while he called my enemy.

I prepared to meet him (hateful old thing) with a terrible frown, when to my great astonishment, instead of a hateful old thing, a tall, handsome young fellow with bright, sunshiny smile, eyes like spring violets, and hair that suggested buttercups and dandelions, advanced toward me.

It was he—and I said, "I beg your pardon for the rude things I have written to you—and I hope you'll forgive me—and I'm sorry I wrote so badly, and don't know how to punctuate and—"

WHAT HE SAID.

I stepped from my form, and a pretty girlish face looked up at me with a frown that quickly melted away into a most bewitching smile.

ELLIS YORKE—I don't know why, but I knew her in a moment, and noted with a heart pang how poorly she was dressed to brave the cold of a winter's day. Evidently her "over six months' writing for the New York press" had not filled her purse.

"I beg your pardon," she said, in a sweet, low voice, raising a pair of the loveliest gray eyes to my face. And then she added, "I'm so sorry I write so badly."

"Don't mention it," I stammered; "I didn't mean a word of it. I only wish I could set up your beautiful stories forever!"

"And the 'r's,' and 'i's,' and 's's,' and 'l's,' and 'b's'?" said the saucy, pretty, poor, little girl.

"Are perfection," I replied.

The proof I sent away that afternoon—a dissertation on "Darwin and His Peculiar Theories"—was returned to me with the question, "What the deuce do you mean by placing Ellis Yorke's name as the author of this article instead of Dr. Mega The. Riuno's?"

THE END OF IT.

Married, April 30th, by the Rev. A. B. Ceess, Ellis Yorke to Hugh Basset.—*Detroit Free Press.*

W E O W 3 MO.

THE FOREMAN EXPLAINS HIS ADVERTISING CONTRACTS.

A tall, pleasant-looking gentleman, with quick, restless eyes, and the air of a man who had been in a newspaper office before, dropped into the *Boomerang* science department yesterday and asked the pale, scholarly blossom who sat writing an epic on the alarming prevalence of pip and its future as a national evil, if he could be permitted to read the Deseret *News*.

The scientist said, "Certainly," and after a very long tussle, got the Mormon plaque out of the ruins.

"I used to be foreman of the Deseret *News*," said the gentleman with the penetrating eyes. "I worked on the *News* two years, and had cases on the *Tribune*. I've been

foreman of thirty-seven papers during my life, but my most unfortunate experience was on the Deseret *News*. I wanted the paper just now to see if they were still running an ad. that I had some trouble with when I was there.

"It was a contract we had with Dr. Balshazzer to advertise his Blue-Eyed Forget-me-not Perfume, Dr. Balshazzer's Red Tar Worm Buster, and Dr. Balshazzer's Baled Brain Food and Tulurockandryeandcodliveroil. The Blue-Eyed Forget-me-not Perfume was to go in solid long primer, following pure reading matter eod in daily and eowtf in weekly. The Worm Buster was to go in nonpariel leaded, 1621, TthFth98weow3mo, and repeat; and the Baled Brain Food and Tulurockandryeandcodliveroil was a six-inch electrotype to go in on third page, following head lines d&weodoet9tf, set in reading type similar to copy, these to be inserted between pure religious news, with no other advertisements within four miles of the electro or the reading notices.

"At the same time we were running old Monkeywrench's Kidney Scraper on the same kind of a contract. The business manager did not remember this when he took the contract, so that as soon as we began to run the two there was a collision between the Tulurockandryeandcodliveroil and Kidney Scraper right off. I spoke to the business manager about it, and he was puzzled. He didn't exactly know what it was best to do under the circumstances, still he hated to lose old Balshazzer's whole trade, for he wouldn't run any of his ads. unless we would take them all according to his contract.

"We tried to get him to let us run the Blue-Eyed Forget-me-not Perfume 1apr9d&wlydeod&wly 10 2t-eowdtf; the Red Tar Worm Buster do 13 4t da22tf apr15-1yr do 13tf, and the Brain Food and Tulurockandryeandcodliveroil mch 18*1y jun4dtf&daug18§g£*Sylds30tf&rsvpeod$, but he wouldn't do it.

"I displayed his ad. top of column adjoining humorous column, with three line leaders and astonishers without ad-

vertising marks or signs according to copy and instructions to foreman, all omissions or wrong insertions to be charged to the paper at double rates, readers to be scattered through telegraph and editorial, the daily and weekly papers to be sent to advertising agents and proprietors of remedies and their relatives tf, the paper agreeing to take no other advertisements from anybody else, and tried the best I knew how to satisfy him; but it was no go. He struck for his contract.

"Most every day he would write to the publishers that his ad. was not in position, and that the paper was running up an awful bill for forfeiture and failure to comply with terms of agreement.

"The business manager would come in to the composing room and give me thunder about it, and I would try and explain to him till my brain ached. Finally Dr. Balshazzer brought suit against the paper for $5000 damages and $500 for forfeiture on the scale of double value of gross contract price, with other little etceteras. I was discharged, but retained under bonds as a witness on the trial. I couldn't give no bonds, so I went to jail pending the trial. The case was continued till the next year, and then I went up to testify.

"I said on oath that as near as I can remember the electros were to go 4eoddlytf8mdsicodfrsch&wklyJan30sfd&Z.C.M.I., and that the readers were to be scattered through our continued stories or in among the sermons of John Taylor, and that we were to mark them docobst1850tfrsyp&s*, and that they were to be double leaded and headed with italic caps. Still, I said, it had been some time since I saw the contract, and I had been suffering from brain fever six months in jail, and possibly my memory might be defective. I would go over it again and see if I was right.

"The electrophones were to be blown in the bottle and the leaders were to be set in lower case slugs with guarantee of good faith and Rough on Rats would not die in the house. Use Pinkam's Sozodont for itching, freckles, bunions and

croup. It saved my life. My good woman why are you bilious with em quads in solid minion. Eureka, Jumbo Baking Powder will not crack or fade in any climate sent on three months' trial in leaded brevier quoins and all-wool column rules warranted to cure rheumatism and army worms or money refunded. To be adjoining miscellany or fancy brass dashes marked eodsyld&w!*?—"

At this moment a dark-browed man came in and told us that the young man was in his charge and on his way to Mount Pleasant Asylum for the Insane, and that we should have to excuse the intrusion. After subscribing for the paper and asking us if we had heard from Ohio, he went away.

The scientist said afterward that he found it difficult to follow the young man in some of his statements, and that he was just going to ask him to go over that again and say it slower, when the Mount Pleasant man came in and interrupted the flow of conversation.—*Lamarie Boomerang.*

MARK TWAIN'S REPORT OF AN ACCIDENT.

Mark Twain once tried his hand at writing up a distressing accident for a Boston paper, and this is how he did it: "Last evening about 6 o'clock as William Schuyler, an old and respected citizen of Hyde Park, was leaving his residence to go down town, as has been his custom for many years, with the exception of only one short interval in the spring of 1850, during which he was confined to his bed by injuries received in attempting to stop a runaway horse by thoughtlessly throwing up his hands and shouting, which, even if he had done so a single moment sooner, would inevitably have frightened the animal still more instead of checking its speed, although disastrous enough to himself as it was, rendered more melancholily distressing by reason of

the presence of his wife's mother, who was there and saw the occurrence, notwithstanding it is at least likely, though not necessarily so, that she should be reconnoitering in another direction when incidents occur, not being vivacious and on the look out, as a general thing, but even in the reverse, as her mother is said to have stated, who is no more, but who died in the full hope of a blessed resurrection, upward of three years ago, aged 86, being a Christian woman without guile, as it were, in property, in consequence of a fire in 1849, which destroyed every solitary thing she had in the world. But such is life. Let us all take warning by this solemn occurrence, and let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die we can do it. Let us place our hands upon our hearts and say with earnestness and sincerity that, from this day forth, we will beware of the intoxicating bowl."

ANCIENT CUSTOMS IN A PRINTING HOUSE.

From Moxon's "Mechanick Exercises," which, as before stated, was published in 1683, and is said to have been the first practical work that appeared on the art of printing, the following extracts are taken :

"Every Printing-House is by the custom of Time out of mind called a *Chappel*, and all the workmen are members of the Chappel. I suppose the stile was originally conferred upon it by the courtesie of some great churchman."

The penalties for the breach of any law or custom are as follows : "A *Solace* for swearing, fighting, abuseive language, or giving the *Ly*, or being drunk in the Chappel ; for any workman to leave his Candle burning at night ; if the Compositor lets fall his Composing stick and picks up another ; three Letters and a Space to lye under the Compositors case ; if a Pressman leave his Blankets in the Tympan at Noon or Night," etc. These Solaces were to be bought off

for the good of the Chappel, but "if the Delinquent prov'd Obstinate or Refractory, and would not pay his Solace at the Chappel, they *Solac'd* him." The manner of *Solacing* was thus: "The workmen take him by force, and lay him on his Belly athwart the Correcting-stone, and held him there while another of the Work-men with a Paper-board gave him Eleven blows on his Buttocks; which he laid on according to his own mercy. For Tradition tells us, that about 50 years ago one was *Solaced* with so much violence that he dyed of it."

Other rules and order of this old-time "Union" were: "Not to play at *Quadrats* [jeffing], either for money or drink, as because it Batters and spoils the Quadrats; for the manner how they Play with them is Thus: They take five or seven em Quadrats, shake them in their Hand, and toss them upon the Stone, and he who throws the most nicks up wins the Bett."

"If a Journey-man marry, he pays half-a-crown to the Chappell, and when his wife comes to the Chappell, she pays six pence, and then all the Journey men Join their two Pence apiece to Welcome her."

"If a Journey-man have a son born, he pays one shilling, and for a daughter six Pence."

"It is also customary in some Printing-houses that if the Compositor or Press-man make either the other stand still through the neglect of their contracted Task, that then he who neglected shall pay him who stands still as much as if he had Wrought."

"The Compositors are Jocosely called *Galley Slaves*, because allusively they are as it were bound to their *Gallies*."

"And the Press-men are Jocosely called *Horses*, because of the hard labor they go through all Day long."

The above are but a few of the rules and orders which were in force at that date. If the same were enforced now, a large income would be derived—and very likely more than one riot.

TURNING A TOWN UPSIDE DOWN.

I had been devil in the *Bugler* office, in a town in Iowa, about four months when the editor was one day called away. The man who was acting as compositor, pressman, job printer, collector, solicitor and so forth, seized the opportunity to go off on a spree, and I was thus left in sole charge.

Just after dinner, as I was washing the roller and cleaning up generally, in walked the first old printer bum I had ever seen. The duds on his back weren't worth a silver quarter, his hair was long and unkempt, his face covered with dirt and bristles, and his breath scented the room. He was ragged, dirty, homeless and penniless, and had been let out of the county jail, eight miles away, that morning.

"Howdy, boy," he said as he came in; and without a second glance at me he took a seat at the desk and attacked the remainder of my lunch.

When he had eaten the last crumb he picked his teeth with the editorial pen, peeled off his old coat, and commanded:

"Boy, bring me a job stick."

I obeyed, and as he took it he walked over to the rack, slung in two or three lines of display type, and then stepped to the small pica case and set up the body of a circular reading:

HE HAS ARRIVED.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED PROF. PETERS!

VENTRILOQUIST! MESMERIST! PHRENOLOGIST!

Prof. Peters has engaged Snyder's Hall for the evening of Sept. 23, 1868 (to-morrow evening), and will give the citizens of Carmer City an exhibition of his wonderful powers in ventriloquism, mesmerism and phrenology. Will imitate the notes of all birds. Will speak to you in sixteen languages. Will wager $100 to five that he can mesmerize any body in the audience. Can read your character by feeling of your head. Will forfeit $500 if he fails in any case. Medals from all the crowned heads of Europe. Flattering press notices from the leading newspapers of the world. Everybody turn out. Admission only twenty-five cents. Children accompanied by their parents, free.

He placed this matter on a galley, pulled a proof and corrected it, and then cut a lot of print paper to the right size, and said to me :

" Get up the roller and roll for me."

I complied, and he worked off 200 of the circulars. He was not only a good compositor, but he wrestled that old hand press around like a man who had never done anything else. When he had finished he said :

" Take the tin pail and get me a quart of beer. Tell 'em to charge it to the office." I was afraid of the man, and I got the beer and paid for it out of my own money. He drank the whole quart with only one breath.

" Now, then, take these circulars out and distribute 'em," he said as he put away the pail. " Be a good boy, and I'll give you two tickets to this great entertainment."

That was inducement enough, and in two hours, with the help of another boy, I had billed the town. When I returned the " bum" had washed up, combed his hair, and had got on a new suit of clothes. He had gone to a clothier's and bought them, and had them charged to the office, claiming that he had been engaged as foreman. Further than that, he had been and engaged the hall. I had been back only five minutes when the boosy compositor came in. He had scarcely entered the door when the " bum" rose up, waved him back, and tragically exclaimed :

" Go hence ! This is no place for the depraved ! How dare you enter my office in your present condition ?"

The " comp" backed down stairs drunker than ever, and after the stranger had questioned me as to when the editor would return, he went to the hotel and engaged the best room. I had heard that somebody held a mortgage on the office, and it struck me that this must be the man's agent. I was young and green, and had never seen a display of tramp printers' gall.

Next morning he took possession of the office. When the now sobered compositor arrived, the " bum" selected copy

for him and bossed him around, and there was no rebellion. He wrote and set up several editorials himself, made up the outside pages of the paper in a neat manner, and worked off two jobs, for which $3.75 cash was paid in. During the day two subscribers paid in $4, and all the money went into the stranger's pocket.

The editor was to be gone two days, and the man took such complete possession that we believed in his right and did not kick. During the day he got a hat and a new pair of boots the same way he got the clothes, and he drank three quarts of beer at our expense.

Prof. Peters' circulars filled Snyder's hall that evening to overflowing, and it was the old "bum" who stood at the door and took the money. When the last person had passed in, the doorkeeper slid into the darkness, and the people sat there for half an hour before they realized that they had been duped. Then a grand man hunt was organized, but it was too late. The "bum" had stolen a skiff and dropped down the river, just about $150 ahead of our town.—*Anon.*

A SAD MIX-UP.

Some years ago when the writer was a reporter upon an Eastern paper, it devolved on him to write for the same edition an account of the presentation of a gold-headed cane to the Rev. Dr. Mudge, the clergyman of the place, and a description of a new hog-killing machine, that had just been put in operation at the factory. Now what made Mr. Mudge mad was this: the inconsiderate buccaneer who made up the forme got the two locals mixed in a frightful manner, and when we went to press, something like this was the appalling result:

Some of Mr. Mudge's friends called on him yesterday, and after a brief consultation the unsuspecting hog was

seized by the hind legs and slid along the beam until he reached the hot water rank. His friends explained the object of their visit, and presented him with a handsome gold-headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail and swung him around, and in less than a minute the carcass was in the water. Thereupon he came forward and said there were times when the feelings overpowered one, and for that reason he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him for the manner in which so huge an animal was cut in fragments was astonishing. The doctor concluded his remarks, the machine seized him, and in less time than it takes us to write it, the hog was cut into fragments and worked into delicious sausage. The occasion will be remembered by the doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best pieces can be obtained for fifteen cents per pound, and we are sure those who have sat under his ministry will rejoice to hear that he has been so handsomely treated.

Mad! Well, about nine o'clock that morning the office had been abandoned by every man but the advertising clerk, and he ascended to the roof and robed himself in boiler iron, so that he could see the clergyman tearing around down in the street with his congregation, all wearing the panoply of war, and carrying butcher knives and things. The next day we apologized, but the doctor stopped his subscription all the same.—*Anon.*

SANDY GRUB.

He was a journeyman printer, occupying that anomalous position in the fraternity known as the "regular sub." His hair was not positively red, as might be supposed from his abbreviated cognomen. His proper name, in full, was Sandford Helvetius Grub. He had borne the pet name of "Sandy" for some time without complaining, when his attention being called to the auburn tinge of the capillary substance on the summit of his cranium, his disgust for red hair suggested an abandonment of the too significant name. He accordingly disclosed his middle name and petitioned the boys for a change. When, however, they discarded the superfluities of "Helvetius," and left him only the sulphuric pseudonym of "Hel.," it was more than he could stand, and he treated the crowd and went back to first principles.

Sandy was a printer of more than average skill, but not more than average frugality, sobriety and industry. He managed to work enough to pay his board bills, dress decently and have a little spending money, which he punctually and liberally spent, sometimes before it was earned. But then Sandy's credit was good. He generally had a good "string," which was equivalent for currency at a fair discount, as the establishment where Sandy worked was blessed with a printing office *broker*. The friends of this friend of ours said he had talents. He read considerably, was very observant, and had a good memory. One thing, however, seemed to lie in the way of his ever rising in the world. He lacked ambition. The object of this brief history is to show how it came to him.

The boys were filling their cases and chatting back and forth, as was their wont, when one of them remarked to another,

"Charley, I saw twenty-two thirty-six this morning."

"Ha! did you! where was she?" was the eager interrogatory that followed.

"On the car!" answered the first speaker.

"Who's twenty-two thirty-six?" broke in Sandy at this juncture.

"That's a secret between Jim and me," said Charley. "But she's by a long chalk the prettiest girl in"—

"Thunder! Hold your tongue! You might as well tell all about it as to tell the name of the street," interrupted Jim.

"I wasn't going to say anything about the street. I was going to say 'on top of ground,'" was the surly reply of slow-talking Charley.

Sandy chuckled to himself and thought what a precious pair of numbskulls his two brother typos would be to keep a secret, if it were of any importance. Between the two they had told enough to enable him to leave his card for "2236" with the absolute certainty that would have been the result of his seeing her enter the door of the paternal mansion. The way he put this and that together was this: Jim came and went to and from his work by the ——— Avenue street cars. The number had reference to where the handsome stranger lived. It *must* be 2236 ——— Avenue. It was as simple as A B C. He listened to enough of the gossip between Jim and Charley, which they imagined to be deeply and darkly enigmatical, to gather that neither of them knew more of the belle of ——— Avenue than the number of the house where she lived.

Then it occured to this idle philosopher that the first leisure day he had he would take a walk in the neighborhood of 2236 ——— Avenue and see what he could see. The magic number was fixed in his memory by frequent, silent repetition, until he was certain that he never should forget it. He had occasion to refer to this sooner than he expected. As he was waiting at the restaurant table for his breakfast on the following morning, his eye, glancing down the columns of the morning paper, caught the magic figures which to Jim and Charley stood for so much female loveliness, in the *want* column. Upon closer examination it

proved to be 2236 ——— Avenue, and they "wanted a few day boarders, best of references given and required," etc. As Sandy picked the fragments of tough steak from his teeth he bent his steps in the direction of ——— Avenue, and was soon rolling along that popular thoroughfare, bound for 2236.

"References? Certainly, madam!"

This was a matter Sandy had never thought of before; but he was determined not to be balked at so trifling a matter of form. So he commenced "referring" to the principal business and professional men of the city, a very few of whom he knew even by sight. "But then," said he to his reproving conscience, "they may know *me*, and if they don't, it isn't my fault."

All matters being satisfactorily arranged, Sandy took his dinner with Mrs. Bailey, a widow with three children—all daughters, two of them in school, and the other assisted the mother in spending the income of the boarding-house. All these particulars Sandy gathered in the course of the negotiations, and felt as certain that this daughter who remained at home was the famous 2236, as he was that his name was S. H. Grub. When, after tea, he was invited by the bland widow to walk into the parlor, and was introduced to "my daughter, Helen," he *knew* he was right. His mental ejaculation, as he bowed his acknowledgement of the honor, was more forcible than elegant:

"By George, she *is* pretty! and what style!"

Many things occurred within the next fortnight which would be very pleasant to relate if we only knew all the particulars, but it is quite certain that at the end of that time he had made such advances as to venture upon inviting the lady to a popular entertainment. By this time Sandy was pretty far gone. Imagine the proud swelling of his heart as he glanced around the audience and discovered his astonished friends, Jim and Charley, feeding their envious eyes upon the astonishing spectacle. Thereafter, when

filling their cases, Jim and Charley never mentioned 2236 in the presence of Sandy.

It was about this time that the hero of this little sketch became oppressed with a sense of his poverty. He was in love. "He had it bad," as the saying goes, being properly jealous of the other boarders, and excessively afraid of his landlady, who favored the suit of a lumber merchant's book-keeper. Careful inquiry was instituted into the financial standing of his more favored rival, to see what advantages the aforesaid rival possessed in that direction. The result of this investigation proved that the mercenary mother had no good grounds for preferring this *ink slinger* to the *type slinger*, because the latter had the better income of the two. The mystery was explained, however, when he saw the book-keeper pay his two weeks' board *with a bank cheque.* Then Sandy groaned in spirit. Here was a snub-nosed accountant who worked for a salary of sixty dollars a month, but who had a *bank account*, while he, the manipulator of types, who could roll up from seventy-five to one hundred dollars whenever he tried, would as soon think of drawing on the Rothschilds for half a million as signing his name to a cheque on the poorest note-shaving establishment in the city for a single week's board. Here was the incentive. For the first time in his life Sandy Grub was ambitious to become a capitalist. The question was, how? On overhauling his accounts it appeared to the aspiring reg. sub. that he was $25.00 behind the hounds. He determined to get even. This required patient and constant work, and the utmost economy for a whole month. It seemed an age. Then as Sandy's pay day came around, and he found himself with sufficient funds on hand to pay up his weekly bills and leave him a small balance, he went to the largest banking institution in the city to make his first deposit. It was after banking hours, and the now solvent typographer was almost driven to madness by carrying $17.85 in his wallet for another dismal day, as he was beset by a thousand temptations to spend

it. So bent was he, however, upon signing his name to a cheque, that he resisted all the allurements which usually beguile the careless typo of his time and money, and pegged away vigorously, occupying his leisure hours in practising upon the signature by which his character as a capitalist was to be firmly established. The goal was reached and had the effect, not only of raising the printer in the estimation of his landlady, but it caused him to think better of himself. With this added facility the course of Sandy's true love began to run more smoothly.

But the best result of this new development of his acquisitive faculty was in the lessons taught by the struggle to get even and the rapidity with which his balance increased after he had passed the rubicon of solvency. He learned that it was much easier to get into debt than it was to get out, and that laying up money was easy enough when one had it to lay up.

This was the turning point in the history of our hero. In just eighteen months from the day when he signed his first cheque, there was a balance to his credit of *one thousand dollars* after his wedding suit was paid for. We will not pretend to say, however, that every dollar of this was saved from his earnings; but we are well satisfied that but for the opening of that bank account by the deposit of his surplus earnings, the above satisfactory result never would have been reached. When the expectant bridegroom delivered the verbal invitations to his brother typos to call at No. 2236 ——— Avenue, to witness the tying of the matrimonial knot, slow-speaking Charley shook his head solemnly and said, "Sandy, you're a bad man."

The beneficial results of these small beginnings did not end with the $1000 capital and a handsome wife. His success attracted the attention of a kindred spirit and uniting their capital, the two engaged in business on their own account, and prospered immensely in their new enterprise.—*Chicago Specimen.*

A MODEST POET.

AND THE YOUNG EDITOR WHO HAD HIS LITTLE JOKE.

Anybody could tell what he had. Every man in the sanctum knew in a minute. The timid knock at the door gave him clear away at the very start. No man or woman ever knocks at a sanctum door unless he or she comes on that fatal errand. Then he came inside, took off his hat and bowed all round the room, when every man on the staff roared out in a terrible chorus, "Come in!" Then he asked for the editor, and the underlings, with a fine mingling of truth and grammar, pointed to the youngest and newest man in the office and yelled, "That's him!" He walked up to the young gentleman designated, and before he could unroll his manuscript he knew the subject of it, and a deep groan echoed round the room.

"Poetry, young man?" asked the editor.

"Yes, sir," said the poet; "a couple of triolets and a sonnet on the marriage of my sister with an old college friend."

"Old college friend male or female, young man?" asked the editor, severely.

"Male, sir," said the young man.

He said "sir" every time, and every time he said it all the young gentlemen of the staff, save the young gentleman who personated the governor, snickered. He looked severe.

"Anything more, young man?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the infant Tennyson; "a kind of idyl and ode, inscribed to 'To my Lost Love.'"

"Love been lost very long, young man?" asked the journalist, very critically.

"Well, it's immaterial—that is," stammered the young man, "it's indefinite—it's——"

"Ever advertised for it?" asked the reporter who was writing a puff for Slab's tombstones, but he was instantly frowned down.

"Anything more?" asked the principal interlocutor; "anything more, young man?"

"Yes, sir," was the hopeful response, "a threnody in memory of my departed brother."

"Brother dead, young man, or only gone to Sagetown?"

"Dead, sir."

"Your own brother?"

"No, sir. I never had a real brother; it's only imaginary."

"Can't take this, then, young man," was the chilling reply. "Poetry, to find acceptance with the *Hawkeye*, must be true. Have to reject this threnody, not because it is not very beautiful, but because it is not true. Now, how much do you want for these others?" and he fingered them over like a man buying mink skins.

The poet really didn't know. He had never published before; he had barely dared hope to have his verses published at all. A few copies of the paper containing them, he was sure—

"Oh, no," the editor broke in; oh, no; no, sir; can't do that; we don't do business that way. If a poem or sketch is worth publishing, it is worth paying for. Would $15 pay you for these?"

The poet blushed to the floor with gratitude, and the young journalist grandly wrote out an order and handed it to the poet.

"Take that to the Court House," he said, "and the auditor's clerk will give you the money."

The poet bowed and withdrew, and with great merriment the journalists burned his poems and resumed their work.

That wasn't the funny part of it, however. The next day the simple-minded poet presented his order to the clerk designated. And it was so that the clerk owed the paper $18 for subscription and advertising, and he promptly cashed the order and turned it in when his bill was presented, and the manager just charged it to the salary account of the smart

young journalist who signed the order, and the happiest man and the maddest man in America are living at Burlington. One of them is a happy, green, unsophisticated young machine poet, and the other is a wide-awake, up-to-snuff, know-the-world, get-up-and-dust young journalist, who is already a compeer of the late Horace Greeley in some of the verbal departments of journalism.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

This beautiful old-time ballad, "The Old Oaken Bucket," was written fifty or more years ago by a printer named Samuel Woodworth. He was in the habit of dropping into a noted drinking saloon kept by one Mallory. One day, after drinking a glass of brandy and water, he smacked his lips and declared that Mallory's brandy was superior to any drink he had ever tasted.

"No," said Mallory, "you are mistaken. There was a drink which in both our estimations far surpassed this."

"What was that?" incredulously asked Woodworth.

"The fresh spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after returning from the fields on a sultry day."

"Very true," replied Woodworth, teardrops glistening in his eyes.

Returning to his printing office he seated himself at his desk and began to write. In half an hour,

> "The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
> The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well,"

was embalmed in an inspiring song that has become as familiar as a household word.

FULLY EQUIPPED AND FROM COLLEGE.

HOW THE NEW REPORTER ASTONISHINGLY TREATED A PICNIC.

The new reporter was a Yale graduate, could spout Latin and Greek in any kind of meter, and had the conic sections at his fingers' ends. The toughest problems of old Euclid were as the innocent questions of a child to him, and he regularly went through a course of algebraic exercise before breakfast. He had been intended for the church, but his surging ambition sought wider fields, and he expressed his determination of erecting a lighthouse in the sea of literature by which he would be remembered for all ages. He longed to grapple in collar and elbow style with the great questions of the day, and doubted not his ability to knock out the knottiest social problem in one round. Like all great minds, however, he had to begin right at the bottom of the ladder, and oft in his peaceful sleep he dreamed of the time when he should have reached the highest round, and groaned aloud as the thought struck him that there he must remain.

During the first few days of his novitiate he took in a couple of temperance meetings, and invested a strawberry festival with a degree of hallowed enjoyment greater than it had ever entered into the heart of man to believe that such a wild revel could possess. On Saturday afternoon he was told to go out to Mistletoe Park and get up a good half column report of the annual sports of the Solid Sons of Solomon.

"Make it lively," said the city editor.

"You may trust me," replied the budding Thackeray, and making sure that he had his notebook and a good supply of pencils, he flew down the stairs, three steps at a time.

About half past nine the busy toilers in the editorial rooms were distracted from their labors for a moment by a sort of idiotic cackle, which proceeded from no less a personage than the embryo journalist. He gazed benignly but in a patronizing manner on his associates as he tapped a thick wad of copy which peeped from his breast pocket. In one

hand he carried his cane and with the other he distributed cigars, of which he seemed to have an endless supply, to every one he met. After making several tacks he bore down on the city editor, and deposited on his desk his bundle of copy with a stately mien.

"Jus' read that," he said; "nozzin' slow about that. Struck out 'n m' own account. Old shtyle too monotonous."

As soon as the city editor had recovered, he commenced to read:

"The Solid Sons of Solomon held their annual games at Mistletoe Park yesterday afternoon. The clerk of the weather was in a generous mood, and the quality of sunshine supplied left nothing to be desired. The sparrows and bobolinks chirped pæans of joy, and all nature seemed to be reveling in a paroxysm of delight. A steady stream of sons and daughters of Solomon passed through the gates, sorely taxing the energies of the ticket taker, Gus Libby, who keeps a first class saloon at 2009 Fulton street."

(The blue pencil here came into play.)

"Passing through the grounds one was struck by the general good order which was found everywhere. This was due in a great measure to the watchfulness of Officer Muldoon, who was on duty. This officer has not been long on the force, but he has already established a reputation which will soon lead him to promotion."

(More blue pencil.)

"The sports were of a most exciting nature, consisting of races, etc., and were under the charge of Billy Field, the veteran athlete, and Joe Morris, who keeps a cigar store on Myrtle avenue and who stands high in the esteem of the citizens of Brooklyn as a conscientious dealer and a good fellow."

(Here the city editor's hair began to stand on end and the blue pencil dropped from his grasp. He read on, however):

"The refreshment booth was a marvel of neatness and good taste and reflected great credit on the gentleman in

charge, Mr. Owen McGann, whose place of business is at 1098 Myrtle avenue. Owen has been in the trade a good many years, and is well known among the sporting fraternity of Brooklyn. It is generally conceded that his stock of liquors is unsurpassed in the country, while his old sour mash whisky—"

"Did you write all this yourself?" said the city editor, with a dazed look.

"Every word," said the new reporter, rising two inches in height. "Will it appear to-morrow?"

"It will—in the waste basket. You look tired. I am afraid this work is too much for you. Take a few weeks', a few months' rest in the Catskills, and don't come back until we send for you."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"BOGUS."

While the term "bogus" is familiar to most newspaper compositors in big cities, it may not be generally known to printers at large that in many large composing rooms, even where men are employed by the piece, compositors are allowed no idle moments, even if "copy" happens to run short. In order to prevent overcharge for "time," the unemployed compositor was given—and for aught the writer knows to the contrary, the practice is still extant—"bogus" to set up—i. e., copy that is not intended for publication—and very often he enlivened his tedious task by effusions of his own brain. This matter is, of course, paid for at the same rates as other composition, when it comes to be measured up The following paragraph was set up in this way by one of the compositors on a daily in New York, and though the time which has elapsed since its production has rendered it somewhat moldy, still it is presented as a fair

illustration of the erratic fancies which sometimes flit through a man's brain :

"'Twas night. Yes, night—Sunday night at that—and the word was Bogus. Outside, the city slumbered ; the moon shone anon, the stars twinkled fitfully, the guardians of the night paced their beats wearily, and warily watched for 'beats ;' the snow lay in patches and the mud lay in sparkling pools, glittering and shimmering in the pale delicate beams of the chaste moon like a plate of Locklove's sticken chew ; the song of the nightingale had ceased—for some months—and Charley Sonjohns was closed for the night (in a horn) ; but, unmindful of all these beauties of Nature, in a room near the sky of New York labored manfully and energetically forty-four honest sons of—toil on the balm and solace of a typographical's existence—Bogus ; the muscle-developing, wealth-giving bogus, equal to the mines of Mexico or the diamond fields of New Jersey, in its richness—a richness all its own. And the hours wore on, and the first faint streaks of the early dawn of St. Ratpick's day made their ghostly appearance, thin and pale as Locklove's fragrant Mocha, and those forty-four sons of, of, of toil emptied their last lines and went to their sky-parlors to rest their weary limbs, and to dream of first numbers, straight gigs, and cross cap-saddles."

Here is another sample, having for its text that *bete noir* of the average compositor—the long-suffering, much-abused proof-reader :

"'Are Proof-readers human ?' A Novel—idea. By the author of 'What I Know About Bogus.' With maps and marginal references. The foregoing is the title of a book which has never been written, and which probably never will be, as authors—in common with compositors—seem to have an inherent dread of the re-markable race of men known as proof-readers. Their attributes are generally supposed to be the same as belong to the angels at the very lowest, although malicious-minded persons can be found

who do not hesitate to affirm that those angels were also of the lowest. Jealousy! Proof-readers are as far above common human nature as Horace Greeley is above a turnip. The sun, or one of Elias' patent, double-cased virgin-gold Geneva watches (at half price) may vary, the North Pole may be found out of its latitude, Sir John Franklin may be found alive, warming his toes at an Esquimaux refrigerator, even General Grant might be brought to believe in a one-term principle, or Ham Soyt be induced to work a full week —all these improbabilities might come to pass, but for a proof-reader to err is simply impossible. To err is human; nothing is common-er; but read-ers are not human, therefore they nev-er. They are beings of lett-ers—turned or battered letters being their specialty. The first proof-reader came from Pencilvania. He was a man of mark. He didn't die like ordinary common printers do. He *de*scended in an alcoholic blaze (*a la* Elijah) to that 'undiscovered bourne,' and has been burning ever since. Peace to his ashes—when he gets through. The chief requisite of a proof-reader is a total lack of conscience, an article usually found in large quantities in the depths of a compositor's manly bosom. The next is a sharp pencil. The natural malevolence of the species does not rest. To enumerate their peculiar *virtues* would require volumes. They are social to the last degree, taking a drink with a man whose proof they have marked and whose heart they have lacerated, or with one of their creditors, with equal grace. (Instances have, however, been known where this peculiarity has produced a 'Total Wreck.') They delight in torture. Their favorite amusement, as boys, was impaling flies on the points of sharp pencils. Hence they became 'fly.' They dress well, usually wearing a cold, cynical smile. They wear no jewelry, being opposed to 'rings.' A proposition is to be soon made to them to immigrate to New England, where it is hoped the surrounding influences will conduce to their total extinction."

A COFFIN DEALER WHO WANTED A NOTICE.

"I've taken your paper for twenty-six years," he commenced, as he reached the head of the stairs, "and now I want a puff."

He was a very tall, slender man, had a face which hadn't smiled since 1842, and his neck was embraced by a white cravat, and his hands were thrust into black gloves.

"I've got a new hearse, a new stock of coffins, and I want a local notice," he continued, as he sat down and sighed, as if ready to screw a coffin lid down.

"My dear sir," replied the man in the corner, "I've met you at a great many funerals, and your general bearing has created a favorable impression. You sigh with the sighers, grieve with the grievers, and on extra occasions you can shed tears of sorrow, even though you know you can't get ten per cent. of your bill under six months."

"Yes," sighed the undertaker, instinctively measuring the length of the table with his eye, and wondering to himself why editors' tables weren't covered with crape, with rows of coffin nails around the edges.

"Death is very solemn," continued the man in the corner; but still it is an occasion when one can appreciate a neat thing. I've seen you rub your knuckles against door posts and never change countenance. I've seen you listen to eulogies on men who owed you for twenty years before their death, and you looked even more solemn than the bereaved widow. I've seen you back your hearse up to a door in such an easy, quiet way that it robbed death of half its terrors. All this have I seen and appreciated, but I couldn't write a puff for you."

"Why not?" he demanded.

"For many reasons. Now, you have a new hearse. Could I go on and say, 'Mr. Sackcloth, the genial undertaker, has just received a fine new hearse, and we hope our citizens will endeavor to bestow upon it the patronage such enterprise deserves. It rides easy, is handsomely finished,

and those who try it once will want no other.' Could I do that ?"

"No, not very well."

"Of course I couldn't. You can call a grocer or a dry goods man a 'genial friend,' and it's all right, but you aren't genial—you can't be. It's your business to be solemn. If you could be even more solemn than you are, it would be money in your pocket."

"That's so," he said, sighing heavily.

"If it was an omnibus, or a coal cart, or a wheelbarrow, I could go on and write a chapter on every separate spoke, but it isn't, you see."

He leaned back and sighed again.

"And as to your coffins, they are doubtless nice coffins, and your prices are probably reasonable; but could I go on and say : 'Mr. Sackcloth, the undertaker, has just received the new styles in spring coffins, all sizes, and is now prepared to see as many of his old customers as want something handsome and durable at a moderate price.' Could I say that ?"

Another sigh.

"I couldn't say that you were holding a clearing-out sale in order to get ready for the spring trade, or that, for the sake of increasing your patronage, you had decided to present each customer with a chromo. I couldn't say that you were repairing and repainting, and had the most attractive coffin shop in the city. It wouldn't do to hope that people would patronize you, or to say that all orders sent in by mail would be promptly filled, and that your motto was 'Quick sales and small profits !' "

He put on the look of a tombstone, and made no reply.

"You see, if you had stoves to sell, or dealt in mackerel, or sold fishing tackle, everything would be lovely. You are an undertaker—solemn, sedate, mournful. You revel in crape ; you never pass a black walnut door without thinking how much good coffin lumber was recklessly wasted. The

tolling bell is music to you, and the city hall flag at half mast is fat on your ribs. We'd like to oblige you, but you see how it is."

"Yes, I see," he said, and he formed in procession and moved down stairs, looking around now and then to see if the hearse was just thirty-four feet behind the officiating clergyman's carriage.

PRINTERS' ERRORS.

As a class, the manipulators of type may truthfully be called the best (and worst) abused men in the world, and without sufficient reason. Very few outside of the trade know the difficulties under which they labor, or have even a faint conception of the skill, care and patience required. Absolute correctness is a prime essential to secure public approbation, and how very little is done in the way of assistance! "Copy" properly prepared is a great desideratum and rarely received. That which is called "good" is often the very reverse. It may be fair to the eye and yet blind to the sense. The patron does not know exactly what he needs. If he has any ideas upon the subject they may be perverted ones, and the little smattering he has of the art tends to lead him astray and demand impossibilities. His judgment has not been trained in the matter of letters. He knows nothing of "justification," except that he believes he has it in the largest sense to give the printer "particular fits" when an error is found. Why six-line pica and nonpareil cannot be made to chime like notes of music is beyond his ideas of eternal fitness of inanimate matter. According to his views, it is the most simple of undertakings to set, make up and work off 100 pages, more or less, in the most unreasonable short space of time. Before pouring out the vials of their wrath upon the head of the printer, it might be well for men to pause and consider

how much he is to blame. Somewhere in our desultory reading we have met with the statement that an old piece of Mosaic work containing a few hundred pieces is exalted to the skies and pronounced wonderful. It requires patience, no doubt, probably taste and study, but (carrying out the drift of the article read) how very little in comparison to the tens and hundreds of thousands of still more slender and minute particles the printer is required to handle to make up paper or book. Take a solid page of the *Cabinet* as an example. It contains some 27,000 "ems," or about 81,000 letters. This is greatly more than any Mosaic known. And they had to be placed without any chiseling or sand papering, as could be done in the delicate work of table, chair or picture. Taking this as a basis, calculation is easy as to the amount of type a compositor handles during his hours of daily labor in distributing and setting. Easy it is also to conceive how such little fragments of metal will slip out of place, how a letter or space may be dropped, a word spelled incorrectly, a point be wrong, how errors will creep in despite all care—and the generous public be outraged at the "gross carelessness and stupidity of the printer." Errors do occur, we must admit, but they are fabulously uncommon when compared to chances of their being made, and books and papers are monuments to the correctness of the craft, their swiftness and certainty of touch, education and never ceasing vigilance. We write not thus for the craft. They practically know the truth of our words. But we do write for the multitude of outsiders, and with the hope that the simple illustration we have given may open their eyes to the great injustice done to those who, "with their noses in the space box," toil away their lives for the benefit of the world at large.—*Rounds' Printers' Cabinet.*

"JNO. H. PRENTISS, OF THE LOST CAUSE."

He came in at the door after a gentle knock that brought no invitation, and stood under the mellow light of the Argand burner. He said, "Good evening, mayjah," and paused on a brink of the conversational Rubicon. He was the typical itinerant journeyman printer. He was the representative of a class soon to become extinct—a nomadic reminiscence, soon to be embalmed in history and printing office tradition. His shabby coat was buttoned close to his bristling chin; a paper collar of the Stanley pattern eked out a shirt of doubtful texture; his hat glistened with accumulated dirt and the friction of time, and a pair of "quizzers" dangled languidly in the region of his cardiac apparatus. He had worked on the *Enquirer* twenty years ago; he had published papers in every town and hamlet in the South and West, and "stuck type" in every office in the country. He had met with misfortune, and was here sick and friendless. Could we assist him? There was no response. Then he talked of his connection with the "Lost Cause," and expatiated on the glorious success of the Ohio democracy. This brought a contribution, but it was only a quarter. He walked to the door, and, drawing himself up with the dramatic air of Robert Macaire, said, "Your Ohio democracy is a d——d fraud. I will cross the river to Kentucky, where gentlemen live. I'm sorry I ever put my foot in your d——d State. We assured him that we would not object to his immediate withdrawal from the soil of Ohio, and that inasmuch as no invitation had been extended him to enter the State, it was not likely that his self-eviction would produce regret within these boundaries. He went away.

Next night he came in with the same stealthy tread; the same odor of gin was about him, and he wore the same look of despair. He apologized, and did it nicely. His make-up was patterned after Alfred Jingle, and his volubility was almost as great. He obtained another contribution, with the understanding that it was to be invested in whisky. He went away.

Last night he came again. It was nearly three o'clock. The streets were quiet, save now and then the footsteps of some sinner awakened an echo. The last "copy" had been sent to the disciples of Faust, and the heavy tick of the clock seemed to say, "All in, all in." The wanderer looked sad indeed. His face was as leathery as if it had lain in the crypts of Egypt. But the cheeks and nose were tinged with a coloring substance more enduring than any cosmetic known to "my lady." He walked. Then he came back with the strut of a Kansas bull-whacker. Then he commenced with a story about how he had made an effort to get over to Lexington the other day—"padding the hoof"—but the rains had come, and sickness had seized him, and he had turned back. In Covington he had found a handsome, big-souled Congressman, who had known him and his family in their better days, and had donated ten dollars. "Ah, you don't know me," he said, with a wistful air; "you don't know who I am." We suggested that if a knowledge of his ancestry and his personal history was likely to cost ten dollars, we were quite as well off in the bonds of ignorance. He had lost the bulk of his friend's douceur, he continued, at "short cards." The amount wasn't much, and he thought that by handling it judiciously he might raise a stake, but the foul fiend that followed his fortunes had tricked him when on the very verge of realization. He then rattled away: "There was a time when money, my boy, was no object to me. I worked in California in '49, when we got a dollar and a half a thousand, and many's the fellow that I have lifted when he was out of sorts. If all the fellows that I've fed and clothed could march in procession like Richard's victims, they'd make a fine brigade. But I've lived an erring life. If I only had some religious faith to sustain me, I wouldn't care a d——n. But I'm skeptical." Then came a dissertation on religion, mixed with the philosophy of Kant. Then he told how he had fought the Comanche Indians on the Brasos River, before Texas was a State; how

he had gone down to "revel in the halls of the Montezumas" in 1846, in the First Louisiana regiment; how he had been to Nicaragua; how he had worked on various prominent papers in different parts of the union; how he had printed a paper at Tampico—half English, half Mexican. Thus it ran, fugitive and discursive. His language was good, perhaps a little ornate—but he never lacked for a word. We looked at the nomad, and asked how many years he had been with us. Fifty-two, he said. It seemed miraculous. His hair was as black as a rook's feathers, and his eye was as bright and sparkling as a canary's. He was one of those phenomenal men whom time could not collar and throw, who live on through adversity and exposure, continually recruiting nature's commissary, withering and drying as to tissues, just a bit perhaps, but never growing old. Poor devil! What a history! We looked at him in kindness, and we thought that we saw a little highwine tear gather at the corner of his eye and slide over the parchment rim that curbed it. He saw his opportunity. His eye caught the picture of the great and good Horace Greeley on the wall. The soft, human face of the old philosopher beamed upon the wayfarer, oh! so kindly, and his pitying eyes seemed to say, "Poor devil!" The wanderer, nervous and full of devotion, stood in front of the shrine. It seemed so appropriate. "God bless you, Horace Greeley," he said, and there was reverence in every tone. "God bless you! many's the printer you've helped. Many's the time you've told me to go West and start a newspaper. You were once a humble typographer. You raised yourself from the humblest ranks to become the greatest journalist of the new world. You were a man of isms, but you atoned for them in the last years of your life. You never refused to listen to one such as me, and, poor and friendless man that I am, I say God bless your memory, Horace Greeley!"

This was too much. We took from our pocket the only piece of currency we had. It was a new fifty cent

note. The eyes of the lost sheep glistened again. We hurriedly wrote on a scrap of paper and asked him to attach his sign manual to it. He adjusted his glasses and perused it with a face as harsh and marbleized as Sir Giles Overreach's when he opens the will. "I'll sign that with pleasure," he said, and picking up a pen, hastily affixed his autograph. The document was as follows :

Know all Men by these Presents, That, in consideration of the sum of fifty cents to me paid, I solemnly agree and covenant to levy no further contributions on the editorial staff of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*.

JNO. H. PRENTISS, of the Lost Cause.

He took the crisp bit of scrip and moved obsequiously to the door. "Thank you, Majah," he said, and bowed and scraped and waited as though he needed some propelling power in the rear to aid him in the descent of the stairs. "You have acted a gentleman to me, Majah," closing the door and shuffling through the passage. In ten minutes more he would be sitting in blissful peace beside the stove of some "Peep-o'-day house," or sleeping on the sawdust in the corner. As the sound of his footsteps died away they took the shape of our own mental ejaculation, "Poor devil!" The "professional" had touched a chord in our heart, but as we turned to the unfinished work of to-morrow, we could not help feeling that we would like to be able to repeat Lear's agonizing cry over the body of the dead Cordelia, "Oh, thou wilt come no more! Never, never, never, never!"

BEATING A CIRCUS ADVERTISING AGENT.

The weekly paper on which I learned my trade was situated in a town which no circus going West ever skipped. We used to count on those circus ads. as regularly as we did on the holidays, and for years and years we were without a break. They were cash, of course, outside of the dozen free tickets which the agent left, and the money pulled the publisher through a tight place more than once. Our object was, of course, to get as high a rate as possible, and to get a high rate we had to boom the circulation. It held steady at about 450, and for the first three or four years it was sufficient to tell an agent we printed "about a thousand copies." After that, however, there was one chap who gave us trouble. He was an agent for old Dan Rice, and he paralyzed us by asking to see the pile of paper we had wet down for the outside pages. While he didn't get to see it, he knocked our regular $40 ad. down to $30, and he had no sooner gone than we began to plan to beat him next season.

About the time he was expected we got in an extra bundle of paper, fixed it with the landlord of the hotel to notify us, and the idea was to wet down enough to show a full thousand copies. We were daily expecting a call, when an old tramp printer slouched into the office one morning and asked for a job. We were just getting ready to work off the outside pages, and as he said he was used to a "Washington" he was offered a quarter to pull the edition. I was at the roller, and I soon saw that he knew his business. He could "fly" and "point" his sheets with surprising dexterity, and he brought the lever around with a "chuck" which made things shake. In two hours he reached the bottom sheet and turned to the publisher with:

"Is this all?"

"Yes, that's all."

"I make the pile four hundred and fifty."

"It's about four hundred and eighty. Here's your quarter, and perhaps I'll let you set up an auction bill this afternoon."

When afternoon came in walked the circus agent, looking as Jim Dandy as you please. We took one look at him and fainted. He was the identical chap who had done the press work of the morning. When we recovered consciousness he was holding out his blistered hand and saying:

"I'll fill out a contract at $18 and leave six tickets. Sorry for you, gentlemen, but perhaps you can get rid of that extra bundle of paper by discounting liberally on the price. I'm working this little racket all along the line, and it's curious how fast the circulation of the papers gets below five hundred."—*New York Sun.*

SAGEBRUSH SKETCHES.

HOW MARK TWAIN'S BRIGHTEST EFFORT WAS KEPT FROM PRINT.

When Mark Twain was doing local work on the *Virginia City* (Nevada) *Enterprise*, Denis McCarthy was managing editor and part owner of the paper. One night a new saloon was opened—one of the gorgeous affairs of polished woods, mirrors, fine cut glass, silver ware and wines and liquors that would do for the sideboard of a fashionable metropolitan club—one of those surprises that cause equal wonder and delight to strange travelers in sagebrush lands. It was an important occasion, and its elegance and two faro games were evidences of prosperous times, which every investor in mining camp property had already learned to believe. It was an event, the knowledge of which in San Francisco was worth more as an advertisement to this young camp than a strike of $500 rock. It reflected dignity and stability upon

the camp, and in more ways than one gave its merchants courage in asking credit at San Francisco.

Thus it was that McCarthy said to Mark Twain: "Sam, we must notice this opening to-night, and as I had rather do an editorial on the 'Precision of the Equinoxes' than write a business notice, you will have to do it."

The ethics of journalism sometimes so lapse in mining camps that the managing and city editors do, upon times, talk in this friendly, easy way with each other.

"There is a box of assorted wines and liquors in the other room," McCarthy added, "and perhaps you may get some inspiration from that."

In those days Clemens never wrote anything that was not funny, or alleged to be so, and he determined, after viewing the box of assorted inspirations, to write a funny business notice. The idea in itself struck him as something funny, and he lit his pipe in just the right mood to do good work.

HIS PREPARATIONS.

He took out of the box all the bottles and arranged them in a long row, with the wines of simple names first, and the more difficult ones following in order to the last bottle, which contained a wine of complicated, mixed and impossible to be pronounced name. Sam thought he would do a rather neat thing by describing each bottle as though he was sampling from each, and in such a manner that the reader would be vividly impressed with the belief that the writer had started in sober and continued writing and sampling and describing until he was in a state of diagonal inebriety. The progressing complexity of names would assist the effect very much, and with the work all planned out in advance Clemens sat down, smoking industriously, and only referring to the labels of the bottles. He wrote well, in peculiar conceit with the idea, and in order to keep strictly to his work until through, never uncorked a single bottle. McCarthy, who went into the local room just as Clemens had finished, and

heard the article read, told me only a short time ago that Mark Twain never before or since did a more artistically grotesque piece of work than that same "star notice." The copy was passed in, and about one o'clock in the morning Clemens returned to the office to read a proof of the article.

He had only read a little while before his eyes began to bulge out, and next he clutched his hair in desperate rage. His pet idea, his quaint conceit, read straight and matter of fact like an ordinary business notice. He gasped and called for the copy. The foreman brought it, and to him the now speechless and livid humorist pointed out what had been done. The foreman took both copy and proof into the composition room, and yelled out, "What inspired idiot set this saloon notice of Mr. Clemens?"

AN ASTUTE COMPOSITOR.

The man who had set the article (the *Enterprise* locals were not read by copy then) advanced to the foreman, took him to one side, and, with a knowing smile, said: "I set that thing, but as soon as I got through a few pages I saw plainly enough that Clemens was drunk—awful drunk—when he wrote it, so I straightened the whole thing out. I wouldn't have taken the trouble, only I heard McCarthy swear the other day that the next time Clemens got drunk he'd let him out."

When this was told to Clemens he took his blue pencil and crossed the proof remarking in a strained, hard voice: "When a printer does set out to be a humorist he beats h—."

Denis McCarthy, Joe Goodman, Mark Twain, Dan de Quille, Judge "Charlie" Goodwin and R. M. Daggett, all more or less widely known now, have at times given each their distinctive features to the pages of the *Enterprise*, and at one time the first four, I think, worked on the paper together. Then they would adjourn in the cool of a summer's evening to the old brewery down in the Six Mile Canon, where McCarthy would order beer, Goodman make

sweitzerkase sandwiches, Clemens softly climb the fence of a neighboring garden in search of sprout onions, and Dan de Quille tell startling lies to the landlord, until that worthy was in such a confused state of mind that keeping anything like a correct score of beers and sandwiches was out of the question. After that they would return up town, as Clemens would say, "to circulate among our constituents, gentlemen, with breaths smelling like buzzards, sirs!"

Judge Goodwin and Congressman Daggett went to the *Enterprise* afterward, and although McCarthy and Dan de Quille are the only ones of the six who have stuck to the Comstock, they have all said and written, and still do say and write, many pleasant things about the sagebrush land.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

And this reminds me of an incident I was witness to in the *Enterprise* editorial rooms only a few years ago. A kid glove mining expert from the city happened to be in the rooms, and looking out of the east window, at the great sweep of hills away over to the Humboldt Mountains, the Carson Sink, the twenty-six mile desert—but all colored with the prevailing sombre sagebrush hills, turned away from the window with a shudder and said: "What a dreadful thing it would be to die here and be buried in those hills." Goodwin dearly loved those hills, and as Sam Davis had been playing the fiddle at his house the night before, he felt particularly savage that afternoon. He fixed his cold gray eyes upon the unhappy expert, and in a voice he fetched from the lowest levels of his chest, said: "Dreadful for you to die and be buried in those hills? Yes, sir, dreadful for those hills, for your littleness would irritate them until they spewed you out, to mock the breath of heaven. Sir, what right have you to look at those hills? You cannot see the stern nobility of their lines and color and very bleakness. They prompt no thought to you, sir, of mailed sentinels out-watching death in silent faithfulness. What right have you

to speak of those hills, whose majestic grandeur ever beckons mortals to nobler, purer, higher ambitions, to—damn you, sir. Good day. I'm busy."

I spoke of Sam Davis's fiddling, and I reminded myself that a sketch of sagebrush newspaper men, with no mention of Sam's fiddle, would be indeed incomplete. Not that Sam's fiddle is a newspaper man, or anything like that, but if I could manage to say a few kind things about that fiddle I feel that I would gain the deep regard of everyone of the fraternity who ever met Sam's fiddle and Sam at the same time. The fraternity would feel that even at this late day the first pleasant word about Sam and his fiddle would be acceptable, as a novelty. Take 'em apart and neither was bad; though how Sam would look taken apart, I don't know, and as for the fiddle, when not in use it was kept securely locked in a sheet iron case, so none of his friends ever had an opportunity to take it apart. That iron case was the only evidence of an appreciation of his friends' feelings toward the fiddle I ever knew Sam to display. But, as I said, taken separately, neither the fiddle nor Sam was objectionable. Together, however, they effected a combination calculated to convince a listener of the total depravity of inanimate things, for Sam's total depravity, unaided by the fiddle's, could never have produced such unhappy and painful results. No amount of moral suasion ever did any good with Sam or the fiddle when they got together. Peaceful neighborhoods have been devastated, and children's confidence in the justness of Providence totally destroyed through one short season of Sam and his fiddle. His seasons always were short, for shocked and disappointed landladies always kept him moving from place to place when they found there was no way of stealing the fiddle. I hear Sam has removed to Salt Lake, and if he has his fiddle with him I can suggest a way to solve the Mormon problem, if any one will suggest a way of protecting Sam from the Mormons while he plays the fiddle at 'em.—*San Francisco Call.*

PRINTERS AS ACTORS.

"Printers, did you say?" remarked Mr. Stuart Robson inquiringly of a *Sun* reporter, one night, some years ago, as he was on the way to a Boston train. "Why, my dear boy, all our leading actors have worked with stick and rule at the case. It's the most natural thing in the world for printers to become actors, and for writers and players to rub elbows together."

"How do you reason out your theory?"

"Setting type is composition. A printer couldn't write an ungrammatical sentence if he tried. So with writers. Writing is but another word for acting. Both are the literature of thought, if you will allow the expression. It's art; and it's the most natural thing in the world, I should fancy, for printers to drift from the case to the stage or the editorial sanctum."

"Who of the actors of the present day are printers by trade?"

"Let me see," said Mr. Robson musingly. "There's J. H. Stoddard, one of our best 'old men;' he was a typo, and a good one, too. Then there's Harry Crisp and Lawrence Barrett; both were printers. Barrett had an humble origin, but he has been studious, and is now one of the best read men in the profession. John Moore, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, is another typo. Joe Jefferson, the best actor of modern times, once earned his bread at the case. So did the capital comedian, W. H. Crane; as did William Warren of Boston, and Charles Burke of Philadelphia.

"Of dead actors who achieved world-wide fame, William E. Burton and James W. Wallack, jr., belonged to the craft. Then there was Montague, of Wallack's; one wouldn't have thought, to see him bowling up Fifth Avenue behind his span of bang-tail thoroughbreds, that he was once a printer."

"Is that so?" queried the reporter. "I heard that he

was in some way connected with a nobleman and that he had the exceptional advantages of good surroundings and a university education."

"You've been misinformed, my boy. Montague, a gallant that half Murray Hill broke its heart over, was a type-setter on the London *Era*, and that at not a very remote period either. John Parselle was also a compositor. So was your humble servant, but I think I was a better printer than I am an actor. I believe Neil Bryant was a fly-boy, and I am sure Barney Williams was one. Steve Fiske, of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, had something to do with newspapers, but I am not certain that he was ever employed in a composing room. Theodore Hamilton, another good actor, was a 'sub' printer for years. I had almost forgotten Charles Fisher. He used to stick type like a race horse. Not long ago he told me that he went into a printing office for the first time in thirty years. He said he found the situation of all the boxes readily, except the receptacle for the interrogation marks, and that 'wanted to know what the mischief I was doing there?'"

A MODEL NEWSPAPER.

The down passenger train had just stopped at Ringtown. Among the passengers that entered the rear car was a decidedly rustic-looking party. It consisted of farmer Pegg, his wife, and his daughter Susan. The old gentleman and lady took a seat together, and Susan, finding the next seat in front vacant, settled herself down on one half of it.

At the next station a fat young man, wearing a linen suit and a high hat, entered the car and asked permission to occupy the remaining half of Susan's seat. The young lady smiled approvingly and gave her consent. They were both communicative, and before the train had gone a mile they

were engaged in an animated conversation. The young man told her some strange things. One bit of information, especially, filled her with surprise. Her eyes flew wide open and her mouth at the same time.

"Say, pop," she exclaimed, turning to the old man in the seat behind, "this is a reporter of the Shickshinny *Thunderbolt!*"

"You don't say so," replied the old man, putting on his spectacles to see whether, being that peculiar personage, he looked like an ordinary mortal.

"Yes, sir," said the fat young man, "I am connected with the best newspaper in the world—or perhaps you read the *Thunderbolt!*"

"No, he doesn't," Susan answered for her father before that individual had time to reply.

"Then you had better subscribe," resumed the reporter. "Only two dollars a year; and any two numbers is worth all of that."

"No, I guess not," came from the old man in a whisper.

"Oh, no," said the old lady, at the same time shaking her head.

"It is too dear," added Susan.

"You wouldn't say that if you knew what an excellent paper it is. You must remember that it is a humorous paper and employs a paragrapher—the best in America. There are no lame jokes ever to be found in its columns. Why, you ought to see the effect that some of our paragraphs produce on our compositors. When a joke is handed to one of them to 'set up,' he reads it, then bends himself in a rainbow, holds his sides and laughs. He then reads it to the rest, and they all roll themselves on the floor and laugh."

"And doesn't the paragrapher, too, laugh when he writes those funny things?" inquired Susan.

"Oh, no; paragraphers never laugh. If they allowed themselves to do that, surrounded, as they are, by so much genuine humor, they would soon laugh themselves to death.

It is very difficult, however, for some of them to refrain from laughing at all times. To enable them to do so, they go to all the funerals in the neighborhood and spend several hours every day alone in the graveyard."

"But," continued the fat young man, "our paper is just as valuable for news. We surpass every other paper in the rapidity with which we gather up facts and lay them before our readers. To accomplish this a reporter has been placed on every street corner in town, and communication by the telephone established between him and the editor at work at the printing office. When anything occurs, the telephone instantly conveys the particulars from the reporter to the editor. Let me give you an idea of the amazing rapidity with which we do business.

"The other day just as we were going to press, a fire broke out a quarter of a mile from our printing office. The reporter stationed at that place saw the first appearance of the fire, and at the same instant the following account of it rang in the editor's ears: 'Fire!—ten o'clock—Third ward—Johnson's woolen mill—no insurance—incendiary!'

"Did you ever see a thunder-bolt dart down from the clouds and strike a haystack, or a bull, or anything?"

"Oh, yes," answered the farmer.

"Well," went on the reporter, "just that fast the editor flew into the composing room, yelling as he went: 'Fire! —ten o'clock—Third ward—Johnson's woolen mill—no insurance—incendiary!'

"Eleven compositors had congregated at the front window to see a fat woman go by on the other side of the street. At the sound of the editor's voice they flew to their cases—on their way there knocking down the foreman and the devil, and treading them under foot. Each compositor took one word, and quicker than I can tell it, the whole account was in type—the type in the formes, the formes on the press—the press started and papers sent out on the street. Our account informed the populace of the fire before an alarm of it had

been spread. There was soon the wildest excitement throughout town. People, with a paper in hand, were running to and fro, accosting those they met with words like these: 'The paper here says that a fire is breaking out at Johnson's woolen mill! There is no insurance, neither. I declare it's too bad!' Then the fire-bell was rung, and the fire company hurried to the burning mill and arrived there as the fire was making its first appearance, and before the hands in the building knew there was any fire on the premises."

Just then the train arrived at Quake Junction, and the fat young man changed cars.

Our rustic friends for some moments sat speechless, looking at each other. Then the old lady broke the silence with these words:

"He lies."—*Norristown Herald.*

THE HABITS OF PRINTERS.

Printers, as a rule, are not a provident class, although they receive wages equal to those of nearly any skilled mechanic, and larger than many. A type-setter on a morning paper, if he be a "fast" man, usually "pastes up a string" at the end of the week that will measure him all the way from $18 to $28. The expert morning newspaper printer seldom works over five nights a week. He generously contributes one of his nights to the "sub" who is posted on the foreman's list, and who is either unable to secure regular "cases," or who is "carrying the banner" from town to town. The "regular" who lays off in this way, is rarely other than a generous fellow. He is anxious that his less fortunate craftsman may have a chance to earn a few dollars,

and while he is idle, is not infrequently found spending his money with a lavish hand. This, however, was more strictly the case in days gone by, when a printer was not a printer until he had circumnavigated the globe, or traveled at least over the English-speaking part of it. The printer nowadays who wanders from place to place is regarded with more or less suspicion.

A printer whose eyes have become dim from following the boxes, and whose shoulders have been bent until his chin rests almost upon his chest, from his lifelong toil at the "case," told me the other day that he had been setting type for thirty years. "During that time," he said, "I have held cases in every city of over 100,000 inhabitants in the United States, and have earned from $15 to $75 a week. In the days of the rebellion, I worked in Philadelphia for awhile, and earned so much money in four nights that my time during the succeeding three days of the week was fully occupied in getting rid of it. Other printers were like me; in fact, there were not half a dozen who saved anything. Since the war, however, prices for composition have dropped to forty and forty-five cents per thousand ems. I can think of a great many of my old chums who have struck a money-saving gait, built comfortable homes, and got down to business. There are quite a number of compositors on the New York, Chicago and St. Louis papers who are worth a good deal."—*Union Printer.*

THE DEVIL AND I.

[By A. P. Kelly.]

The devil and I have had lots of trouble in our time. Somehow or other we never could get along very well together, although we have been closely associated, and I have found his assistance quite indispensable in business. He has been at my elbow with annoying persistency day in and day out, and sometimes it has been hard to tell which was boss of the office. Strangers coming in during busy hours would think he was running the concern, and occasionally I have been in doubt on that point myself.

Saturday nights in the office of the Whisky Slide *Bungstarter* used to be trials to the soul of the able editor of that enterprising journal. There was always the devil to pay then, and advertisers used to think the paper ought to take its pay in quartz crushers, amalgamating pans and windmills, which were not legal tender in the camp.

By the way, I trust I have made it clear that the devil I'm speaking of is not the ordinary, orthodox, personal devil of history—the chap at whom Martin Luther pegged the inkstand, although there is a striking similarity in traits, and I have more than once essayed the Luther act with my devil.

Whisky Slide was a hurrah town in the Sour Mash Mining District. The *Bungstarter* was the local paper, and I had to take it, name and all, and run it, or bend the whole weight of my intellect to the less dangerous but more precarious pursuit of horse stealing. Being a poor rider, and having a shotgun that would scatter so as to cover the door from the desk, I put aside conscientious scruples and consented to mold public opinion in Whisky Slide for what I could make out of the paper. In the leisure hours and on Sundays I generally melted old type from the hellbox, and the devil and I molded buckshot.

To return to the devil and the dance he led me. Talk about typographical errors! The *Bungstarter* committed some of the most stupendous typographical errors on record. The

editor had to hide out in the chapparal for a week at a time on account of them. The devil's duties in the office were numerous. He built the fires, of course, and interrupted the train of editorial thought every ten seconds by coming in and demanding copy in a hard, insistent, authoritative tone that was calculated to incite a riot or an editorial revolt. When he wasn't making a wild-eyed lunatic of the editor, he was sticking type or incorrecting galleys. His genius ran mostly toward making the *Bungstarter* impart interesting and lurid misinformation of an eclectic character.

The Hon. Hugh Mohan made a witty political speech one night, and the next morning the Mayor of Whisky Slide was buried. These two events just happened to occur in the order mentioned, and are not intended to be stated as cause and effect. The *Bungstarter* had reports of the speech and the funeral sermon in the afternoon. The report of the speech was rather heavy, being the work of a young man from college who was a journalist and scraped up local news. I told the foreman to have the speech livened up with the usual standing parenthetical notes. He sent the job to the devil, who got hold of the wrong galley, of course.

When the paper came out that funeral sermon was a daisy effort. It was something like this : " We look for the last time upon the features of one who but a few short days ago was in the prime of life and health. (Cheers.) A wise providence has seen fit to remove him from our midst (applause), and we bow humbly in submission. He was a kind father, a faithful husband (laughter), an upright, public spirited citizen, and a conscientious, scrupulous man of business. (Roars of laughter.) Take him all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again. (Prolonged applause.)" The above is only a sample of that sermon report as it appeared after the devil got through monkeying with it. The Mayor's family and friends felt hurt, and when the minister came round and fired six 44-calibre bullets through the

window, I inferred from my position behind the door of the safe that he also was displeased.

When the ripple of excitement had subsided, I returned from over the divide and wrote a touching obituary of the journalist from Harvard, who was really a better long distance runner than I, but didn't start soon enough after the paper came out. The unfortunate affair was explained as a typographical error, and the Mayor's widow squared herself with the deceased journalist by planting dahlias on his grave. He was a nice young man, even before he was buried, but he didn't have the "sabe" and presence of mind requisite for success as a newspaper man in Whisky Slide. No doubt he has gone to a pleasanter place, whichever trail he took.

Another of the devil's duties was painting bulletins with shoe blacking. He was scrupulously literal in that work. One day we had a lot of guff in the paper about the doings of the Legislature and the new bills passed. The bulletin was crowded. I had sent down more lines than the devil could letter in time, so I made marks against some of them and added an instruction to the matter-of-fact fiend, "Anything marked X can be killed." The bulletin put out read this way :

"New Live Stock bill passed,
Anything marked X can be killed."

It caused trouble within half an hour. Coyote Sam came in from the North Fork and filled up with soothing syrup. He killed three mules belonging to the Sour Mash Mining Company, cleaned out the IXL store by riding in and charging on Ikey Jacobs and his clerks with his bowie knife, raided the express office and put two shots through the leg of Jim Sloan, whose trousers were reinforced with a piece of a triple X flaxall flour bag. Juan Sanchez got a lasso over Sam and unhorsed him, and the dissipated cuss had the cheek to explain his disorderly conduct to the Vigilance Committee by asserting that as Deputy Sheriff of Calaveras, he was only carrying into effect the acts of the Legislature.

He pointed to the *Bungstarter's* bulletin board and X brand on the dead mules. Once more the editor went out the back way, and spent the night forked over the limb of a sequoia tree on the mountain side, where he could hear the hoarse murmurs of the mob and see their lanterns flitting like fireflies along the trail in the gulch.

This blew over as all the other little affairs did, and the *Bungstarter* flourished as the Democratic organ of the county until the devil one day made the greatest effort of his mis-spent life, and the dumbustedest typographical error ever known. He set up the wrong side of the clipping from the Red Dog *Republican* and made the *Bungstarter* declare that the Democratic candidate for County Judge was a sluice robber from Columbia Bar and had been run out of Idaho with a clipped ear for stealing a mule ; that the Sheriff was a check-guerilla ; that the City Marshal of Whisky Slide was a blower, and never killed a man without getting the drop on him behind ; that Senator Bill Hanks dealt a skin game at his faro bank and frequently held five aces at poker on his own deal, and that the Democratic party of Whisky Slide was composed of men who wouldn't dare to go to a camp where horse thieves were likely to be lynched.

The thing that blew over that night was the office of the *Bungstarter*, and no doubt the devil was among the crowd. For months the editor watched the papers for a personal saying : " Return to sorrowing friends in W. S., and all will be forgiven," but it never appeared.

Thus it will be seen that the mistakes of a newspaper are not the poor editor's fault, but are the devil's own luck. When anybody complains and wants to know who is responsible for an offensive article, it is proper that he should be told to go to the devil.

TYPOGRAPHICAL CONSOLATION.

[By Kivas Pyke.]

During the palmy days of the "oil country," when money was plenty and "panics" were unknown, that section of Pennsylvania was a perfect paradise for perambulating typos. Every little mushroom town had its daily or weekly paper, and work was flush at good prices. The staffs of the different offices were composed of representatives from almost every State in the Union, and taken altogether they were a rollicking crowd. The Titusville *Herald* was enjoying the height of prosperity, and so constantly was its working force changing that a standing "ad.," headed "compositors wanted," glared conspicuously from the head of its editorial column. Among the many tramping disciples of Faust who "took in" the town was Jim B——, a man who had worked in nearly every town and city in the country. Jim was tired of tramping, so concluded to drive his stakes there, get married, and settle down—a programme which he soon afterward carried out. He was widely and popularly known among the travelling knights of the stick and rule, and all were sure of a "square meal" and a night's lodging when they struck the town and interviewed Jim. One day the boys all went down to "the flats" to participate in a jumping match, and, after a couple of hours' of athletic sport, returned to the office "used up." Jim complained of not feeling well, and went home. Shortly after his arrival there he dropped dead from heart disease. Word was immediately sent to the office, and if a bomb-shell had exploded in the midst of the group of awe-stricken compositors, who were gathered around the stone, it could not have caused more consternation than the intelligence of this sudden event. The foreman and a couple of the boys went down to B—'s house to learn the particulars of the sad affair, and to lend such assistance as was needed. The widow and her friends were in a terrible state of woe, and gave vent to their grief

in heart-rending lamentations. After engaging an undertaker and attending to other minor details, the delegation returned to the office and reported. A chapel meeting was called, and eulogistic speeches were made by all the members present, in which Jim's virtues were extolled to a high degree. A set of resolutions were drafted and adopted, and a committee of three appointed to present them to the widow. "Black Dug," "Jersey" and "Nosey" Wilson were the committee, and they left the office on their sympathetic errand with elongated and lugubrious countenances. On the way to the house of the deceased, "Jersey" suggested that it would be appropriate for the committee to stop at Jake's and drink to Jim's memory, besides it would give them "nerve" to carry out their mission properly. The committee unanimously adopted the suggestion, and forthwith repaired to Jake's. "Three bourbon straights" were called for and hoisted in, but the sedate and thirsty committeemen coincided that *one* round would not suffice, so Jake was instructed to "set 'em up again." After considerable "irrigating" the committee felt themselves sufficiently well braced to carry out their errand, and started for the house. On arriving at the gate they stopped and deliberated the question as to who was to do the talking. They all agreed that each one of them had "chin" enough for ordinary occasions, but in such a delicate matter, as the one they had in hand, they felt that their vocabularies were not replete with language suitable enough, or, if so, that they could not readily command it. Finally "Black Dug" broke out with—

"Oh, never mind, boys. I'll do the chinning." So in they went, walking on tip-toe.

The house was filled with friends of the deceased, and as this delegation of his fellow workmen appeared, a wail of anguish arose from the female portion of those present. A kind and motherly old neighbor led the trio to the room where the corpse was laid out, beside which the widow was found in great grief.

"Wherze—(hic)—rezzlushuns, Dug?" asked "Nosey," as he braced himself against the back of a chair. "Jersey" glared appealingly at his coadjutor through his "off" eye, and impressively whispered, "Cheese it, 'Nose.'"

"Dug" had broken down, and was at a loss what to do, so he hid his face in his handkerchief and sobbed convulsively.

This outbreak of grief on the part of their leader rather upset the remainder of the committee, and they grew fidgety.

"Brace up, 'Dug.' Have a little tone," said "Jersey," punching him in the ribs, but "Dug" wouldn't "brace." So "Jersey" resolved to comfort the widow himself. Turning around to where she sat weeping, he made a profound bow, and began:—

"Madam, your late husband and I were old pards. We've tramped together many a mile—from the Hudson to the Missouri, and down the Mississippi to the Gulf. We've been as brothers—working, eating, sleeping and drinking with each other, and it is with a heart filled with the most poignant sorrow that I now behold him sleeping the sleep that knows no waking——"

"Goodnuff, 'Jezzy'—bang up," interrupted "Nosey," his face beaming with admiration and—bourbon.

But here "Jersey" stuck, and could go no further, despite the invitations of his friend "Nosey" to "fire ahead." By this time "Dug's" feelings had become composed, and he stepped to the front to do *his* share of the consolation. The widow grew more demonstrative in her grief as she realized the fact that the trio before her were warm friends and office-mates of her deceased consort, and remarked, through her sobs, that her loss was an irreparable one—that her grief was well-nigh inconsolable. "Dug" had studied up a little speech, but, alas, his memory went back on him, so he blurted out:—

"Well, Mrs. B——, it's mighty tough, I know; *but he's a d—d sight better off than setting solid bourgeois for forty cents a thousand.*"

This declaration produced a sensation among those present, and the remainder of the committee lost no time in snatching their hats and making a hasty exit from the house. When they got back to the office they were boiling with rage, and vowed that "'Dug' had spoiled the whole thing," while that worthy insisted that he had done his "level best."

A DETECTIVE'S EFFORT.

A Toronto detective, having heard that certain reporters had been somewhat successful in the amateur detective line, sought to prove that detectives could successfully do reporters' work, and his effort, the following, was printed in the *Canadian*:

"BELLYGRUNT CANINGS.

As two dogs were purceeding down Church street in the presence of several people with their tails cocked up, a large crowd was observed, and we think there was fully 400. A team which was driven by an old farmer and his wife, the two being a bay horse and a gray mayor, run on the big dog's tail, and a stick belonging to a gentleman with a heavy knob for a head, flew at the dog which bit the other dog and both dogs fit. Alderman Turner who was present tried to separate the belligrunt animals which was fighting, and he was bit in the rist, and the other dog which was larger than the other dog was, was the biggest of the two. The old farmer and his wife belongs to Parkdale, where symptoms of hyderfoby has set into Mr. Turner's rist. The affair has caused quite a stir in our community, and we hope that the National Policy will not be blamed for the unseemly outraig. The matter is in the hands of the detectives, who are said to know the partys concerned."

A NEW YORK CHAPEL MEETING.

[The following sketch was evidently the product of some person with a grievance, and must not be taken as a fair sample of the intelligence and justice (or injustice) displayed at these meetings. That "sordidness and love of self" is a prominent feature, as the writer indicates in an appendix, will undoubtedly be indignantly repudiated by the many who have time and again stood shoulder to shoulder in opposition to what they considered infringements on their rights. Isolated cases to the contrary are, of course, to be found in every community, but the trenchant sentences of this writer has likely had the effect of lessening their number.]

"Now, then, gentlemen, step up to the stone, if you please. This is the third time I've called out. How many times do you want to be asked to come forward? Anybody would think some of you were afraid of losing a hair space's worth of time, to see you sticking with your noses in the space-box when every one else has let up."

These sentences were spoken in a peremptory and somewhat irate tone by the chairman of a large book office in one of the dingy bye-streets of New York, as he stood at the imposing stone, shooting-stick in hand, awaiting the appearance of a few men who hung around their cases, unwilling apparently to sacrifice for the benefit of their companions the time requisite for the business to be introduced to the meeting.

At length the tardy ones became merged in the assembled crowd, which was motley indeed. The presiding officer, a young man of eight-and-twenty, carried about him an air of assurance indicating that he was one accustomed to dictate as well as to conduct at such conventions. From a dubious shirt-front glared a showy "diamond" pin, the gem of which must have been of immense value if of the first water; on the little finger of the hand which held the shooting-stick a showy three-dollar ring ostentatiously disported itself, and superciliously rebuked the grime which surrounded it and

counteracted its efforts to adorn; adown the pantaloons, fringed at the bottom with wear, shone resplendent the grease accumulated during many months' usage and acting as a base to them was a very sleazy pair of boots, down at heel and broken at the sides. The whole *personnel* of the presiding officer betokened presumption and impecuniosity.

The secretary was a weazened-faced little man, weak of nerve, but of an ambitious turn—one of that numerous and worthless class to be found on all hands, ever on the look-out for office, from solely selfish motives—who take positions of responsibility in order that they themselves may come into prominence rather than that the functions required of them may profit by their administration.

Here was a venerable old compositor, bald-headed, spectacled, long of beard, thoughtful-looking, wearing the subdued air which long-sustained, honest but ineffectual striving against adverse circumstances induces; there a high-colored, wild-eyed, middle-aged man of conspicuous whiskey-drinking proclivities. A fair sprinkling of well-dressed young fellows of intelligent appearance was dispersed in the group. In converse with one of these was a well-known "rounder," who two days before had secured work at the close of a long pedestrian tour, which had given him a healthful appearance, at once singling him out from his companions. Two or three sanguine young journeymen jeffed and disputed at one corner of the stone; and back of them shone out a face like a noonday sun, refulgent with good temper and independence.

When the last of the stragglers had finally arrived, he of the good-natured physiognomy drew the chairman's attention to the fact in loud and merry tones, slipping in a joke which induced a general laugh.

President looked a little displeased at such "officiousness," but commented not, and introduced the business thus:

"Gentlemen—The object of getting you here, as I s'pose you know, is to consider a queschun which came up yester-

day, when that row was between Filters and the Boss. This queschun is a putty difficult one to decide. Filters got some time-work to do—lot of proofs to c'rect in galleys and on the stone—and he says the work took him five hours, and the boss he says any man could do it in four, and he'll be gosh-hanged if he pays more'n four hours for it. I've done my best to put things straight—and I'm sure I've got as much influence with the Boss as any man—but he tells me he won't give way worth a cent, and we can do what we like 'bout it. So I dunno what to say in the matter, I'm sure. I don't see that it's much good making a great rumpus over an hour's pay—the money isn't worth it, and we've got a putty soft thing of it here altogether. I'm now ready to hear what anyone has to say on the point or to receive any motions."

The new arrival—the pedestrian—here remarked: "But you haven't told us what Filters says about the pay. We've only heard what the Boss is prepared to do."

A general murmuring ensued, above the hum of which sounded occasionally such querulous ejaculations as–"What's he know 'bout it?" "He's only been in the office an hour, and he thinks he can do as he d— pleases." "We don't want tramps to interfere with our business;" *et cætera.*

The suggestion was not at all well received, but the tramp found a backer in the good tempered man, and the combination elicited an explanation.

"Filters," said the chairman, "considers his charge a fair one. He says he worked the time honestly, and he means to get paid for it. He says he would rather leave than submit to an injustice."

"Well, that's his affair," interposed Jack Schuldig, one of the hangers-on at case when the meeting was summoned. "It's just a question between him and the boss, and ain't got nothin' to do with us as I can see."

"Oh, that's your idea of how a chapel should act, is it?" angrily exclaimed the tramp, facing Schuldig. "You're a

smart fellow, you are. I thought the very reason of having a chapel was that we might protect each other."

Schuldig, smarting under the rebuke, had impolitely commenced an ill-tempered rejoinder, when the chairman, hitting the stone a whack with the shooting-stick, called the meeting to order, and said :

"I am ready to submit any motion any one has to offer, and any remarks must be addressed to the chair. You have elected me to look after these meetings, and I guess I'm not going to let every Jack, Tom and Harry who is in the place five minutes run 'em. Has anyone got any motion to offer?"

Schuldig *loquitur :* "I move that the chapel takes no steps in the matter. I don't see that it has anything to do with us. It's Jack Filters' own bisniss. 'Taint none of ours."

"I second that, Mr. Chairman." This from a seedy, hungry-looking compositor, located on the outskirts of the congregation.

No sooner had the motion been preferred and endorsed, than the tramp, who looked superlatively indignant, exclaimed excitedly :

"Mr. Chairman, it seems to me that to carry such a motion would be an act of great injustice to a man who has right on his side and spunk enough to maintain it. We have chapels to meet the demands of just such emergencies as this, and if the necessity to resist oppression did not sometimes arise, the reason for their existence would be dead. I offer an amendment that we uphold the man in his charge for five hours."

"And I second the motion," came promptly from the man of *bonhomie.*

Such a buzz of dissidence followed upon the presentment of the amendment as betokened wide-spread disapprobation, and the result of the ballot proved that only two—the proposer and seconder—voted for the amendment. Every man else, with the exception of Filters, who abstained from influencing the decision, voted in favor of concession to the boss

When the result was made known, Filters protested against the injustice wildly; he accused the men whose companion he had been of cowardice, of valuing more their employment than their principles, and declared that they had thrust upon him the whole onus of fighting a battle which was theirs as much as his.

"I shall leave," said he, "for I wouldn't lift another space in a place where I could not get justice."

The next morning Filters' stand was vacant; the tramp demanded the money due him, and departed; and the other backer of Filters', after rallying his associates on their nose-in-the-space-box predilections, "guessed he wouldn't do any more among such a lot of (several adjectives) shysters," and went off.

A DOLLAR BILL ON EACH "TAKE."

When news came late with a rush a few nights ago, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, the typesetters in the composing-room of one of the dailies in this town seemed unusually slow, and the foreman said sarcastically—for a foreman even is sometimes betrayed into sarcasm—"If a dollar bill were tacked on to each 'take,' I bet you boys'd hustle." A compositor at a neighboring case heard the remark, and, after the paper was set, told the following story: "On the morning that President Garfield was shot, I and a few other compositors were up in the composing room of the Washington *Republican*. The paper had gone to press, of course, long before the news of Guiteau's deed reached our office, but the business manager of the paper decided to get out a special edition. Somehow or other a reporter or two were corraled, and not more than a dozen compositors were set to work setting the matter up as fast as it was written. To in-

sure speed a stack of new dollar bills, fresh from the Treasury, was sent up to the composing room, and the man who cut up the copy was instructed to put a bill on the top of each 'take' as it was put on the hook. The 'takes' were made precious short, you can bet, and we worked like slaves. When the last 'take' was set, it was found that three 'takes' preceding it were missing. They were discovered on the case of a typo with a large head, who had removed half a dozen takes at one clip from the hook. When the formes were closed up we counted up, and the three-quarters of a column of leaded matter was found to have been cut into 120 'takes,' which meant, of course, $120 for the compositors who had set it. The *Republican* was on the streets an hour and a half before the afternoon papers got out, and the liberality of the business manager turned out to be a clever stroke for the paper."

FOR MONEY, DRINKS AND GLORY.

SAM. DAVIS'S ASTUTE METHOD OF RUNNING A NEWSPAPER.

To the Editor of the Examiner:

I have noticed during the past year that quite a number of new journalistic enterprises are springing up in various parts of your State. Whenever the gable end of a collegiate institution blows down a lot of young fellows escape and at once begin to found their intellectual potteries where various grades of public opinion can be molded.

I am now actively engaged on my new "Hand Guide of Journalism," a book which I shall get out of the publisher's hands as soon as I can forward the money to settle with the binders' department.

It often occurred to me that in a country where so many new ventures in the newspaper business were being made it

would be a good idea to issue a book of hints and instructions, so that the labor of inaugurating an enterprise of this kind could be comparatively easy.

I am not getting up this book to sell. I have learned from experience—of which a brief mention was previously made in your columns—that books by Nevada authors can be much more rapidly disposed of on the gift system. Very few persons will decline to accept a book when pressed on them by the author, whereas a call for a dollar and a half ($1.50) is met with hesitancy and disgust.

The book I am now endeavoring to get out of press will treat of the practical, every day work of managing a large six-column newspaper of the country type; running along with two compositors, a job foreman and a small boy. I have selected this sort of a practical illustration because it is much harder to handle than a lightning-geared sheet of 60,000 circulation.

The first chapter treats of the location of the office. This is one of the most important things to be considered. A mistake may be made in choosing a site which will take years of toil to overcome. It is better to pay some man of practical experience to make a good location and be done with it than to blunder along in an aimless way and not know what you are doing.

The site of my office is most admirable in all respects. The entrance faces the north and the street is in the shade all day, saving 25 cents a week year after year, which might otherwise be paid out for street sprinkling.

There is a beer saloon at the east, a hardware store to the west and a woodyard at the south. The beer saloon enables one to keep thoroughly posted in politics, and the hardware store is especially handy when one wants to borrow tools. When a printer wants a hammer, plane or monkey-wrench, he has but to slip quietly into the side entrance of Rail's hardware store and get a bright new tool for his work.

The advantage of having bright new tools about a printing

office is too well known to everybody to be discussed here. The woodyard has also great advantages. When you get wood you are not charged for the transportation.

The typos have cut a hole into the rear of the shed where the wood is piled, all sawed and split to the proper length. This hole enables us to keep watch of the wood men and see if they give the public the same kind of wood they advertise in my journal.

If they advertise nut-pine we can (by careful sampling) tell at once if they are adulterating the wood with common, ordinary pine. I have purchased a large oblong sampling machine made of cast-iron at the hardware store, by which we test the wood by a fire assay. After burning a few cords of the wood advertised as genuine nut pine, I make a careful assay of the ashes, so that if the same is in any way adulterated I can sound a note of warning to the public.

I shall make careful assays of this wood during the winter and publish an exhaustive report in the spring for the benefit of regular subscribers.

I began my investigations of Folsom & Davis's wood several years ago and the records of my analytical labors are very complete. The comparative tables show but little variation in the quality of the wood analysed by me.

I may perhaps except a very positive adulteration I discovered in 1881, when during an experiment with a piece of nut pine, the top of the apparatus being used suddenly come off and went through the ceiling.

I was engaged at the time in my editorial room on the floor above on a treatise entitled "The Elevating Influences of the Forestry Commission." I went up through the roof along with the balance of the experiment, and next day made a thorough analysis of the remains of the apparatus. Several parties, however, who had but the crudest knowledge of chemistry, pronounced it giant powder cartridge No. 2, and I accepted the explanation. From that on no woodyard samples were accepted for assay until after a

careful examination for the adulterations I have described. It seems odd to me that any one would adulterate common wood with giant powder, when the latter costs much more.

It certainly does not give the wood any additional weight, for the piece I noticed going through the roof seemed even lighter, if anything, than the surrounding air.

In order to make my plan of operations perfectly clear to amateur journalists I inclose a rough diagram of the interior of my chemical laboratory and the kind of apparatus I use in conducting my experiments.

I use the Buckeye No. 2 instrument, but the Charter Oak No. 12, an apparatus of larger power, can be purchased from any of the Eastern laboratories.

I do not publish my tables in this article. They will be found in my forthcoming book, and come additional as to the matter of expense.

The book will contain a full diagram of the woodyard, the method of making the hole in the shed, the location of the aperture, and the best time of the night to take samples from the wood dump. The whole is the result of seven years of careful experiment and experience, and will prove invaluable to anyone about to start an engine of elevated thought in a small country town where the populace is not losing sleep over the matter.

RAPID DISTRIBUTION.

One of the most essential things in the business is rapid distribution. It doesn't make much difference what the paper contains so long as the subscriber gets it quickly. He wants it to feel limp and damp when he gets it, as if it were just from the press. A small boy carrying the paper around under his arm, and playing marbles, leap-frog, hop-scotch, kick the stick, and other national games along the street, does not suit the requirements of this rapid generation of newspaper readers who now patronize the press.

I would suggest the pneumatic tube as a good system of rapid delivery.

There is a compositor in my office of a very inventive turn of mind who first made this brilliant suggestion. He thought that before going to the heavy expense of tubing pneumatically the entire range of territory covered by my paper it would be a good idea to run an experimental tube to the brewery to test the value of the instrument. I went to considerable expense running the tube, and the first paper sent in stuck in the centre. The printers then went to the brewery and persuaded the proprietor to force several gallons of beer into the tube to clear the obstruction. The tube proved an utter failure in transporting paper, but it was specially adapted to the rapid transit of the lighter grades of beer. A compositor had but to tap on the pipe the number of glasses wanted in the composing-room, and inside of two seconds the fluid came down. By talking through the pipe every tone could be distinctly heard between the terminal points of the pipe several blocks apart.

When the invention got in active operation the Virginia City Typographical Union called a special meeting, ordered a gold medal struck off for the inventor and passed a series of mortuary resolutions out of respect to his memory, so that they would be all ready any time he died, it being the general impression that he would die young. Thus encouraged, the comp trained a poll parrot to sit at the end of the pipe, tap on it with his beak and call for beer in loud, commanding tones. One night the bird was shut up in the office by mistake, and next morning when the carrier boy opened the back door to get his papers he was overwhelmed by a deluge of bock beer, and drowned. The parrot had been sitting all night on the end of the tube tapping with his beak and vociferating for beer.

The joy of hearing the foaming stream pour out of the spout must have been delightful recreation for the bird, whose pleasures in life were few.

The spout was five feet above the floor, and the high beer mark was within two inches of the spout.

This case is cited to show that the old fashioned way of distributing papers is much the best in a small country office. I consider beer in all its forms as a detrimental ingredient of the model composing-room. It should be kept upstairs under lock and key and the editor should carry the key.

ANOTHER FOOLISH CONTRIVANCE.

Another ridiculous contrivance in my office, the work of the same compositor, was a stovepipe hole leading from the upper story to the ground floor.

Some years ago when the Legislature passed a law that all gambling games should be moved to the second story, the editorial fraternity of this State moved upstairs with one accord, myself with the rest.

The newspaper business in Nevada is so precarious and uncertain that it is generally conceded as coming within the limits of games of chance, and a regular gamble all through. I found that it was very tiresome work trotting up and down stairs to and from the composing-room every time I placed a running thought on paper.

My inventive compositor fixed the stovepipe hole above mentioned and told me to drop the copy down through.

The hole was just alongside my desk, and I had but to drop my hand to my side and send the copy down the hole.

I soon found it had many disadvantages.

The comps placed a large drygoods box under the hole and I was supposed to keep it full.

When they wanted copy they would simply go and paw over the leaves, which were all jumbled up in a mess, and take what they wanted.

In a short time this condition of affairs began to tell on the paper.

A meteorological screed on the heated term would creep into type during a cold snap.

The arrival of Hon. Tom Wren and George Baker, of Eureka, would be given to the public several weeks after

these people had gone back to the Base Range. A father would rush in with a notice of the birth of a twelve-pound boy (his first) and the notice would not get into print until the boy weighed forty-six pounds and was walking around.

I wrote a notice of a politician of my own party, calling him a party parasite; a maggot burrowing his way into the party sack; a man who sunk 60 per cent. of the campaign money intrusted to his keeping, and stated that the man who allied himself to such a pestilence was everywhere regarded as a traitor to his party and the best interests of the town.

I dropped this down the hole, but the printers didn't find it for three weeks. Meanwhile I had allied myself with the same political pestilence in order to carry a primary election, and we were pooling together for mutual interest and the same set of delegates.

The article crept into type on the morning of the primary, and the manner in which his friends tramped on me at the primary was a wonder to behold.

THE BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

I devote a large space in my book to the business department of a newspaper, but can only give a rough outline of the principles inculcated. Those who would possess themselves of the knowledge contained therein will find it essential to purchase the entire work at the entire price. Everything connected with this department should be under the charge of a man who is absolutely destitute of the tender feelings of humanity. A man who can charge a weeping widow three dollars for the funeral announcement of her dead spouse, coldly refuse two dollars and six bits, and tell her to take the notice to some sheet of smaller circulation, will do well in the business department of a daily paper.

He should think nothing of invading the sick chamber of a dying man and request the clergyman to suspend prayers for a few minutes while he engages in some pleasant dialogue like this:

"Better order a couple of hundred funeral dodgers to throw around town the day you are buried, Bill. It always brings a larger crowd. I've just got some new style German text type and some two-line pica border that matches mighty well. We can get you up the dodgers for four dollars and throw in a nice biographical sketch, leaving out your Canadian record and smoothing down the Kansas business."

When a man rushes in and in exultant tones tells you he has struck a $5,000 vein of mineral, forty-six feet wide and six miles long, and is willing to give you the first whack at the item, take down his statement in black and white, and then tell him in cold business accents that your charges are 10 per cent. of the assay value of the mine, 20 per cent. of the capital stock, and a location on the main vein if you continue to boost it into public favor. This cools the man down, and in a few minutes you worm out the facts, and learn that the ore hasn't been assayed yet, and that he got it from a man who has agreed to show him the place on the following Sunday.

OTHER USEFUL HINTS.

Besides these matters, a tithe of which I have not even mentioned in this hasty article, are notes for disposing of poetical contributors without rough treatment; how to explain to a woman why her name was left out of a local concert report for the benefit of the church, so that she will go away happy. How to so construct an abusive article regarding a politician that it will not injure him if he should ever run on the same ticket with yourself, and how to light gracefully on your feet in case an inebriated compositor gets you into a bad scrape. I need but cite an instance in this connection:

Some years ago I was indulging in my usual bad judgment on a village paper where a man named McGettigan

started a horse-car line, which was an excellent line but never had any passengers.

One day I alluded to his car-line as follows :

"A lonely ride—from the wharf to the depot—on McGettingan's new horse-car line."

He came in next morning, and, after canceling his yearly contract for job printing, ordered all his advertising out of the *Independent*, and came in to lick me.

It was mere pastime for me to throw Mac down stairs, but I looked after the interests of my employers and preferred diplomacy.

I told him that I had written "lovely" ride in the copy and not "lonely," and offered to show him the original manuscript. I knew that a man of his limited education would not be able to distinguish the nice difference between my "n's" and "v's," for in writing I usually crowd the characteristics of one letter into the other in a compact form. When he saw the copy he weakened at once, and when I demanded an apology he took back all the hard names he had called the office and invited the staff out to oysters and champagne.

The proprietor of the paper told me after the refreshments that he never had a man work for him that he loved so much and volunteered to raise my salary to living rates, but forgot all about it after the excitement of the wine had passed off.

I have decided to dedicate my new book to him all the same, for he was a man without guile.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Foreman—(to comp. who had resigned, but thought better of it)—Here, I thought you threw up those cases ?

Comp.—I did, but I caught 'em coming down.

SHORT TAKES.

PRINTERS, as a class, are innocent, unsophisticated men. "Do any of you gentlemen know anything about gambling?" asked the editor of the Oshkosh *Christian Advocate* of his compositors the other day, and a cemetery stillness reigned throughout the office. And then the crafty editor cried: "First ball 27!" and sixteen printers laid down their sticks and inquired how much there was in the pot.

* * *

IT was the time of the late Russo-Turkish war, and he was a printer and labored o' nights. The war map and unpronounceable names so worked on his mind that he had an attack of nightmare. When he pulled his wife's hair and yelled: "Erzeroum, Kars, Bucharest;" she thought he tried to say, "I must get out of this room and take the cars before breakfast," and suspicioned that he was about to take another tramp.

* * *

THE foreman of one of our large offices was explaining to a female who was making-up, that she must be particular to get the matter on its feet, otherwise the letter would become "bottle——," when he realized the gravity of the situation, blushed and retired, vowing to eschew the use of all technical terms in future.

* * *

A COMPOSITOR on the Washington *Patriot* carelessly emptied a stickful of matter, and, in turning to leave, jarred the galley and threw his take into pi. "I wish some one would kick me" had barely escaped his lips when he was accommodated with a "lifter," well delivered.

"Who the h— are you?" he demanded as he faced his assailant, an undersized specimen of *genus homo.*

"Shorty Chandler, at your service—a 'tourist' artist in typography, looking for a subject." Shorty "took," and for many years graced the capital with his presence.

THIRTY WAS IN.

A NEWSPAPER STORY THAT MIGHT BE TRUE EVEN IF IT IS NOT.

It is a well-known fact that newspaper men as a rule do not get credit for being susceptible to anything like the feelings that ordinary human beings have, but one case is on record of a man worn out with hard work, and perhaps some dissipation, who showed to the few that knew him a nature more like a woman's than the blasé newspaper man that he was, writes Luther Little in the St. Paul *Globe*. He had his office at the time in an overheated and badly lighted room, such as are often made to do duty as newspaper offices in a New Hampshire city. He was the telegraph editor on a morning paper, and all through the evening and early morning hours he cut the sheets of manifold, dotted the i's, put in periods, straightened the twisted sentences, and occasionally swore about the operators that made such poor copy. His name matters not. He had been one of the brightest reporters in Chicago at 25, and had worked in St. Louis and a dozen other cities during the ten years that followed.

He was at the time I knew him strictly temperate, as I afterwards learned, due to the fact that while in New Orleans he had fallen in love with a young lady in moderate circumstances, who had promised to become his wife when he should consider himself in circumstances to warrant such a step. He never told me of this, but often spoke of preferring to live in a small city away from the boys, and where he could save more money. He had a picture of a young lady that was always on his desk, and often in the night his eyes would wander from the manifold and look for five minutes on the face, that of a sweet-faced girl, with dark hair and big eyes, that seemed deep and liquid.

One night, or rather morning, for it was nearly time for the paper to go to press, the night editor came in and said: "Mr.——, how is the report coming?" The Western Union kid has just brought in the last sheet of copy, and the tele-

graph editor replied: "Thirty is in" [When the telegraph editor receives the last dispatch for the night he writes under it the conventional sign, 30.] The night editor said unless there was something important to kill it, for it was getting late.

My friend, with the pencil in his fingers, ran hastily through it, and when he reached the last paragraph stopped short, and for a moment turned pale as death, while his pencil dropped from his fingers. But he recovered himself in a moment, and in reply to the night editor's question, said wearily: "There are two paragraphs—one on the Beecher trial, and another about some young lady being struck by lightning in a town in Louisiania, that's all." "Send up the one about Beecher and kill the other," said the night editor; "nobody in this part of the country cares a d—n about any young lady being killed 2,000 miles from here—not at this time in the morning."

My friend wrote a head for the Beecher story and put the rest of the manifold paper in his pocket. He put on his coat with a tired air, and left the office, passing the police reporter in the adjoining room with a brief good-night.

Next evening he did not show up at the usual hour, and the night editor swore, for he had to handle the telegraph himself. It was two days before I saw or heard from my friend, and then I heard that he had quit his job, and I went to his room away down on Elm street.

"I am not well," he said. "I had to quit night work for awhile. I am about done up." This was about all he said, and for a week as I made calls on him, it was the same. He got no better, but said when he got over a bad cold he would be all right. Two weeks later he died. A doctor had attended him and said it was a sort of quick consumption. In his pocket was found half a dozen letters, one, which the dead man had evidently written and neglected to mail, was directed to Miss Anna E. Clement, New Orleans. I was intending to mail it when I came across, among the papers

found in his pocket, a bit of manifold copy, on which was written, as near as I can remember it, the following :

NEW ORLEANS, 8.—During a severe thunderstorm sevening lightning struck house Mrs. E. Clement, number — Carondelet street, and lady's daughter, Annie, aged 20, instantly killed.

That evening I went down to the office where the dead man had worked. A new man was doing the telegraph, and nobody seemed to remember that the dead man had ever worked there. The picture was pushed over to the window sill, and was covered with dust. It was the picture of Annie, who had been killed by a bolt the day that the telegraph editor had quit his desk forever. The picture with the letters were mailed to the girl's mother, with a short notice of the death ; but no one ever told her that the blow that broke the poor hardened newspaper man's heart was the unimportant paragraph that the night editor had ordered killed.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

A MODERN NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT OF THEIR FAMOUS DUEL BY BILL NYE.

In a set of hints to reporters, Bill Nye includes the following :

Write in modern reportorial form something as follows—the account of an engagement between David and Goliath :

" A slight south wind was blowing down the valley of Elah, veering a little to the westward and showing some signs of rain in the doubtful states before night, as the sun rose above the camp-ground of the Fifth Battalion of Israelite Infantry, with Saul's headquarters a little further up the gulch, near the court-house.

" The bright glitter of burnished armor and the smell of hot coffee pervaded the scene, while across the creek and

encamped over toward Ephes-Dammim and the Bethlehem sawmill stood the A tents of the Philistines. Softly the two contending armies awoke. Here and there the bray of an ass or a Philistine broke the stillness, and the practiced ear could now and then hear the bowels of the earth rumble as Goliath turned over in bed and thought about the text of his opening defiance to the Israelites.

"Gradually the pickets and the Philistine advance guard were called into breakfast, and promptly at ten o'clock Goliath, with a new zinc overcoat and copper sun bonnet, faced with chilled steel and tied on with telegraph wire, appeared on the grand stand facing the camp of the Israelites, followed by Col. Fitz-John Abimilech of Gath, who introduced Goliath briefly, as follows :

"'Fellow-soldiers of the regular Philistine army and pie-biting yeomanry of Israel : We have with us this morning a gentleman of Gath, who has consented at great expense to cancel his dates with the great congress of wonders, now on exhibition among our people, and to come here for a two weeks' engagement as a defier of Israel, at $200 for each and every defiance and his expenses, including press notices. I take pleasure in introducing to you Phineas T. Goliath of Gath, who will now address you.'

"Goliath, who is a man considerably above the medium height, and dressed in a forced sale of hardware, tinware and notions, came forward, and spitting on his hands in order the better to clutch his cast-iron stab knife, remarked as follows : 'Gentlemen of Israel, I have the honor to state that I represent the army of the Philistines, who desire me to act as arbitrator in this here matter with anybody you want to select from your place. I hope to please one and all in the future as I have in the past and to state that I do not care to brag or boast, but that I have never been fairly knocked out. I've quit rum now and propose to hold myself ready to please one and all. I can safely say that the stories about my being anything but a gentleman is dead

wrong, and if any gentleman of Israel wants me to do him up, and will just put up his dukes to protect his movement, I'll show Saul and his home-guards the best job of slugging they ever seen, and I will also fight at thirty yards rise. Bring out one of your representative men, and I will send him home with a circumflex over each eye. Trot out a rising young man, and see how soon he is not thus. I am a Philistine, and have voted that ticket ever since I quit wearing pants that faced both ways. I am not prejudiced agin your people, but if you want to see a short, thick-set scrap with soul into it, send out your most successful man. See!'

"He then stood on his hands for a moment and then turned a back somerset with his heavy iron underclothes and zinc overcoat on, cracked his heels lightly together, and putting a buffalo chip on his shoulder walked up and down in front of the grand stand.

"At this time a small ranchman from Bethlehem-Judah crawled through a hole in the fence and asked Saul what he would do for anybody who would put a nose on the uncircumcised sideshow giant with the tin overcoat. The king stated that he would make him rich and give him his daughter to wife and a span of horses with sawed off tails and a position in the custom house, and the young man from Bethlehem-Judah said that would be satisfactory. But Saul said, 'Young man, you will get injured, for you are a mere youngster,' and so saying put a coal-scuttle on the head of David and armed him with a piece of gas pipe, but David said he would not choose any of them, and so he selected a few moss agates from the branch and his shepherd's slung with which he had heretofore slang, and when he got to where he could see the white of the eye of the gentleman from Gath, he smote him with a smooth stone over the eye, and it sank into Goliath's think tank, and some of his thoughts ran out on the grass, and he died. And David went up to him and cut off Goliath's head. Being recalled by the audience, he cut off other fragments of the giant and

then went away. It was a great success in every way, and after killing most of the Philistines the Israelites returned to their places of business and began marking down goods, feeling that it was really as good a little out-door entertainment as they had ever witnessed."

I do not say that this is the best way to write up the above incident, but it gives an idea how each student may express himself in his own way, using the facts as they already exist.

HOW IT SOUNDS.

Some writer has produced a poem entitled "Sounds from the Sanctum." It reads just too pretty, and gives rise to the thought that the author never visited the sanctum when business was in full blast. If he had called about midnight, for instance, he would have seen two saints—one poring over a proof slip, the other holding the copy; and the sounds would have been something like this:

Proofreader—As flowers without the sunshine fair—comma—so—comma—without you—comma—do I breathe a dark and dismal mare——

Copyholder—Thunder! not mare—air.

Proofreader—I breathe a dark and dismal air—comma—as flowers—comma——

Copyholder—Shoot the comma.

Proofreader—'Tis done. As flowers without the sunshine fair—semicolon—confound slug seven he never justifies his lines—no joy in life—comma—no worms—

Copyholder—Warmth.

Proofreader—No warmth I share—comma—and health and vigorous flies—

Copyholder—Blazes! Health and vigor fly——

Proofreader—Health and vigor fly—comma—full stop.

That's about the sound of it when poetry is on deck.—*Des Moines Register.*

TYPE-SETTING IN JAPAN.

The office of the *Nichi Shinbun*, a Japanese newspaper, is thus described: The features of the *Shinbun* office was its type case—for there was only one of the body type. And such a type case! It is divided, for utility, into two sections, sloping toward an alley five feet wide by thirty feet long—four by sixty feet. There's a news case for you! This is divided into small compartments or boxes, into which the type is laid in regular piles, several piles in a box, with faces all toward the compositors, mostly boys, big and little. Each holds a wooden "stick," with brass rule. The type are all of a size; the "stick" is not set to the measure of the column, which is twenty ems pica, but to about half the measure, it being the business of the other workmen to impose the lines in columns, take proof, and make up forms. Now, then, the type-setting. Armed with "sticks" and rule and copy the dozen compositors read the last in an earnest, sing-song way, each rushing to some box, far or near, for the needed letter, then back ten or twelve to the needed one; all are on the lively move, rushing and skipping to and fro, right and left, up and down, chassé, balance to partners, swing the corners up and back, singing the copy, catching one letter here, another there, prancing and dodging, humming and skipping—a promenade cotillon, Virginia Reel, racquet and all hands around upon the same floor at the same time, and the same dancers in each—a perfect maze of noise and confusion, yet out of confusion bringing printed order! It was a sight to be seen. "How many different characters are there in this case, anyhow?" was asked our guide. Then our guide asked the printers, and none could answer better than say: "Nobody knows, sir. Nobody knows—many thousand." Later on we repeated the same question to a more intelligent person, who said: "At least 50,000." That will account for the remarkable size of the case and the racing to and fro of the compositors. Just

why they intone their copy all the while was not made so clear other than the remark that it was their custom. Tokio monopolizes the Japanese newspaper business, there being only one point—Kofo—in eastern Japan where newspapers are printed. The masses of the people are able to read in their own way, but comparatively few can grasp the full flow of Chinese characters. In point of illiteracy the statistics place this nation at only seven per cent, or next to Bavaria, which is the lowest on the list.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

HE WASN'T A VEGETARIAN.

By Kivas Pyke.

Jones is a printer—a morning paper printer. Works six days a week, and wishes he could get in eight. Is he mean? Well, you bet. So mean that when the night editor "asked the boys out" the other day, Jones said he would take ten cents for his share. That ain't all. The other day a poor, emaciated, broken-down tramp struck the office. He had been waltzing over railroad ties and plank roads until his "moccasins" were completely played out, and his general appearance suggested his ability to get away with a square meal in a twinkling. In fact he looked about as hungry as a Nebraska grasshopper. Jones opened his heart when "the stranger" told his sad tale of hard luck—"No chuck for three days, sleeping under rail fences, heels blistered," etc.—and he resolved to make the poor tramp's heart glad. He "couldn't afford" to put him on his cases that day, but he would bring him down a "lunch" when he went to supper, and speak to some of "the boys," in his behalf. The stranger's eyes bespoke the gratitude which filled his heart, and he wrung Jones' hand in a cordial manner. Jones looked amiable and philanthropic, so much so that the query went around the office, "What's got into Jones?" Supper

time came, and the boys all filed off to their respective boarding-houses. The stranger looked lovingly at Jones as he departed, and visions of sirloin steaks, ham sandwiches, mince pie, etc., loomed up before his expressive optics. His mouth watered, and he set himself down on an empty type-box to count the minutes until the return of his generous provider. After nearly an hour's suspense Jones hove in sight, hugging a large sized dinner pail. The stranger prepared for business. His eyes glistened as he removed an extensive "chaw" of the noxious weed from his mouth and carefully deposited it in Jones' cap case. The pail was handed him by Jones with a few words of sympathy for his sad condition, and a fervent wish from the donor that he should eat heartily and make a meal. The stranger assured him he would, as he nervously tugged away at the lid of the pail. Finally it flew open, and the contents proved to be two slices of watermelon and a diminutive tomato. The look of disgust which overspread the countenance of that tramp will never fade from the memory of those who were observers of the scene, and with a withering look he turned to Jones and remarked ;

" Say, pard, although I have tackled peaches in Jersey, oranges in Florida, and pawpaws in Kansas, I'm blowed if I'm a vegetarian. As this lunch is not quite solid enough for me, I'll have to call a new deal."

A peal of laughter went up from the boys as they took in the situation, and the tramp was generously provided for by all hands except Jones, who vows that " tramps can't appreciate a good thing when they get it." This event occurred last summer, but the melon rinds, which still hang in a conspicuous place in the office, show that Jones' solid lunch is not forgotten.

THE CHAPEL AND OUR COMPS.

The following, anent certain privileges said to have appertained to the craft in ancient days, is taken from *English Notes and Queries :*

"Our overseer had grown gray in his position of responsibility and trust, and his sons (also in the office) were becoming elderly printers under the supervision of their sire. The old gentleman served his time, I think, with Luke Hansard, and had worked with Perry, in the palmy days of the *London Morning Chronicle* ; he was venerable, slow and sure, and he was filled with a sense of the dignity of his craft and of its immeasurable superiority over every other calling. Letters addressed to "the Father of the Chapel," which found their way from time to time into the editorial bag, were handed to him without question, and these were mostly begging appeals from needy brethren. He was fond of impressing the newly-entered apprentices with the advantage they held over mere tradesmen and artisans, in belonging to so ancient and honorable a calling as that of printing, telling them that 'in olden time, when none but the privileged classes were permitted to go armed, the compositors wore swords by their sides (being gentlemen by virtue of their art and because the first compositor was a knight) and sat at case, to mark the distinction between themselves and ordinary mechanics, who stand to their work.' I have many times been questioned by our comps. concerning these matters, but could only reply that I could not answer for the swords, though there is good evidence in old wood cuts depicting printing office interiors to prove that the sixteenth century comps. 'sat at case.'"

Here is what another writer has to say upon the subject :

GOWN AND SWORD.

"The privilege of wearing the above articles in 'ye olden timme' was a distinguishing honor conferred upon the compositor, ranking him as a *gentleman* and creating a station

unattainable by the followers of any other handicraft or the votaries of trade. In polite circles it was equal to the old English *Esq.*, while in the settlement of questions of honor it carried the right of crossing swords with titled wearers of similar weapons of defence."

Odzbodkins ! after reading these 'high-falutin" utterances, and then taking into consideration the hybrid qualities of many at present of the craft, one is forced to the conclusion that "these be degenerate times."

NO EPHS NOR CAYS.

The following, clipped from the *Rocky Mountain Cyclone*, shows how completely the English language is adapted for sudden and unforeseen emergencies :

"We begin the publication ov the *Roccay Mountain Cyclone* with some phew diphphiculties. The type phounders phrom whom we got our outphit phor this printing ophphice phailed to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. The mistaque was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistaques will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the ephs and cays and xs and qs hold out, we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the *Cyclone* whirling, aphter a phashion, till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us—it is a serious aphphair."

AN ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY.

"I'm an editor myself," said he, as he planted his feet on the Brooklyn *Eagle* editor's desk and lit that functionary's pipe. "I throw ink on the *Up Gulch Snorter* at Deadwood, and you bet I make some reading matter for the boys. Got the *Snorter* on exchange here?"

"I think not," replied the editor. "Don't know that I ever heard of it."

"You ain't been long in the ink business, have you?" asked the stranger quickly. "You don't seem to be up in the literature of the day. That *Snorter* throws more influence to the square foot than all the papers in Deadwood. Let me show you the style of that periodical," and he drew a pile of back numbers out of his pocket. "See them advertisements? All cash. Meeting of county board; fist fight in the Common Council; mine caved in on ninteen men; four women lynched; raid by Indians—all live news items. See the editorial? This is what I say about the *Rapid City Enterprise:* 'The distinguished consideration in which we hold the three-ply jackass who edits our noxious contemporary is only equaled by the rapidity with which the tumble bugs will roll him out of town in the spring.' Spicy, eh! You bet! There's some poetry. Wrote it myself. Made it out of my head. How's this?

> "The Radicals have nominated
> That lousy, drunken, dissipated,
> Cockeyed horse thief, Jim McFadden—
> Our candidate is Fatty Madden.

"And we elected him, too, for old stock! We go in for poetry out our way, from way back."

"We don't do it in just that way here," said the *Eagle* editor, with a smile. Our folks—"

"That's where you're off. You haven't educated your folks up to high taste. Where I live we're cultured clear to the roof. Here's my remarks about the editor of the Vermilion *Repeater*, when he wanted to split the territory: 'We

don't want to reflect on the press, but we are compelled to say that the editor of the *Repeater* has stolen Government mules so long for a living that he begins to flatter himself that he, too, is a d——d ass!' That busted his business."

"But don't the other editors ever pitch into you?" asked the *Eagle*, rather astounded at this revelation in journalism.

"You just bet, pardner! Then we get back in this way. This is some poetry on the Fargo *News* man for saying that I learned to read and write in the Wisconsin Penitentiary. Listen to this:

"There is an old clam in Fargo,
Who buys his rum by the cargo,
He gets drunk and spews
And calls it the *News*,
And then the whole gang to the bar go!

"I haven't heard from him since, but he'll get around to me by and by. Here's a little criticism on our opera house that was received very highly when it was pupped: 'Manager Whitney is giving a high toneder performance than our citizens have a right to expect for two bits. He has engaged the beautiful Gambetta for two weeks, and for high artistic kicking she has no peeress. Her standing jump shows careful thought and study, and her toe whirls are unprecedented in the history of the ballet. Mr. Whitney has shored up the east end of his minstrel troupe with the justly celebrated Patsey Maginnis, the best bones of the modern eras. We are sorry to chronicle a row at this temple of Thespian virtue last night, and we recommend Manager Whitney, if Shang Johnson comes monkeying around there again, to crack his nut with a bottle.' And he did it, too. It shows the power of the press."

"How are you on the political questions?" asked the *Eagle*.

"Well, we purport to be Democratic, but men makes a difference. It depends on who's nominated. We supported Klingman for City Marshal, though he's a Republican.

We got around it in this way. We said: 'While the Radical party is pig-headed as a freight mule on all questions of importance, yet we have a pledge from Tom Klingman that he will not use the office of Marshal to effect the tariff, and we will bet four hundred to two fifty that he will go through the canvas as the coroner goes through the pockets of a dead nigger.' Klingman put up pretty well and I stood to win on that racket."

"I suppose your paper is confined to local matters. You don't do much in the way of general literature," said the *Eagle* by way of keeping up the conversation.

"There's where you're on your back again. It comes high, but our people will have it. See this story from *Harper's*, biled down to half a column, but it gives all the facts. Then here's a poem by my daughter. She's a powerful slinger when she's fed up to it. Boiled beef sets her to going and a bottle of beer fetches the balance. How does this strike you? This is hern. It's called 'Ode To-Night.'

'The evening for her bath of dew
Is partially undressed,
The sun behind a bobtail flush
Is setting in the west.
The planets light the heavens with
The flash of their cigars:
The sky has put its night-shirt on
And buttoned it with stars.

I love the timid, shrinking night,
Its shadows and its dew;
I love the constellations bright,
So old and yet so new!
I love night better than the day,
For people looking on
Can't see me skinning round to meet
My own, my darling John!'

"You don't get any better truck than that in the East. You see our people have got to have the first chop or bust. It livens a paper up, too, this poetry, and it's fat for the

printers. Here's a little thing I dashed right off on the Yankton *Vindicator* for claiming that I swindled the Government on a hay contract :

'A delirous Yankton reporter
Has been pitching into the *Snorter*,
We find he's the man
Who adopted a plan
To kill his wife rather'n support her.'

"He ain't been seen since. Well, pard, I must get on the trail. If you're ever out Deadwood way, drop down the chimney and see me. You might as well put me on your exchange list, and if you ever pick up an item you can't use, drop me a line and I'll pay you a little something. So long !"

Parties desirous of examining the files of the *Up Gulch Snorter* hereafter will do well to call at the *Eagle* office before going elsewhere.

MORNING PAPER PRINTERS.

Morning paper printers generally, and with more especial reference to those employed in the larger cities, are considered by the world in general as a sad set. They resemble the sailor in prodigality. Working at a slavish business through the long hours of the night, while the rest of the world are enjoying their natural repose, and who awake in the morning to find the fruits of the printers' labor ready at hand, to be enjoyed over the morning meal. Like the owl, they are lost sight of in the day time, and only emerge forth when darkness has again spread its mantle. They have little time for recreation, or for the pleasures of everyday life ; they make few acquintances outside their own immediate circle, and it is only when they have completed their weekly labors, and have forgotten for a time their arduous and almost ceaseless duties, that they appear in their true light.

Visit any of the drinking saloons frequented by the craft on Saturdays, their day of rest, and listen to them as they gather around the social board. Among them you will find men who have traveled over the globe, filling positions of trust and emolument in almost every capacity, soldiers, lawyers, actors, and many other professions. One noted character among them is known as the "Commodore," having held at one time a prominent position in the navy of one of the South American Republics, but circumstances have forced him to return once more to his trade. He now seems as contented as if he had never known what it was to command.

The stage in this country has been indebted for many of its brightest luminaries to the craft, among them Barton, Sol. Smith, Sr., Mark Smith, Lawrence Barrett, George Holland, Hamilton, Leffingwell, and among the lesser lights they are numbered by the hundred. They seem to fill with ease and ability any position which fortune may call them to. The world considers them a cynical set, and if they are, it is not to be wondered. Deprived, through their calling, from association with the fairer portion of humanity, and dealing with men only through the medium of their writings, they lose that respect for their fellow men which is natural to the rest of the human species.

THE FRIEND OF THE EDITOR.

Some supposed friends of a newspaper have peculiar ideas as to what kind of items a paper requires. Not long since, a gentleman came into the sanctum of a Texas paper, and said to the editor :

"Look here, you miss a heap of live items. I'm on the street all day. I'll come up every once in awhile and post you."

"All right, fetch in your items, but remember we want news."

Next day he came up, beaming all over. "I've got a live item for you. You know that infernal, bow-legged gorilla of a brother-in-law of mine, who was in business here with me?"

"I believe I remember such a person," said the editor, wearily.

"Well, I've just got news from Nebraska, where he is living, that he is going to run for the legislature. Now, just give him a blast. Lift him out of his boots. Don't spare him on my account."

The editor shook his head, and the news-gatherer retired.

Next day he came up again. "My little item was crowded out. At least, I didn't see it in the paper. I brought you some more news," and he handed in an item about a cat, as follows:

"A remarkable animal.—The family cat of our worthy and distinguished fellow-townsman, Smith, who keeps the boss grocery store of Ward No. 13 (beer always on tap), yesterday became the mother of five singularly marked kittens. This is not the first time this unheard-of event has taken place. We understand Mr. Smith is being favorably spoken of as a candidate for alderman."

The editor groans in his spirit as he lights a cigar with the effort. It is not long before he hears that Smith is going around, saying that he has made the paper what it is, but it is not independent enough to suit the public.

Many readers will say that this sketch is overdrawn, but thousands of editors all over the country will lift up their right hands to testify that they are personally acquainted with the guilty party.—*Texas Siftings.*

COMPOSING-ROOM SLANG.

The responsibility of the intelligent compositor has never been fairly estimated. This may in part be due to the fact that the compositor as well as the intelligence represents an uncertain quantity, and one which it is not safe to generalize upon. Compositors are like women, "kittle cattle to shoe," and as they have a full share of human nature in their own composition, they are easily inclined to resent too close scrutiny into their manners and customs. Disgusted reporters and disgruntled editors have been heard to speak forcibly in connection with the mention of the compositor, and that gentleman is not only generally able but perfectly willing to reciprocate as far as the censure on the "alleged brainery" of a newspaper is concerned. The chances are that while the reporter is venting his wrath on the compositor, the latter is explaining to sympathetic companions the proofs of an uncontroverted assertion, that "this paper" (it does not matter which) has by all odds a greater number of brainless idiots on the staff than any on which he ever held a frame.

But why "held a frame"? Ordinary people would have been satisfied to say "held a situation," but the "comp" (I may as well use his own vernacular) has no more notion of reducing his language to the comprehension of the outside world than he has of believing that the "brainery" (the editorial rooms) has any brains in it. It is the same fine critical sense that induces him to use the term "dump" as the equivalent for "bank," whereon the "matter," or type, is deposited previous to the first proof being taken, because having a profound conviction that the matter is rubbish, a "dump" is the proper place for it.

The slang of the composing room, like slang nearly everywhere, and under all circumstances, generally means the application of a peculiarly pat term, in place of the one which necessary repetition has made tiresome and therefore offensive. Take, for instance, "fat," which, as everyone knows,

means something good, or "rich," or valuable; even "fat," however appreciated in itself by the compositor, has become a "chestnut," and the "i. c." relieves his mind by varying the term into "grease" or "ile."

Why the compositor's "stick" received that name has never been satisfactorily settled, though several learned authorities have discussed the matter. The every-day compositor as often calls it "a pan," and the new slang term is certainly as apt as the old one.

Much of the slang of the composing room is in the nature of abbreviation. The comp sets an "ad," and also an example of brevity by substituting the simple syllable for the formidable word "advertisement." He will "bump" such an ad out with "slugs" with considerable satisfaction, and delight in "stud-horse" type as a means of making it "fat." He will end his "take" or portion of copy, with a "break" or a "par." Very rarely does he condescend to end a paragraph, and he "makes even," i.e., ends his "take" at the end of a line, with far less satisfaction than would be guessed from his term of "coming out flush."

It is in the art of pleasing his companions and making their lives cheerful, that the comp's slang reaches a height of verbal grandeur. The unfortunate typesetter who has a bad proof is a "blacksmith," or "horse-shoer," or "shoemaker," though "cobbler" would be infinitely better than the last term. It is common, therefore, to hear flying across the "frames" a preliminary injunction to some unfortunate "stamp-stacker" (type-setter) to get his "apron on" and set his "forge-fire agoing," be ready with his sledge and anvil, and be prepared to "pound;" or it may be the sympathetic suggestion is made that, with the aid of a sponge, he "might succeed in saving a line." If the playful fancy of the assailant dallies with the "shoemaker" figure, one can hear the helpful and hopeful suggestion that the job is only one of new heeling and soleing, with a pair of uppers to be put on, and the necessity of vamping and welting. Perhaps the most

telling hit, however, is to have a delegation bear the proof around and escort the galley-bearer to the delinquent's frame, with the suggestion that the crowd of errors constitute a mob, and they have come to read the riot act. Still again, the information is given by the "correct man" that the unfortunate might bring his "hod" (stick) for the purpose of making a line good.

It would take too much space to follow closely the thousand and one terms which custom, or wit, or sarcasm have brought into use in the composing room. Incidentally it may be noted that the "chapel," or association of compositors, is a term of much historical significance. The first printing done in the English language by Caxton was in the chapel at Westminster, where he, Wynken de Worde, and others produced "Ye Booke of Cheese." The English term "father" of the chapel, or president, has been changed here to the less significant "chairman," a protest, it is fair to suppose, against the undemocratic idea of bestowing rank on a brother typo; or did some bright compositor happen to read the Bible, and determine to obey the injunction to "call no man father?" The last idea is too unreasonable for ready belief. By the way, it may be mentioned just here that the intelligent compositor deprecates ignorance of the Scriptures. One of them recently met the inquiry, "Who is the author of

'God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform,'"

with the indignant recommendation that the inquirer read his Bible occasionally.

There is a deep-seated prejudice in human nature against unnecessary or unproductive work. It is like the works of supererogation condemned by one of the Thirty-nine Articles. Therefore, as compositors have some feelings akin to ordinary human beings, they detest the "horse" or "bogus" copy, which is given out to keep the compositors going when "live" copy is short. The rules of the trade require that

after work has begun on a morning paper, time spent in waiting for copy shall be paid for. For many reasons it is not considered best to have too much "waiting" time, which interferes with discipline, demoralizes the comp., and shows an ugly amount of unprofitable time as a charge of the composing room. So "bogus" or "horse" copy is given out; and as the average compositor hates it as the devil is supposed to hate holy water, he does his best to get the best of it. Sometimes he out-boguses the "bogus," and as the matter is not ordinarily read by the proof-reader, but simply printed in proof form, and "killed," the lively compositor gets his revenge by ignoring his copy. Here is a specimen of "horse" actually set up in the office of a Boston daily newspaper by a lively wit, who took particular care not to exert himself by reaching for capital letters, and was especially glad to leave out the inverted commas or "quotes." His take is given *literatim* from his proof:

and a way out of these difficulties the play will try to do it from them which that tangled lives which hamper peck's bad boy in a tin box across the continent, where the wild west in charge of m'liss will give way to texas jack and hazel kirke will marry a tin soldier. The banker's daughter married the count of monte cristo in siberia, and the babes in the woods were lost in london, where uncle tom's cabin was played under the gas light. The black huzzar killed jack shepard and young mrs winthrop wept over the graves of our boys. Miss mult n took passage on the lyon's mail and the earl won a mighty dollar from colonel sellers. Nordeck was on hand, however, and soon overtook a false friend in sam'l of posen's palace car. Evangeline had fun on the bristol and chesney wold got lost in london and went to bed with her stockings on her head and idontgiveadam how soon gn is in so that i can skirmish for a ¼ and walk up. Whoever distributes this will kick, but I don't care—so there.

Perhaps it is necessary to mention that the "gn" means "good night." some people will appreciate the frank confession of the thirsty soul who announces his intention of "skirmishing for a quarter."—*Geo. B. Perry, in The Writer.*

THE "LAY" OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

He came in upon us so quietly on Thursday last, and his appearance was at once striking and peculiar. We at first thought as we glanced at his quaint, old womanish face, his sadly faded but once fashionable garments, and heard the peculiar femininity in tone of his gracefully, delicately modulated voice, that he was another agent for one of those ridiculously "illustrated family Bibles," or a life insurance agent in hard luck; but he soon informed us with queenly grace that he was only another one of those travelling typographical epochs, and in the most modest manner imaginable expressed a desire for employment. We breathed easier—we are used to these visitors—but from a book agent, or a female colporteur, or a life insurance agent, "O, good Lord, deliver us!" Meanwhile, our visitor was absently humming—

> Gaily the troubadour touched his guitar,
> As he was hastening home from the war,

and abruptly changed the conversation by asking if we were fond of music. Upon being assured that such was the case—in fact that we were passionately so—he insinuated that he had been a professor and teacher of that ethereal science, and was peculiarly addicted to the guitar. One of those rattling, Italian baby coffins was soon procured, and the "professor" proceeded to spread himself. At first his odd ways, quaint address, feminine voice (rather husky and aged, though), and passable skill on the maccaroni swinette, were really pleasing. Besides, he was a shade of the "lights and shadows" of printerdom which we had never before seen. Very soon our "gay young men of the town" (who are all partial to music and dote on guitar), began to swarm around our printer-minstrel, until it would have been difficult to distinguish our office from a tolerably respectable concert saloon, as the "professor" twanged that infernal Venetian fiddle and warbled his *repertoire* of song. He began at Tom Moore's melodies, sang through all of Burns', Montgomery's

and Campbell's ballads and interlarded between times with the accumulated and inherited witticisms of half a century of erratic peregrinations about the habitable globe. Then he began at the last song and sang back to the "opening chorus," and, about midnight, just as we began to be afraid that he was about to begin in the middle and sing both ways at once we persuaded him to seek that "little rest" which we so much needed. He told us that he was from Virginia, and, of course, one of the "F. F. V.'s." We believed him then and we believe him now. He is the original of that old song, "Ole Virginny nebber tire." We had never before believed that Old Virginia, the prolific mother of Presidents, the birthplace of Pocahontas and the authoress of "John Brown's Body," though she may have been, was possessed of that endurance which never tires. But we believe it all now—the printer minstrel is a living, singing example. Friday evening he took his departure as quietly and mysteriously as he appeared. We commend him to the craft; he is a distinctive feature of the itinerant printer never to be seen but once. He can outtalk a sewing circle or a female book agent, can outwear an Irish welcome and wear out the patience of even a life insurance agent. In fact, for durability of vocalism, he can outbuz any sawmill in the State. Farewell—and if forever all the better—farewell!

A QUAKER PRINTER'S PROVERBS.

Never send an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name oftentimes secures publication to worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door of a printing office; for he that answereth the rap sneereth in his sleeve and loseth time.

Never do thou loaf about, nor knock down type, o

the boys will love thee as they do the shade trees—when thou leavest.

Thou shouldst never read the copy on the printer's cases or the sharp and hooked container thereof, or he may knock thee down.

Never inquire of the editor for news ; for behold it is his business to give it to thee at the appointed time without asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office, take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what concerns thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine thou the proof-sheet for it is not ready to meet thine eye that thou mayst understand.

Thou shouldst not delude thyself with the thought that thou hast saved a few cents when thou has secured a dead-head copy of his paper, for whilst the printer may smile and say it's all right, he'll never forget thy meanness.

"IT DON'T PAY, YOUNG FELLOWS."

And so the old printer was dead. Of course, when a man has been sticking type until his head is whiter than rag paper, and he counts the years of his work by the boxes in the lower case, you expect him to turn his rule almost any day. And yet the empty case at the old man's window looked terribly lonesome next day. A great many times that day the boys, who were unusually quiet, looked over at his case, and wondered if the old man wouldn't miss it, and the high stool, and his old stick, and the big solemn looking spectacles he used to wear. Of course he'd get along ; but for so many years those things had been his daily companions,

the boys wondered if the old man might not miss them just a little bit, at first. I think, indeed, that Slug Seven said: "We ought to have sent them with him: we could have buried them with the old man anyhow," he said. You see, Slug Seven was a good printer and a good man, but he used to work on a sage-brush and alkali paper down in New Mexico and out in Arizona, and he had a whole brain full of heathenish Indian ideas. He wanted the boys to put on subs that night, so the regulars could go out to the cemetery—"boneyard," Slug Seven called it—and burn the stool, case, and the old shoes that served for the old man's private hell-box, on the old printer's grave.

The old man had been on the paper longer than any of us. He used to shake his head when the boys stopped at the stone to jeff before they went down stairs. "'Twunt do, fellows," he would say; "I've been there and I know. Night of the 27th of November, 1844, I came into this town a b'ilin', not a cent in my pocket, and enough tamarack in my head to get me a night's lodgin', and I slept in a cellar that night with my legs on the ground, my back on a bundle of paper, and my head on an ink-keg. The next day I caught on to this very case, and I says: 'How long can I keep this job, boss?' And the old man looked at me, and he was lookin' at the raggedest, ornariest tramp printer that ever struck him for a grub-stake, and he said: 'Long as you stay sober, young fellow.' And he kept his word, and here I've been ever since, and where's all the boys that started even with me and away ahead of me? It don't pay, young fellows. There's beer down stairs, and there's ice-water in the pail in the corner. One costs money, and t'other's free; one makes tramp printers, and t'other saves 'em. Stick to the saloon in the cool corner, fellows; drink at the sign of the tin dipper, and you'll have eyes and nerves to stick type when you're seventy.

Somehow the boys always enjoyed the old man's homely little temperance lectures, and in the forty years he stood at

the case and preached, if he wasn't quite so eloquent as Gough, every now and then he coaxed some typo away from the sign of the glass mug to the sign of the tin dipper. And sometimes the old man used to stumble a little himself, but that was long ago. He would be gone a day or two, and come back quietly penitent, and very oblivious to the occasional remarks of a mysterious character which would drift up and down the alleys. But this didn't often happen, because the boys always liked the old man, and felt sorry for him, and they respected his penitence, and finally only the new men or the subs ever said a word about these annual disappearances. All the old man would ever say about them was that he had "been up in the country to bury his uncle." His uncle died hard, but he did die at last, and the old man for many years stood like a conqueror at his time-worn old case with his enemy under his feet.

ORIGIN OF THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

When Aldus Manutius, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, set up in business as a printer at Venice, he became in possession of a little negro boy. This boy was known over the city as "the little black devil," who assisted the mysterious bibliofactor; and some of the most ignorant people believed him to be none other than Satan, who helped Aldus in the prosecution of his profession. One day Manutius desired to dispel this strange hallucination by publicity, displayed the young "imp" to the poorer classes. Upon this he made this short but characteristic speech :—"Be it known to Venice that I, Aldus Manutius, printer to the Holy Church and Doge, have this day, made public exposure of the printer's Devil. All those who think he is not flesh and blood may come and pinch him."

TWAIN AND DAN DE QUILLE.

THE UNLETTERED SAVAGE TREATED TO A LITERARY FEAST.

It was nearly thirty years ago when Dan De Quille and Mark Twain attempted to start a paper in Mendocino county. They took the type and material of their recently defunct newspaper published in San Francisco, and loading the stuff on a big wagon, struck out into the country to retrieve their fortunes. They packed up their type just as it stood in the forms, tied up the articles with stout cords by a process well known to printers and packing them closely in boxes, vowed to establish a newspaper somewhere, which would be the leading exponent of politics and history for the Pacific coast.

Had not an unfortunate circumstance taken place, it is quite evident that the same newspaper which they contemplated building would have been alive to-day. Their journey over the mountains was utterly uneventful until they reached Simpson's Station, a spot well known to old travelers on that route. Here they met a party of emigrants making for Lower California, and the latter had with them a small mountain howitzer which they had brought with them across the plains.

Twain took a great fancy to this gun and offered $50 for it, with two kegs of powder thrown in. The emigrants were glad enough to part with it, as they concluded the time for its use had passed. Dan thought the purchase of the artillery and military supplies was a reckless piece of extravagance and said as much, but Twain replied:

"When we start our paper we must fire a salute. A newspaper office with artillery has a big bulge on the business. No well-regulated office in California should be without a howitzer. If a man comes in for a retraction we can blow him into the next county. The howitzer goes."

This silenced the argument, and the next day the two journalists took the road with their printing outfit and artillery.

On the next night they camped in a mountain ravine fifteen miles from Simpson's, and after building the usual camp fire fell asleep. About eleven o'clock the horses awakened them by prancing about, and the two journalists were led to the conclusion that nothing less than a party of Indians were making arrangements for a night attack. In the clear moonlight they could be distinguished about half a mile away at the foot of the ravine. The idea of encountering Indians had never entered the heads of the two fortune seekers, and they had no arms. Suddenly Twain brightened up, remarking :

" The howitzer."

" We've got nothing but powder," said Dan

" Well, powder'll scare them, and we'll load her up."

The piece was immediately loaded with a good big charge and the two men felt quite certain that the Indians hearing the roar of the gun, would beat an unconditional retreat. The piece was hardly loaded and placed in position when about fifty of the red-skins came charging up the ravine.

Twain seized a brand from the camp fire and was about to lay it on the touch hole, when Dan yelled, " Hold on," as he rammed something into the mouth of the piece, and remarked :

" Turn 'er loose."

The roar of the howitzer echoed through the lonely forests and the savages, with frantic cries of pain, reeled down the ravine in wild confusion.

" What in h—l did you put in ?" asked Mark.

" A column of nonpareil and a couple of sticks of young spring poetry."

" The poetry did the business, Dan. Get one of your geological articles ready for the next charge, and I guess it'll let the red devils out for the present campaign."

The savages again advanced. Mark attended to the powder and Dan sorted the shot, so to speak.

" Jeems Pipe's song, ' My Mountain Home.' "

"Good for three Indians; sock 'er in."

"An acrostic, by John R. Ride, in long primer."

"It'll paralyze 'em."

"Frank Pixley on the Constitution, half column leaded brevier.

"If it hits 'em the day is won."

"Your leader on law and order."

"Save it as a last resort."

Dan pulled the type out of the boxes and stuffed column after column into the howitzer's mouth as the savages came charging on. Another round from the gun and the redskins rolled over and over each other like boulders swept away by a mountain cloud burst. Mark, in an ecstacy of delight, pulled an American flag out of his effects, nailed it to the tailboard of the wagon and was about to make a speech, when the dusky figures of the foe were once more seen moving to the attack.

The piece was again loaded, and this time with a double charge. Mark's leader on "Law and Order," the puff of an auction house by Fred McCrelish ("a sickener," Dan said), Frank Gross's verses on "The Rebel Yell," an agricultural article by Sam Sebaugh showing the chemical proportions of corn juice as an educational lever, a maiden poetical effort of Olive Harper, and some verses by Colonel Cremeny and Frank Soule completed the load.

"That poetry, reaching 'em first, will throw 'em into confusion, and my editorial, coming upon the heels of the rest, will result in a lasting demoralization. It will be like the last cavalry charge of the French at the battle of Austerlitz."

For the third and last time the faithful howitzer belched its typographical compliments to the advancing foe. The havoc was terrible. There was a wild yell from a score of savage throats and then the low groans of the dying floated up the ravine on the gentle wind. The two men walked over the field of slaughter and counted fifty-six aboriginals

lying in heaps. The bodies were horribly mutilated with nonpareil, long primer, two-line pica, bourgeois "caps," brevier dashes and unsorted pi.

"My leader cooked that man's goose," said Mark, pointing to a savage with his bowels hanging over the limb of a cedar.

"My geological article did the business for him," rejoined Dan, nodding carelessly to an Indian whose head was lying twenty yards away.

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

"You bet! Hurrah for Faust and Gutenburg."

"Is there any type left?"

"Not a pound."

Ten days later the journalistic tramps reached Virginia City, weary, discouraged and foot-sore, and secured a place on the *Enterprise.*

TWAIN REMEMBERS THE DEAD.

A few days ago Dan received the following from his former partner:

Hartford, Conn., January 1st.

DEAR DAN—I send you the congratulations of the new year. Do you recollect the time we exterminated the unlettered (?) savages in Mendocino county? If you can spare the time I wish you would make a pilgrimage to that historic spot, gather the ghostly relics together, and plant a tablet (not too expensive and at your own expense) for the memory of the departed.

Have a shooting stick lying across long bow, with our monogram and coat of arms entwined, and some appropriate epitaph carved in the stones; an extract from Carl Schurz's "Peace Policy" might do. Enclosed is a dollar and a half for your incidental expenses; you can deadhead travelling expenses. Yours,

MARK TWAIN.

P. S.—Send me a thigh bone of the fallen chief by next express.

M. T.

Dan will attend to the matter in the spring.

The old howitzer used on the occasion is still in his possession.—*Chicago Appeal.*

EDITORIAL CARES.

The editor of a Texas paper gives the following figures of a statistical memorandum of his every day life, and still people will think that editors have but few cares to disturb their slumbers, and start into the newspaper business to enjoy life :

	Times.
Been asked to drink	11,392
Drank	11,392
Requested to retract	416
Didn't retract	416
Invited to parties and receptions, by parties fishing for puffs	3,333
Took the hint	30
Didn't take the hint	3,303
Threatened to be whipped	162
Been whipped	0
Whipped the other fellow	4
Didn't come to time	170
Been promised whiskey, gin, etc., if he would go after them	5,640
Been after them	5,640
Been asked what's the news	300,000
Told	23
Didn't know	200,000
Lied about it	99,977
Been to church	2
Changed politics	32
Expect to change still	50
Gave to charity	$5.00
Gave for a terrier dog	$25.00
Cash on hand	$1.00

A FAT TAKE.

In 1872-3, during the sittings of the Mixed Commission on British and American Claims, it was my good fortune to be employed as maker-up in the office executing the proofs of loss and arguments of counsel.

The principal claims were for cotton seized or destroyed by the U. S. Government, and ownership was sought to be

established, in conjunction with other evidence, by bills of lading and warehouse receipts. Sometimes the marks on a lot of cotton would cover several pages of legal cap, and being of every conceivable design, and written in pencil, troublesome to decipher and tedious in execution, were charged double price.

At this time the Signal Service furnished weather prognostications on manifold paper, and which, at a casual glance, resembled cotton marks. Through some unknown means one of these synopses came into my hands, and the spirit of mischief suggested a "sell." Selecting a victim and watching the opportunity, it was carefully placed in the copy drawer and fell to the lot of the venerable ———, an original, contradictory, perverse, sarcastic, and naturally eccentric character.

Several were in the secret, and a suppressed snicker was audible as the old gentleman swiftly glided to his case and placed the copy in position, meanwhile humming a tune of exultant satisfaction. One glance at the hieroglyphics startled him and brought forth an emphatic grunt. This manifestation was silently marked by ten or twelve heads gently appearing above the tops of their respective cases to watch further developments. They had not long to wait. The old gentleman deftly polished his spectacles with his bandanna and carefully adjusting them gave another glance at his copy. His tune was hushed and a look of blank amazement quickly followed one of profound astonishment. A quick motion of his hand to push back his skull-cay, a pinch of snuff—"umph!"—another glance—consternation! He muttered something sounding like "the white-livered ——— !" and then to his partner in a jerky, irritable tone: "by ——— I can't make heads or tails of it, and I'll be ———" at this moment a puff of wind took it up and, despite his frantic efforts, carried it out of the window. He watched it ascend and go over the roof of a house on the opposite side of the street, and when it disappeared from sight, savagely ex-

claimed: "I'm damn glad of it, and I hope you can't be duplicated!" He reported the mishap to headquarters as the loss of "a damn fat take, a foot and a half long," and that while a duplicate was being made he would "go to Egypt and make a study of the inscriptions on ancient monuments." It then became necessary for me to enlighten him. Tableau!—*Anon.*

"FOR THEY ARE JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS."

When the eminent citizens called on Dom Pedro during his visit to New York, some years ago, to entertain him with an address, they put on their imperial reserve, and tried to keep the reporters out of the room. But the Emperor felt differently. "Send them up," said the friend of Mr. Feesh; and the little army went up, undoubtedly as handsome a lot of fellows as the eminent citizens themselves, and far younger and more spirited. Dom Pedro II. had nothing to fear from the newspaper press. No genuine, simple, straightforward, honest man has. Besides, why shouldn't he like to have about him a set of bright fellows, whose wits are as sharp as their pencils? These young gentlemen are the Macaulays of occurring events. They are daily gathering the material for a sort of history which leaves behind as antiquated all previous historical writing. At dead of night they compose, not wasting the midnight oil in reeling out crude generalizations or polishing up periods, but telling about things which they saw and of which they were a large part. Snub the reporters! Treat them as lesser creatures in the social scale than the traditional Vice-President! Out upon the idea! We join Dom Pedro II., and say, send them up and treat them well! They are useful gentlemen, and some of them do as good writing as is done anywhere.—*Sun.*

THE FOREMAN'S ITEM.

One day during the encampment the managing editor found he was short a man to report part of the proceedings on the grounds. Spying the foreman of the composing room, he requested him to take notes of a company drill, and this is the way he did it :

" Promptly at 4 o'clock the company marched upon the ground and were received by a burst of applause. Immediately the father of the chapel called time and the foreman of the company began to call off by slugs. When he called out slug one they unfixed bayonets and kept on through the manual by numbers. The company was made up of numerous wrong fonts, there being a pica man along side of a minion one, and a brevier boy along side of a nonpareil one. In company front the line was very unevenly justified, there being a three em space between some members, while between some others there was a three em quad. In platoon movements the fellow who acted as right hyphen slipped below the line, and all three proofreaders commenced to mark errors. In wheeling left in circle one handful got badly squabbled, and when they went to call off a phalanx of four to send to the front and centre the whole form got pied and the proofreaders and copyholders again got their work in. In marching in columns of fours another bad company error was made. Some thought they had got a price and a half table off the file, while others thought they had evidently struck four columns of figures and words, and put in a period when they should only have used a comma in making time around the drill ground. When the assistant foreman was ordered to make up a four page form he made a serious error, having only a pica between two pages while between others there were four-line pica. In marching in double rank the three first lines were solid, while the remainder were leaded and double leaded, which is not in accordance with tactics. The foreman, assistant foreman, proofreaders and copyholders all had column rules, which

some of them brandished finely. After the three United States proofreaders were through marking errors, the company passed out amid a storm of applause. Time, 27 minutes 11-64 second."

And he drank nothing but beer, either.—*Philadelphia Press.*

CLEANING OUT A LUNCH-MAN.

Here is a yarn told by a tramp printer, noted in his time for the length of his rambles, his volubility, and a decided aversion to labor if there was any prospect for pan-handling. His walking days are over at last, as he gave up the ghost in hospital a couple of years since, after numerous false alarms. Jack Johnston, "The Terror of the Lakes," is the nomad referred to, and this is the story he sent to *Rowell's Reporter* from Washington some years ago :

"Perhaps you are aware that the Warm Spring Indians are here, but you may not know that Jack Butler, the fast comp. from Boston, captured them the other night and took them up into the *Republican* office to view the sights. The Indians appeared delighted at the brilliancy of the gas jets and the quick motions of the comps.; but, unfortunately for Jack the lunch man came in, and spread out his ham, eggs, oysters, etc. Mr. Butler invited the Indians to partake. They did so, and in less time than it takes to write this, they had "got away" with $9.30 worth of eatables. The awe-struck lunch-man demanded his stamps from Jack, but he only had sixty-four cents. The vendor grew "mad," and started for Butler with fire-flashing eyes. But the red chiefs would not have it that way. They would not see their benefactor ill used. One of them let fly a yell which could be heard at the White House, and drew a tomahawk and scalping knife, saying : 'Me much like pale-face Chief Butler. Me take lunch man's hair.' Then with another yell the Indians took Jack under escort and out of the building."

TRIALS OF AN AMBITIOUS JOURNALIST.

BILL NYE TELLS THE STORY OF A YOUNG MAN ANXIOUS TO MAKE A NAME.

Yesterday I saw a sad, sad reporter. He said that he had been regarded always as a good all-round newspaper man, who had begun as a journalist, and gradually worked his way up. He had written every kind of descriptive work on short notice, and had done everything from a prize-fight to a tennis tournament, from a four-hour speech on the tariff to a holocaust, and had been generally considered a good man.

Lately he had decided that he would strike out for original methods and thus increase his salary. He had noticed how well it paid to do the detective-reporter style of work, and so he thought he would do some of it. He had come on from an interior city, and other newspaper men had told him that to get on rapidly he should do some difficult thing and then write it up. Other people had tried in New York, but failed, because they just tackled the old reliable stock of dime museums, elevated railroad, Castle Garden and the Park, so he ought to do some dangerous and daring act, after which he could write it up and get big pay for it.

He tried it gently by riding on a street car all day and talking with the driver and conductor. He picked out a good-natured looking driver and bright conductor on a Broadway car and rode all one afternoon with them, getting good stories from both, while he rode first on the front and then on the rear of the car. Each man told of the hardships of his position. The driver said that though a young man he had quite a family at home, and that on his salary he found it very difficult to clothe the little ones, to say nothing of sending them to school. His wife was blind, having lost her sight from the effects of overwork with her needle at night without sufficient light, so that the little ones were practically orphans. He had a long, hard day's work to do, after which he had to cook enough for the next day and

mend the children's clothes while they were in bed. And yet the company docked him at every possible point and abused him if he dared to sit down to drive on a dull day.

The conductor told a sad story of privation also. He said he had only one little girl, but she was a cripple. The child had come one day to bring his dinner to him, and on the way had been run over by a brewery wagon loaded with glucose beer and a fat driver. The conductor heard her scream and ran to her in time to snatch her out from under the hind wheels, but the other wheels ran over her and injured her spine. Now he had to leave her home all day in charge of his wife's mother, who was paralyzed on one side and an habitual drunkard on the other.

Yes, he said, the company docked him for the time he was absent when he ran to save his little girl, though he only lost one trip. He was not a complaining man, he said, but sometimes it seemed hard. The reporter made copious notes, and that night made two columns of the story for the Sabbath paper.

When it appeared all the papers made fun of him because both the driver and conductor of that car were reporters who were also getting material for their journals, and when they saw that he was securing information for publication they proceeded at a rapid rate to fill him up, and even as the reporter was listening to the smooth and tearful tale of the driver, the conductor was thinking up what he also would tell him.

In the afternoon the editor told him that he would not do. "You ought to know better than that," he said. "You have made us a subject of mirth, for the other papers have got their stories direct from the driver and conductor of that same car, and the worst of it is that they tell all about how they loaded you up with property facts and low, coarse falsehoods. You ought to know better than to show your notebook anyway, unless you want to be done up. Now go and act at once and do something creditable, or go away

and never come back any more. I am sick and tired of people who have no originality of thought. Why do you not lead a life of shame, or murder someone, and write it up for us?"

The reporter said he would do the best he could. He began by taking a drink at a place where you can get a cocktail, a fresh egg, and a bowl of bread and milk, with music and a shave, for ten cents. When we stop to consider that the cost of the bread, milk, egg, music, etc., is all taken out of the quality of the cocktail, we at once arrive at the conclusion that the liquor is of an inferior quality.

He drank another and then decided to gradually work his way over to the Inebriates' Home, where he had heard there was very poor food for the inmates, and a good field for newspaper work. He took another Attorney street cocktail and a breath of air, and soon let off a yell which awoke a police somnambulist. Goaded to madness by being thus aroused in the middle of the afternoon, the policeman hit the reporter a sickening blow on the head and took him to the station.

On the following day the reporter tried to write it up as far as he had gone, but his head hurt him so that he gave it up. The other papers, however, had real good accounts of the incident, giving his name and also stating that he was the reporter who had made an ass of himself by interviewing two other reporters on a street car, and filled the columns of the press with horror over an imaginary tale of woe, well calculated to injure the street car line.

So he did not try to investigate the Inebriates' Home at all. He just stayed for a few days at a little inebriate's home of his own, and tried to make his wife believe what he told her about the origin of the trouble.

He hired out then for a day or two as assistant to a tinner, and went with him to assist him in putting a tin patch on the county seat of a wealthy man. Here he got to thinking once more of his old work, and also for the great field of

usefulness in the detective line. First he thought he would try it as a stowaway, but he only tried one vessel and found that another paper had a representative there, and one stowaway was really all that one vessel would accommodate.

Then it occurred to him to him to get smuggled into a dissecting class. He had heard that the classes in anatomy at one of the big colleges were very much depraved and that they played baseball with the heart of the subject, and when they went to lunch, in order to prevent fellow-students from swiping their pipes and chewing tobacco, many of them concealed those articles during the lunch hour in the thorax of said subject. He decided, therefore, that, ghastly as the subject was, he would have to do it. After a good deal of delay he got permission as a friend only to visit the dissecting rooms as a young visiting physician from Philadelphia. He desired to reveal the true horrors of the dissecting room with his trenchant pen and thus attain a name and a salary which would rattle along down the corridors of time.

He asked if he might be permitted to see the gentleman upon whom the class proposed to elucidate, and was given permission to visit the room prior to the hour of demonstration, "if he would agree not to carry anything away."

He went nervously into the place by himself in order to get his courage up. Also to make a few notes. He saw something that looked like a person concealed under a covering, evidently doing the Sir John Moore act. The reporter, with his fatal note-book, went up to the table, and, wondering whether he would see a mangled criminal or a fair young Peri, he gently lifted the sheet.

It was a young man.

There was nothing at all shocking about his appearance. He looked as if he might be slumbering. One could almost fancy that he breathed.

Pretty soon a large fly buzzed around for a moment and alighted on the white handsome nose. The corpse stood it as long as it could and then brushed him off.

The reporter felt faint. He tottered and fell over against the table. It tipped up a little and the remains slid off at the side.

Seeing the note book the remains said:

"Mr., are you a reporter?"

"Yes, sir," said the sad man.

"Well, shake, if you please. So am I. It struck me that it would be a good idea to get at the inside of the traffic in dissecting goods and raw material for demonstrations. So I concluded to work it up and give it to the public. I arranged the matter so that I could be 'snatched,' and I guess I must have overslept myself. The thing wasn't what you could call a success, however, although I have got enough notes to make a good story, but I have just found out when it was too late that another medical college surprised one of the reporters of the evening papers, so he'll scoop me at one o'clock on a story I had for to-morrow morning."

The sad reporter said that he went home to the office and asked for an assignment. "I have none for you," said the city editor, as he put a column story in the boiler and boiled it down to half a stickful: "we have none."

"Very well," said the reporter, with a sob, "if you have no assignment for me I will go home and, with the aid of my creditors, I will make one myself."

He is now doing time on a funny paper.

PROOFREADERS.

The proofreader has long shared with the "intelligent compositor" the reputation for the total depravity which has made a writer say "See the pale martyr with shirt on fire," when he wrote "in sheet of fire"; and to ask "Is there no barn in Guilford?" when he meant "Is there no balm in Gilead?" to speak of his love of "alum water," when he

wrote "Alma Mater," and to speak of "a mysterious dispensation of Providence" as a "mysterious disappearance of provisions." The silence of the proofreader has been taken either as evidence of his guilt, or that he was proof against reproofs. He has borne contumely long enough, and he rises to "hurl back" the charges, and to "nail lies to the counter," and to "thrust the base falsehoods down the throats of his cowardly vituperators," as the contributors to the popular periodical, the *Congressional Record*, are in the habit of saying. The worm has turned at last, and a rather lively turn it is. He expresses his wonder that nothing has ever been said in praise of proofreaders. Of course, this might surprise a proofreader, but any experienced writer for the press will not be astonished at it at all. The writer will know that he has, time and again, written the most glowing eulogies of proofreaders and their assistants—tributes that statesmen might envy and good men crave. But the proofreader has never allowed them to appear in print. Where the writer has said that the proofreader was a "benefactor to his race," it has appeared as a "benighted scapegrace"; when he has called him the "salt of the earth," it comes to the surface as "scum of the earth"; when he has spoken of the "ease and comfort" a good proofreader gives him, he is made to say "an escaped convict," and when he has referred to the proofreader's "saintly grace," the public first learns of it as a "snake in the grass." That is why nothing has ever appeared in print in praise of the proofreader. The protesting proofreader is not willing to believe that every one of his species is "full of malice toward authors, and hates the whole world." And then the man actually goes on to speak a good word for himself and his kind. At this rate the barber will be defending his talking; the mother-in-law will clamor for a hearing; the plumber will be piping up in his own behalf; the Chinese laundryman claiming a right to live an honest and cleanly life, and turkeys speaking their minds about Thanksgiving. What is the world coming

to? However, since the proofreader has been graciously allowed to have his say, it is, perhaps, worth while, as a little amusement, to hear how he puts the case. In the first place, he says that an author, intent on his work, is necessarily careless about his handwriting. He cannot break the flow of thought to dot his "i's" or cross his "t's." Each author has a peculiar penmanship. The proofreader takes the manuscript and tries to catch the purport of the author's thought. He has scarcely done so, when in comes another mass of proof and manuscript of an entirely different character, and a new thread has to be picked up until another interruption. This is not for a moment, but all night, all the week, all the year. After puzzling himself until he is half blind, his brain weary, and pushing upon him incessantly, a letter may be left out, or a comma inserted in the wrong place, when slam bang goes a volley at the proofreader! He has seen an author scold a proofreader for some trifling oversight, when that same day the proofreader had corrected an historical blunder which would have cost the author dearly had it seen the light. He has seen an author brag of his penmanship, and when his manuscript had been sent to him because it was unreadable, he was scarcely able to decipher it. It would be well to have a proofreaders' union formed, the members of which should agree to ruin authors by letting the world see their blunders and inaccuracies; for the wrongs of the long-suffering proofreader are many.

The following pleasant words, taken from the Chicago *Times*, must have seemed to most of the fraternity who read them like an oasis in the wide desert of adverse opinion manifested by his natural enemies, the author and compositor: "There was a merry meeting at the old Portugal Hotel, in London, the other night, when the proof-readers of the metropolis assembled to celebrate with a banquet the 21st anniversary of the London Association of the Correctors of the Press. Perspiring under blazing gas jets for three hun-

dred and sixty-five nights of the year, cursed by writers on one hand and type-setters on the other, the proof-reader's lot is not an easy one, and it is not surprising that a short period of relaxation and enjoyment should be the occasion of much hilarity on the part of the sufferer, as this banquet apparently was. The proof-reader is probably the most unanimously imprecated man in the world. It is impossible that he should satisfy anybody, and it were the sheerest folly for him to expect to please everybody. Through weary hours he must apply himself intensely to matter which does not interest him; he must follow, not mechanically, but with his mind, disquisitions which are quite likely to be odious to him. He must correct the numerous blunders of writers, and rectify the manifold embellishments of the intelligent compositor. His information must be large and varied; he must possess an acquaintance with foreign terms in use in the language which he corrects, and must be able to rectify errors in orthography, grammar, geography, and history. His task is the most thankless one under heaven, for no writer ever admits the possibility of an error on his part, preferring to make the proof-reader a scape-goat for every fault. It is pleasant, therefore, to see the press correctors of at least one city joined in social brotherhood, and celebrating the prosperity of their society in an elegant banquet. It looks as if the proof-reader is not disposed to give himself up entirely to hatred of everybody and all things, as he would be perfectly justified in doing."—*Printing Press.*

THE PILGRIM PRINTER.

Last night Hazlett, known everywhere as the "Pilgrim Print," came up the *Ledger* stairs and walked into the composing-room just as naturally as if he had never worked any where else in all his life. As soon as he crossed the threshold he was welcomed from all sides, for everybody knew him by sight or reputation. Without taking the slightest notice of the chaff thrown at him from the cases, he shuffled up toward the centre of the room, and leaned against a composing-stone, looking about him like Marius inspecting the ruins of Carthage.

To him a well-regulated printing office, where men work systematically for wages, is an abomination and a disgrace. He would scorn to be subservient to a master. He never took orders from anybody. When he strikes a place that suits him, he tackles a column of type and begins to distribute it. When he doesn't like his work or his company, he throws on his coat and walks off, scorning to ask for pay. An old, dingy printing office, with worn and blackened cases, battered type and cracked composing stones, suits him best; where the galleys are all shrunk out of shape, the chases all indented, the quoins all mashed and the foreman's mallet beaten down almost to the handle. Cobwebs on the wall give him genuine delight, and big breaks in the ceiling, denoting the long absence of plaster, are well-springs of pleasurable emotion. An expression of intense disgust shadowed his features as he saw that it was not over a month old. The newness of the racks made him shudder; the air of cleanliness paralyzed him. When he saw the printers around him taking orders from one man, he cast a sad look over the place, such as Napoleon might have thrown on the galley slaves of Toulon. He concealed his contempt as best he could, not desiring to wound their feelings, and when he sneered he did it so softly that few noticed it.

"Where did you hail from last?" asked the foreman.

"Portland."

"How'd you come down?"

"Steamer."

"Throwin' off on the old route?"

"Yes."

It has been usual for the Pilgrim to walk instead of ride, but the quiet sarcasm was lost on him. Thinking he had a history, a reporter invited him down in a beer saloon just below, and ordered the liquids. He drank a couple of bottles of beer without saying a word, and then began to drum on the table with his knuckles and think.

"Been round much lately?" queried the reporter.

"Yes."

"All over, I suppose?"

"Everywhere, between the two oceans. Let's have another bottle," and swinging his foot aside, he sent a stream of tobacco juice on the floor that scattered the sawdust for a square yard."

"Been everywhere; worked for everybody."

"Of course you have worked for Greeley?"

"Oh, yes; years ago; before he died. But here comes the beer; help yourself. Never liked Greeley much; his copy was like Chinese and his swearing worse. They have got another man there now. His name's Reid, and they call him 'The Powerful Mind.' He writes plainer than Greeley, but not half so sensible. Haven't been in the office since they built the Tall Tower." The place ain't what it used to be."

"Been in Cincinnati, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; I've stuck type for Murat Halstead. That man's crazy; believes in inflation. One day I was setting up one of his rag money editorials, and I thought it would be in keeping with the general gait of business to space out the matter with two-em quads, and double lead it all the way down. At that rate I snatched up a column of type in shor order. Says he, 'What's this?' 'That's your inflation article,' says I. 'Do you expect to be paid by the thousand

for this?' says he. 'I do,' says I, 'if you pay me on an inflation basis, I must set up my matter to match, so I stretched it out. You get a column of matter, so what's the odds?' 'Get out of my office;' said he, and so after teaching him a wholesome lesson in finance, I went over to work on the *Enquirer*."

Some day death will lay friendly hands upon The Pilgrim. He will manifest the usual indifference, believing that there is "nothing serious in mortality," and the world will be minus a character of which the Wandering Jew forms the nearest and closest counterpart.—*San Francisco Morning Ledger.*

KEEPING THE GALLEYS OPEN.

Jolly old Tom Hedges. Was there ever a jollier foreman of a daily paper? Nothing ever put him out, and late hours only served to increase his avoirdupois. Who that was ever on the *Southern Circuit* could forget him, as he lumbered about the queer old *Times* composing room. I wonder if he is still in the flesh, or whether Bronze John carried him off last summer, as it did so many of the boys of old 17? Tom was never out of temper, yet he came very near it one day when an up-country printer, who had never worked in a city office before, struck New Orleans, and, after interviewing Mr. Wootan at the *Bee*, sauntered into the *Times* to look for a little subbing. Greeny was instructed how to take copy, and as he had two cases he managed to collar a galley, and when he had his take up, emptied it alongside him and went out for another—setting it and dumping it after the first. This he did with three or four takes, when there was a commotion. "Now who the —— is keeping this galley open," shouted Jones; "and this, and this?" Nobody answered, and at last Hedges' attention was attracted. Going the rounds of the cases he found the new hand with

five or six sticks of matter, all set in solid non. and run in as if it was one take. He didn't get mad, that wasn't his way, but he asked the new sub his name. "Burt Maxey," he replied. "Well, Burt," said Tom, "you may as well let up for to-day, and if any one round here asks you to sub for him tell him you'll be —— if you'll do it."

THE TOURIST.

I have a certain feeling of admiration for the tourist printer. I do not refer to the typical bum, but to the accomplished and, in some cases, talented artisan, whose independence and desire for knowledge will not permit him to remain in a small field. He is a true philosopher, and firm believer that the Lord is his shepherd. His independence is, perhaps, his crowning glory. He cannot brook restraint or advice from his mechanical or intellectual inferiors, who in many instances are his employers for a time. I heard a good story which will perhaps illustrate the point. It is probably new to some of my readers. A fair specimen of the tourist chanced, in working his way northwest, to get stranded in a small hamlet in Tennessee. Being desirous of making a few dollars in order to resume his pilgrimage, he solicited work from the only paper in the village, a small 6x9 patent inside. It so happened that its compositor was under the weather, and his services were gladly accepted. Our worthy friend went industriously to work, and by evening had piled up three galleys of long primer. Not having a very good opinion of the solvency or financial resources of the moulder of public opinion, he expressed a desire for settlement. He was curtly told that the resources of the town in the matter of food, etc., were at his disposal, but that he would not be given money, as his services were required until the paper was printed, and the chances of his

getting on a spree, and not being able to be present on the morrow, could not be taken. "Then don't I get any money for my day's work?" he said. "Not until you have finished this edition," he was told. He disappeared into the composing room and elevated the closed ends of two of the galleys, pouring the type into the case, leaving one galley, as he told the proprietor, to pay for setting up the pi. On leaving he was accosted by his employer, who wrathfully threatened to publish him. "Publish and be dammed," said our hero, "I can walk outside of your circulation in an hour," and he gently meandered northward.

PUTTING UP A JOB ON THE FOREMAN.

Was there ever a finer, more genial gentleman than Gerard Stith, foreman for so many years of the New Orleans *Picayune?* He had at all times a hearty word for a strange printer, and the writer well remembers the good advice given him on many occasions. Col. Stith was at one time of the Crescent City, and never was the chair better filled. He was very proud of his signature, which was a handsome one, and one day a few of us young fellows took advantage of this fact to put up a job on him. Climbing up those weary stairs to the composing room, Col. Stith was found, and the conversation being led in that direction, he was induced to write his signature on a blank piece of paper. The paper was passed round, and accidentally held near a gas-light, when the words appeared, written in sympathetic ink, "Joe Walker will please send up half a dozen bottles of Roaederer to the *Picayune* office, and charge the same to—Gerard Stith." He kicked a little at first, but fell in with the joke, and in foaming bumpers his health was drank again and again.

"CROWDED OUT."

"I vhas treated in a shameful manner," he began yesterday, as he halted a policeman on Gratiot street.

"Have the boys been after you again?"

"No, der poys vhas all right. It vhas a young man who makes a fool of me. He comes into my blace two or three weeks ago und says he vhas a society reporter mit a baper. Dot vhas all right. If anypody likes my society I doan' bounce him oudt."

"What did he want?"

"Vhell, py-un-py he says to me: 'Mister Onderdunker, how you like me to say in der baper dot your daughter Katie, gif a barty last vheek und eafertings vhas lovely like Boston style?' Vhell, I feels tickled dot my Katie vhas to be in der bapers, und I set oop der peer."

"I didn't see the item."

"Nopody sees it. After a while der reporter comes aroundt und tells me dot it vhas growded out. He feels very sorry, but he can't help it, und py-und-py he says: 'Mr. Onderdunker, how you like me to say in der baper dot your vhife vhas in Toledo on a visit mit friends?' Vhell, I like dot. My vhife vhas home mit der kitchen, but it looks vhell in der baper dot she goes off on a visit."

"And you set up the beer?"

"Yes. I like him to make a fine notice, but it doan' come oudt in de baper. He comes aroundt in a few days und says it vhas growded out, but he vhas sorry und can't help it. I vhas madt, but py-und-py he says: 'Mr. Onderdunker, how you like me to say dot you gif a coffee mit your palatial residence, und dot it vhas the most recherche affair of the season?' Vhell, I always have some coffee for preakfast, und if there vhas some recherche around here I like some in my family. I bays taxes und vhas as good as anypody. I tells him to go ahead mit his item, und he fills oop mit peer und goes off."

"And it didn't come out?"

"Not an oudt! He vhas a shwindler. I found oudt he vhas a house painter. You see how you can fool a man vhen you tickles him shust right."

"Well, he's so much ahead."

"Maype he vhas, but in a day or two he vhill come pack for some more peer. Den I fix an item like dis: 'Our fellow-townsman, Mr. Onderdunker, who vhas in Detroit ten years und bay his taxes, can mop somepody all oafer der floor, und preak his bones, and black his eyes, und step on him in such recherche style as beats Boston all to pieces in the middle of last veek!'"

HANDLERS OF THE STICK.

THE MEN WHO SET UP TYPE—VAGARIES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF COMPOSITORS—LIFE IN THE COMPOSING-ROOM OF A NEWSPAPER—CYNICISM AND HUMOR OF MODERN GALLEY SLAVES.

In these days of facile intercommunication the world is growing so homogeneous that humorists are fast disappearing. Among the few left of the genuine sort are printers, especially those employed on the morning newspapers of the larger American cities; and even these are steadily yielding to the irresistible spirit of uniformity. They will be the last, however, to stand out, for something in their calling, and in their character also, tinctures them with gypsyism. They are unconventional, eccentric, whimsical, at least in part, because they are separated from their fellows, and are seldom subjected to social influences. But then there must be a typographical temperament, otherwise printers would not be so odd, with all their officinal isolation. Such temperament drives them upon their fate; before they are well aware they find themselves at the "case," "stick" in hand, working

familiarly at their preordained task. They are rarely able to tell how they get there. They are there by some influence apparently outside of themselves, and there, unless strong circumstances interfere, they are apt to remain. Thrown constantly together, they act and react upon one another; their peculiarities being thus increased and their angles sharpened. The composing-room, notably that of a morning newspaper, is a strange and generally a hard school, where boys and young men have the nonsense and sensibility taken out of them simultaneously, and receive a severe, unsympathetic, unique education.

One of the first things a printer learns is not to admire, at least, not to express, admiration. If he shows the least enthusiasm for anybody or anything, his older and more experienced associates accuse him of "gushing" and "slopping over," and ridicule him so unmercifully that he very soon learns to hide any exalted opinion he may have, half believing that admiration is a composite of ignorance and weakness. He does not hesitate, however, to express admiration for any person who happens to be assailed, for he loves to be on the opposite side of all questions, and he accepts, both on principle and instinct, the unpopular view. You can always count on him to espouse the cause of the man or character who is under a cloud, whether contemporaneously or historically. The much praised are the much condemned with him; his hero is the sufferer of many defeats. He enjoys being with the minority; he disesteems success. Fond of paradox, he delights to reverse popular judgments, to demonstrate what an enormous ass the world is, and how the qualities that should insure prosperity are very apt to beget failure. George Washington is no favorite with him; he takes pleasure in satirizing the Father of his Country; he has a stock of private information of a damaging sort concerning him to which chroniclers have never had access. He would not allow a foreigner to abuse him; but being an American, he deems himself privileged to say what he

chooses. He does not really dislike Washington—quite the contrary; but he feels bound to censure what everybody commends. Cain, Judas Iscariot, Pontius Pilate, and Benedict Arnold he has many good words for, and if any one abuses them roundly he will become their eulogist. Not a little of this disposition is doubtless due to contrariety; but much of it comes from a rugged sense of justice and of chivalry. Upon the great names of the past and the present the printer is prone to be severe. He has a talent for unidealizing, for discovering flaws, and pointing out the general tendency to over-estimation, which he tries to correct by counter-exaggeration.

An individual the printer almost always is, and he is resolved, so far as in him lies, not to be mistaken for anything else. He does not look nor does he act like any other craftsman. He is peculiar, like his trade. Not a mechanic nor a professionalist, he is a compound of both, but affiliates with neither. After you have made the acquaintance of any of his guild you will have small difficulty in recognizing one of its members anywhere. They have something in common, something distinctive, which shows where they belong. Even those I have met in France, Germany, Italy, Spain and Holland, notwithstanding difference of nationality, institutions, and traditions, reveal their brotherhood with the typesetters of Great Britain and the United States. The Europeans are naturally less singular, less intense, less radical than the Americans, who fill all the eccentric conditions of typography. But in both hemispheres printers on newspapers are inclined to be queer, notional, radical, skeptical. Whether living in or out of a monarchy, they are for the most part republicans, democrats, believing in the rights of man, and disbelieving emphatically in the privileges of Princes. Authority, merely as such, whether of Church or State, they scout and detest. Some of the greatest radicals I have seen have been in Madrid, Naples and Rome. Among the irreconcilables of France, printers can always be found.

There has never been a revolution or an émeute in Paris in which the men at the case have not played a part. Some of the bitterest foes of kings, queens, titles, and entail are in the news-rooms of the London journals. In our own country no political measure can be too liberal for printers, who, being born on this side, can hardly understand why monarchies are allowed to exist, and whose faith is unshaken that they must soon pass away.

The simon-pure printer never breathes quite freely outside of the ocean-bound republic. He needs all its oxygen for perfect respiration. He is not contented here—contentment is expunged from his dictionary—but he wonders why any white man—he has a marked partiality for the Caucasian race—can be a subject of any government under the canopy. He is as intensely American as Walt Whitman—himself a printer—and seldom cares to see any other part of the globe. Of this continent, however, he is very fond, and before he is thirty he has usually seen a good deal of it. He is a migratory animal, the spirit of Ahasuerus is in him. He goes from New York to Cincinnati ; from Cincinnati to Chicago ; from Chicago to St. Louis ; then to New Orleans, Mobile, Augusta, Charleston, Washington, Baltimore, and back to New York, whence, after a while, he sets out on another circuit of the country, ever longing for a new abode, never satisfied with the place he is in. He can travel light, for he is seldom incumbered with baggage or worldly goods of any kind. With two or three shirts and his " stick " his equipment is complete, and under such circumstances, he defies baggage-smashers, and enjoys the muscular malevolence they display toward the property of others.

I remember a Cincinnati printer who became so enamored of this branch of high art that he engaged himself as a baggage-handler to the Ohio and Mississippi Railway. He stayed there for two months, and told me he had never asked for any money, considering himself well paid by the fun he had.

"How so?" I asked.

"Why, I helped to burst open on an average five trunks a day, and the pleasure I received from seeing the things roll out, helter-skelter, was beyond vulgar compensation. You wouldn't have me take money from the company when I was getting so much out of the public—would you?"

"It's a queer freak, anyhow."

"I don't think so. Besides, I wanted revenge. I lost some valuable baggage on that road two years ago, and as the company would not pay me for it, I determined its patrons should."

"I did not know you ever traveled with valuable baggage."

"I don't generally, but that time was an exception. I then had a pair of cotton drawers, a bottle of the worst tasting medicine known to the pharmacopœia, and a tooth-brush. I felt comforted with the thought that the fellow who found the medicine might taste it. But the tooth-brush was precious from association."

Baggage is a standing subject of jest with the craft. A St. Louis typo came on here at the time of the National Democratic Convention in 1868. The weather was very hot, and knowing an ex-printer, who was a clerk in a small hotel near Tammany Hall, the St. Louisian stepped into the office and asked to have his baggage put away, at the same time taking off a wilted paper collar and handing it to his acquaintance. The clerk received it with due gravity, saying, "You will need a check for it," and tearing the collar in two, wrote a number on one half, and gave it to his perspiring friend.

Some years ago a steamboat plying between Sacramento and San Francisco blew up opposite the latter city, killing a number of passengers, and making a complete wreck of the vessel. Among the passengers was Gov. Bigler, addicted to occasional pomposity, who escaped unhurt.

After the survivors had landed, a printer on the *Alta California*, who knew Bigler by sight, inquired if he had lost much.

"Lost everything but my honor," was the magniloquent response.

"Well, Governor, you've come ashore with the lightest baggage that has been seen in 'Frisco since '49."

The compositor on a morning journal frequently has, in chronic form, Panurge's disease—want of money. He is glad to pay when he has the wherewithal ; when he has not, he is ingenious in excuses and pretexts.

A *Herald* printer once bought of a tailor in the Bowery a fine suit of clothes on credit. When the bill was handed him by a collector, his pocket-book was empty. He looked at the bill, and at the $60 charged, in apparent surprise, and then said : "This is a devil of a mistake ! Moses & Son have got me down for a whole suit of clothes. All I ever had of them was a coat at $30. Tell them so, and I'll call up and settle."

The collector did as requested ; but as the printer failed to keep his word he was dunned again. Once more he was amazed. "Moses & Son must have a queer book-keeper. He charges me with a suit of clothes, when I bought only a pair of trousers, price $10. I'll drop in, in a day or two, and pay for them. Mention the error, please."

A third time the collector appeared. Then the compositor vowed he had bought nothing but a waistcoat, which was $5, promising to discharge the debt the next day.

The bill having been presented the fourth time, the debtor expressed irritation, declaring the $60 should be 60 cents, for a pair of socks. "They've put the figures in the dollar instead of the cent column—the stupid fellows. Call in to-morrow."

Several weeks after, having been again dunned, he asked, in rage, "Who are Moses & Son, No. — Bowery? Never was in their shop—never heard before of the swindling Jews. Tell them to go to the devil !"

II.

The newspaper type-setter has his own opinion on all subjects, never sharing the opinions of his neighbors, unless they chance to agree with his own. You can get original ideas any day by talking with him, and you will find that he represents the minority, because he does his own thinking. With the history of his own country, with the character of politicians, with the peculiarities of journalists, with actors and the theatre in general, he is especially familiar. He is full of reminiscences of Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett, Henry J. Raymond, Thurlow Weed, Major M. M. Noah, James Watson Webb, Thomas Ritchie, George D. Prentice, Duff Green, John M. Daniel, and a host of other editors, dead and alive. He may not have seen them himself —some of them, as he would express it, may have handed in their checks before he dreamed of sticking type—but he has heard plenty of anecdotes about them, and his memory is very retentive.

In the offices of the *Tribune*, *Herald* or *Times* you can learn of the idiosyncrasies of the newspaper scribes of the past half century, North, South, East and West; in the *World*, *Sun* or *Evening Post* all the fatuities of, and good things got off by or put upon printers, are mentally recorded and reproduced with embellishment. Their foolishness, imprudence, or mistakes are not permitted to die with the circumstances that give rise to them; lifted out of their surroundings, they are sharpened into ridiculous relief, and exploded, so to speak, upon the unlucky author when he is totally unprepared.

A typo who has made some absurd blunder in Savannah will learn, on entering an office in Milwaukee, that his blunder has preceded him. Some ludicrous incident of which he is the subject, or object, will cross the continent almost as rapidly as he can. A good thing on him, as it is styled, will take up its residence in the news-room of every large city, and refuse to be expelled. He cannot put a

quietus upon his mistakes, either professional or personal. They will confront him again and again at unexpected seasons and in out-of-the-way places. In a printing office all days are judgment days; printers are condemned repeatedly for the same offence, and each time punished with new tortures. At first they are goaded nearly to frenzy by this worthless iteration; but they get used to it, as eels are presumed to get used to being skinned. At least they assume to be callous, and to seem callous is to cripple criticism. I have seen sensitive youths suffer terribly in their typographical initiation, and to be obliged, after an heroic endurance, to relinquish an avocation in which the bed of Procrustes is so unremittingly employed.

I have an instance still vivid in my mind. A young printer had come to the city from an interior town, and a "take" of a critique I had written on Edwin Booth's *Hamlet* fell to his lot. The "melancholy Dane" occurring in a sentence, he set it the "melancholy Dave," and by an oversight of the proofreader, so it appeared in the morning issue. The error, which had occurred by a *v* getting into the *n* box, was no indication of his unintelligence, but it was too ludicrous to pass unnoticed.

When the unfortunate wight entered the composing-room the next day, he was greeted with, "Here comes Dave Hamlet!"

"How are you, Dave?"

"I don't care much for Booth's *Hamlet*. Dave Hamlet is the man for my money."

"This evening will be presented the sublime tragedy of David Hamlet, Jr."

"Conundrum—Why did *Hamlet* kill his uncle? Because he called him Dave. Verdict of the jury, Served him right."

"Hamlet was the Prince of Dunkirk; Dave Hamlet was a bully boy with a glass eye."

"David, thou art the man!" etc.

The poor typo turned crimson, and then pale, and as the

raillery went on he attempted to explain, which caused it to increase. Finally, some imp of the "stick" burst out into impromptu doggerel:

"Come tell us a story, or sing us a stave
About the pensive, piping, princely Dave;
Do not fret, nor swear, nor rave,
If you are, my boy, the melancholy Dave."

The persecuted could stand plain prose, but wretched rhyme was more than he could bear. He assaulted the rhymester, and an encounter ensued, in which "Dave" was worsted. During that week he had six fisticuffs, when he threw up his situation and left town, in hope of escaping the jeers at his expense.

He never did escape, poor fellow. The melancholy Dave proved to be the ghost of his father's son. It followed him from city to city, from news-room to news-room; it drove him to drink, delirium, and the grave.

His death was the immediate result of the wrong letter in the right box.

Printers do not mean to be cruel or harsh—far from it. They hide kind hearts behind rough manners, but they count it the first duty of each member of their craft to take a joke stoically. If he cannot he seems to them devoid of the proper typographical element. They have learned to do so themselves—not without repressed pain—why should not others? He who makes their acquaintance must accept their jests.

They have always been interesting to me, for they are so charmingly irreverent, so delightly indifferent to public opinion. On any newspaper by which I have been engaged to exercise my circulation-decreasing talent, I have usually lost little time in finding my way from the editorial to the composing-room; and at the witching hour—between 3 and 4 a. m.—after the typos had "knocked off," I have often been amused at their reminiscences of adventures and their rehearsals of droll experiences.

When I was in my teens I wrote a very florid, turgid sketch about somebody or something, and went into the news-room to read the proof. While so occupied the assistant foreman came to me and said: "You write like Carlyle."

"Of course I do," I replied, and he went away.

Having finished my task, he returned with the remark: "I forgot to say that Carlyle, in my opinion, is the worst writer and the biggest fool now living."

"I think so too," was my answer, "and for that reason I fully appreciate your compliment."

He looked at me admiringly for a moment, and announced: "You ought to be a printer."

"But if I turn journalist, won't that appease your revenge?"

"Yes; no man can do worse or get lower than that."

I had been but six hours on the first newspaper I attempted to kill (it still lives—I did not stay long) when a compositor asked me to write an obituary of his wife who had died that morning. I complied in as bombastic rhetoric as I could command. After the notice had been published he approached me with a serio-comic air, and said: "I'm very much obliged, J——; I'll be happy to do the same thing for you, if you ever get married."

III.

The printer on the daily newspaper is disposed to be exceedingly irreverent. He has a certain kind of religion, but little theology, and is wont to speak of all ecclesiastical matters jeeringly. One of the typos of the *Tribune*, who had put on a "sub"—an abbreviation for substitute—and knew not what to do with the leisure he had thus secured, wandered aimlessly down Fulton street toward East River. Observing, near the corner of William, the sign on the old brick church, "Business Men's Prayer Meeting," and finding the iron gate open, he walked in, as he might have walked into Hades, if the door had been left ajar, merely for the

sake of going somewhere. He stepped into a pew, sat down, and being comfortable and tired, he put his head on his hand, and was soon in a doze. One of the brethren, noticing the stranger, imagined him to be in a fit of contrition or devotion, or both, and moving forward on tip-toe, touched him and whispered, "Will you favor us with a prayer?" The disciple of Gutenberg, rousing himself, inquired, "What's that?"

"Will you favor us with a prayer?"

"Praying isn't much in my line. I'd rather be excused."

The zealous churchist, thinking him filled with the humbleness of true Christianity, thus besought him, "Never fear, brother! Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh."

"That may be, but my heart isn't one of that kind."

"Be not too modest in the cause of holiness. Open your lips and your tongue shall be inspired."

"But I tell you"—

"It is the spirit in which we speak, not what we say, that commends us to favor."

By this time the printer, who had been trying to resume his drowse, had become nettled at the persistency of the brother, and blurted out, "Well, if you want a prayer so infernally bad, I don't know but I can give you about a stickful. At which end of the thing shall I begin?"

The pious resistance was at an end; the hardened sinner slumbered in peace.

The printer has no more reverence for persons than for creeds. He is a congenial leveler; he holds that no man can be more than man, and that most men are much less. He habitually speaks of the Czar of all the Russians as Aleck-Romanoff; of the Emperor of Germany as Old Dutch Bill; of the Pope of Rome as an ancient duffer. In his eyes, forms are puerilities and all etiquette a sham. There is not a grain of hero-worship in his composition; he would not flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jove for his power

to thunder. He would ask the Sultan of Turkey for a chew of tobacco; he would invite the Grand Lama to a game of draw-poker.

Several years before Chief Justice Taney's death the Government Printing Office at Washington had occasion to send him some proof slips of an important decision, and they were intrusted to a printer boy, who appeared at the Judge's office and before the Judge with, "Is Taney in?"

"I presume you wish to see the Chief Justice of the United States?"

"I don't care a cuss about him. I've got some proofs for Taney."

"I am the Hon. Roger B. Taney."

"You're Taney, aren't you?"

"I am not, fellow. I am the Hon. Roger B. Taney."

"Then these proofs are not for you," and the unceremonious messenger would have gone off with them if the Judge had not admitted himself to be Taney simply.

On a certain occasion Edward Everett visited the composing room of the Boston *Advertiser* at a late hour to read a proof of an oration which he had failed to see at an earlier hour. Extremely particular about his style, he was altering sentences and making additions while the forms were waiting, which so irritated the foreman that he roared out: "Cut it short, Everett—confound it, cut it short. There's no time now for patching up bad English."

New Orleans, not long ago, was afflicted with one Williams, a newspaper bore—he was known typographically as the great artesian—who was constantly sending poor articles to the dailies, and haunting the offices to inquire if they had been used. He went into the sanctum of the *Picayune* in the morning, nobody being present but a compositor, rather muddled from drink over night, who had taken possession of one of the desks.

"Is the editor in?"

"I an-swer—to—that—name," replied the typo, who was

very exact and deliberate of speech, and who recognized the bore at once. "May—I—be per-mit-ted—to—in-quire—the nature of your—bus-i-ness?"

"I want to know if an elaborate poem of mine, entitled 'The Rose of the South,' has been accepted."

"Mis-ter Williams, al-low me to say that when I first saw you I formed the im-press-ion that you were a con-sum-mate ass; and although I have met you since on a great many oc-ca-sions and under a va-ri-e-ty of cir-cum-stan-ces, I have nev-er seen any-thing in your con-duct to cause me to change the o-pin-ion which I then formed. Good-morning, Mis-ter Williams."

From that day Mr. Williams ceased to infest the office of the *Picayune*, in which, after this incident, he was called the artesian *un*well.

IV.

Compositors, as a rule, are cynical, and, like many other cynics, are far gentler in feeling than in speech. They have all the Anglo-Saxon hatred of showing emotion; they would much rather be thought heartless than sentimental. Whenever they are conscious of displaying any sensibility, they strive to atone for it by bitterness of utterance. Complaint, dissatisfaction, invective, partly natural to them, are cultivated by habit and association, while moodiness is generated and intensified by exhaustive labor, late hours, irregularity, and a life of detached service. Printer's ink, by long familiarity, is apt to breed cynicism; its odor is disenchanting, its touch unenrapturing; it takes the color out of life, and, steadily wrought in, reduces everything to a standard of pitiless common sense.

Newspaper compositors have an inner view of affairs, have clear visions of hard truth, which the great world does not enjoy. Like Gines de Passamonte, they are, in a punning sense, galley slaves; like him, they see the wires pulled and the cords drawn; they know how the puppets are made to

dance; that the giants and heroes whom the mass admire, are only pasteboard or figures stuffed with saw dust. Is it strange they are incapable of enthusiasm over measures and persons that they have seen manufactured or managed? They judge of the unknown by what they know; they arbitrate upon Hercules from the fragment of marble which has fallen in their way. Having witnessed how certain reputations are created, they are inclined to believe all reputations fashioned in the same manner. Hence, existence is completely disillusioned to them. They laugh at the soaring lark of eulogy, declaring they could bring him down with a handful of type. They jeer at the screaming eagles of the day, pronouncing them buzzards transformed with the help of a sack of feathers and a pot of glue. They stubbornly refuse to be domineered over by terms or phrases—they have "set" too many of them; they know the weakness, the worthlessness of words, and that by these few symbols the crowd is governed. What is concealed they doubt; at what is visible they scoff. Seen at their angle, the philanthropist is a lunatic or an impositor; the saint is a hypocrite; the hero a self-adviser; the successful man a lucky rogue; the patriot a trickster. Averring that there is no such thing as generosity, they will divide their last dollar with any poor devil; that money alone is worth having, they throw it away; that patriotism is a humbug, they gave their lives repeatedly to the country during the civil war. "Never mind what we do," they will say, "judge us by our words."

Singular fellows, indeed, these compositors; full of virtues and defects, of inconsistencies and contradictions. Those described may be in the minority—probably they are—but they are the individuals, the representatives, those who stand in the foreground, and blend the light and shadow of their mechanic intellectual calling. Clever, witty, melancholy, skeptical, independent, improvident, iconoclastic, self-denying, self-indulgent, cynical, sagacious, reckless, over-generous, commonly unjust, they glide through life like mocking

shadows, seldom reaching 45, and accepting death as a grave though capital joke on existence.

They are very unlike Benjamin Franklin, Horace Greeley, Thurlow Weed, or any of the prominent men who, as they would put it, have descended to success from the airy height of the composing-room. For Franklin's memory they have no affection; he was not one of their kind of printers. Neither he nor Greeley nor Weed stuck to the case. Each deserted his post; one went to playing with electricity, a second turned editor, the third made politics a trade. And they all prospered materially, mentally, socially. Bah! What has the compositor of a morning newspaper to do with prosperity?

The veritable craftsman is a modern Diogenes. Like the Sinopean, he may know how to govern men, but he does not think them worth governing. If enslaved, he too might cry, "Who wants to be a master!" But he would refuse to be master of anybody, even of himself. He, also, utters his philosophy in short, pithy sentences, and the burden of them all is, Life is a humbug. Let us make the least of it by puncturing bubbles and rejecting opportunities.

The compositor is a creature to be studied in his native lair, the news-room. Away from there he is distant and reserved, looking on his fellow-mortals as Philistines, hardly understanding their plodding, prosaic, money-getting ways, and secretly despising them. Coat off, under the gas-light sticking type, he breathes free, his skepticism is fortified, his cynicism is in full play, and he enjoys the luxury of feeling that creation was a blunder which return to chaos will alone rectify. There he is seen at his best and worst—the best on the inside, the worst defiantly paraded; there he growls, subverts, and scintillates; there he enacts, night after night, the triple part of Epicurus, Aristophanes, and Timeon, wearing out health, contentment, life, in order to inform the world what mingled good and evil the steadily-improving world contains.

THE HELL-BOX.

THE YOUNG FEMALE COMPOSITOR.

Oh! but she's bonny and kind—
A smart, cheerfu' witch o' a creature—
A lassie just form'd to my mind,
Wi' a face beaming o'er wi' guid nature.
And 'deed, the plain truth to declare,
Few chaps ever turn up their nose at her,
The charms are sae catching and rare
O' Nell, the young female compositor.

'Maist every five lines that she sets
For sorts thro' the hale house she dances,
And a' that she asks for she gets,
Returning her thanks wi' soft glances.
And though, ance or twice every week,
The gaffer he threatens to closet her,
It ends wi' him patting the cheek
O' this modest young female compositor.

But of a' the frames she seems to like mine;
And faith she's untrammeled wi' fetters,
For twice every hour in the nine
She comes seeking capital letters.
Then up on a case she'lt play jump,
And while I keep keeking richt close at her,
She fa's on my knees wi' a thump,
This charming young female compositor.

A wee cockie cliquer sae braw,
Wha' thinks he's a don 'mang the lasses,
Breaks a note or a headline or twa,
Ilka time that the sweet lassie passes.
But he's out o' the hunt, that's quite clear,
For a' the sly glances he throws at her
Are met wi' a cough and a sneer,
By this handsome young female compositor.

A Beauregard jacket she wears,
And a skirt neatly draped and brocaded;
Yet she never puts on foolish airs,
Though oft for her pride she's upbraided.
But though she might flout in my face,
I'm sure I could never look cross at her,
Sae fu' o' saft, heart-winning grace
Is this nymph, the young female compositor.

I'm on a grand volume—bourgeois,
Wi' lots o' big wood cuts, and leaded—
And I'm certain, in sax weeks or so,
I'll hae as much coin as is needed.
Then, low on my knees, I'll discharge
O' Cupid's saft sawder a dose at her,
And *row* in the conjugal barge
Wi' this darling young female compositor.

—*R. B. in Scot. Typo. Circular.*

THE DEVIL TO PAY.

When Gutenburg, Coster and Faust first began,
In secret, the great art preservative to plan,
The ignorant masses, suspecting some evil,
Traced all of their mysteries right to the devil;
And thus the assistant who tends to the fires,

And does such odd jobs as the office requires,
Who handles the rollers, and washes the same,
By the name of the devil has gone into fame.
As years crept along till they reached modern times,
An occasional printer was short in his dimes,
And once it occurred that an editor found
At the end of the week he'd not cash to go 'round ;
He counted and figured to get it all square,
The foreman and comps must each one have his share ;
When he got it all fixed, as he thought, in dismay
He discovered and cried : "There's the devil to pay."
So now 'tis a proverb grown common in years,
When worry or care at the office appears ;
When bills can't be met, or when trouble is rife ;
When blood-thirsty men seek the editor's life ;
When subscribers won't "ante" and ads are shy ;
When his "cake is all dough" and his form is all "pi"—
A proverb that comes in the editor's way,
And so he exclaims : "There's the devil to pay."

THE WORN-OUT FONT OF TYPE.

I'm sitting by my desk, George,
  Before me, on the floor,
There lies a worn-out font of type,
  Full twenty thousand score ;
And many months have passed, George,
  Since they were bright and new,
And many are the tales they've told—
  The false, the strange, the true.

What tales of horror they have told,
  Of tempest and of wreck ;
Of murder in the midnight hour,
  Of war, full many a "speck !"

Of ships that, lost away at sea,
Went down before the blast;
Of stifled cries of agony,
As life's last moment passed!

Of earthquakes and of suicides,
Of failing crops of cotton,
Of bank defaulters, broken banks,
And banking systems rotten.
And boilers bursting, steamboats snagged,
Of riots, duels fought,
Of robbers with their prey escaped,
Of thieves, their booty caught.

Of flood, and fire, and accident,
Those worn-out types have told;
And how the pestilence has swept
The youthful and the old;
Of marriages, of births, and deaths,
Of things to please or vex us;
Of one man jumping overboard,
Another gone to Texas.

They've told us how sweet summer days
Have faded from our view,
How autumn's chilling winds have swept
The leaf-crowned forest through;
How winter's snow hath come and gone,
Dark reign of storm and strife—
And how the smiling spring hath warmed
The pale flowers back to life.

I can't pretend to mention half
My inky friends have told,
Since, shining bright and beautiful
They issued from the mould;
How unto some they joy have brought,
To others grief and tears;
Yet faithfully the record kept
Of fast receding years.

JEFFING.

Slug 3 was portly, round and fair,
And he threw in type with a lordly air
Under the coal-oil's lurid glare.

One of Slug 3's innocent joys
Was, when surcease from work and noise,
He jeffed with the other printer boys.

It made the printermen howl and moan
When on the fatal imposing stone
They saw his handful of em quads strown.

One night, unknown of Slug 3's fame
At playing this most unfortunate game,
A slim young man to the news-room came.

And seeing the slender creature near,
Slug 3 remarked with a bitter leer,
"I'll jeff you, sir, for cigars or beer."

And the slim man started and tossed his head—
The shaft struck home and his heartstring bled—
"Pray, what is jeffing?" the victim said.

And Slug 3, thinking his ruin planned,
Explained the process in detail, and
The young man yearned to take a hand.

Then three times threw Slug 3 the tricks,
And he made a total of just eight nicks,
And he quoth, "He never can beat that fix!"

The young man gathered the em quads too—
A molly, a cock and two he threw—
"Now one more throw and that will do."

The young man threw, and there supine
On the cold, cold stone, in ghastly line,
Loomed seven nicks—or a total of nine.

A COUNTRY EDITOR'S TROUBLES.

The typos all had pocketed their rules
(There were but three upon the paper then),
And lounging idly on the office stools,
Surveyed the "Colonel," who with busy pen
Was dashing off a leader for his sheet,
Entitled, "Dullness at the County seat."

'Twas Saturday at six o'clock. The boys
Were waiting for their slender weekly pay;
Alas! that bugaboo which so annoys
The country printer and obstructs his way.
If types could set themselves his course would seem
As calm and pleasant as a summer's dream.

A half an hour passed by—still toiled the scribe;
Ideas seemed to flow with wondrous ease;
Still, if we might believe a current gibe,
Which hinted that the writer crossed his t's
With sweeping lines that ran across the sheet,
His pen, alas! produced more chaff than wheat.

The clock struck seven. Then the typos all,
With muttered threats of quitting then and there,
Filed slowly out into the dingy hall,
And started down the well worn office stair.
Just here a whistle from the sanctum sent
A thrill of hope through each, and back they went.

"Well, boys," began the scribe, "I'm pained to say
That prospects are not flattering to-night;
I've failed to raise a single cent to-day,
And, consequently, funds are rather tight—
This crushing news undoubtedly will fall
Upon your aspirations like a pall.

"But bear up bravely—what is that you said—
I'm owing you a heap of money now?

A truer statement never left your head.
I've used you badly, that I must allow,
But think of Job and meekly bow to fate—
I'm short, just learn to labor and—TO WAIT.

"I must confess that I sincerely grieve
To see you placed in this unlovely strait,
But toss your heads and make your friends believe
That lots of lucre prompts your buoyant gait;
Don't leave me, gents, continue still to strive,
You've money coming and—it MAY arrive."

Then spoke the typos, almost in a chorus:
"This workin' for a man without the stamps
Is most too thin and just a trifle porous—
We fail to see it, Colonel, 'in those lamps!'
We've lived on hope, and now and then a cracker,
For three long weeks, and during all that time,
By jingo! we've had to do without tobacker,
And we've concluded that we'd better climb."

The door here opened and a robust party
Came in, who, pulling out his pocket book,
Exclaimed in tones encouraging and hearty:
"There, that's my bill, I reckon—please to look!"
He didn't stop to read the Colonel's leader,
Or pocket some exchanges on the sly;
He left like you or I would, gentle reader,
That's like a gentleman—(how's THAT for high?)

The Colonel raised his patron's timely favor
(A six month's bill for an advertisement),
And said, in tones that had of pride a savor,
"Here, take it, boys," he gave them every cent.
When from the place the printers had departed,
This plaint came from the weary man of news,
"Ah, me! poor, patient wife will feel down-hearted,
When I go home without the children's shoes."

A TRAMP PRINTER'S DREAM.

[By Kivas Pyke.]

Rare and scant were my garments, and weary my feet,
As I walked into town through the slush and the sleet,
Not a "stamp" graced my wallet—let it gently be spoke—
I was only a *tramp*—"on the road" and "dead broke."
Twenty miles had I "hoofed it," without any "pard,"
All the treasure I owned was my "travelling card"
And a one-eared steel rule, which I'd carried for years
Thro' the strife and the turmoil of this "vale of tears."
Up the broad street I wandered till a sign met my gaze—
"THE HERALD" (in "caps") my crushed spirits did raise;
The composing-room windows, with gas all aglare,
Built hope in my breast as I mounted the stair,
I *might* meet "a rounder" who'd "got in a day"
And who'd give me a lift, though it took half his pay.
With reflections like these, I at length reached the door,
And straight for the foreman I waltzed o'er the floor.
When I asked him for work, he said—with a snub—
"*We've no work for tramps*—NOT EVEN TO SUB."
When I saw how it was, my ambition did lag,
And I fully determined to "carry the flag."
On the floor of the office, or press-room near by,
I was fervently wishing—yet dreading—to die.
So into a corner I cautiously crept,
And, with a hat for a pillow, soon peacefully slept;
And I dreamt—Oh! ye tramps, it may curious seem—
Two decades had departed—how bright was my dream?

* * * * * * * * *

Twenty years had elapsed! ye gods what a change
Had transpired in this country!—'Twas wondrously strange!
Every Government office that greeted my sight
Contained an old "pardner," with face beaming bright.
"Ulysses the first" had been kicked out of power,
And was supplying New Yorkers with bacon and flour.
Nick Buckley, of Dunkirk, had stepped in his shoes,

And was feasted and wined by both Gentiles and Jews,
Billy Colescott, "the flounder," was Buckley's "right bower,"
And presided the Senate in that brilliant hour;
"Big Injun"—the "smiler"—was Postmaster-General;
You bet that I yelled: "This beats the Centennial;"
"Jersey" was running the Department of War,
And in trading-post contracts took no rhino therefor.
Commodore "shorty" Campbell o'er the Navy presided;
"Skinny" Hynes, as our minister, at Paris resided;
Old Westbrook—"the kernel"—filled Hen. Beecher's place;
"Hi Hand," as a preacher, had "fallen from grace";
Bill Mason and Sankey—with Moody thrown out—
Were giving Chicago's big sinners a "bout."
Joe Newton, the genial, was Tammany's chief,
And sumptuously dined on potatoes and beef;
Bill Carroll was an actor, Milt Welsh ran a bank,
'Twas a hard thing to find a printer who drank.
"Bones" Smith owned the *Times*, and Joe Oakley the *World;*
There were no tramp printers—"THE BANNER" *was furled.*

* * * * * * * * *

But, ah! these sweet visions were not to last long,
They can only live blessed in story and song.
The foreman awoke me, with a kick and a shout,
"Come, *thirty* is in, and you'll have to get out!"
These words in my ears with significance rang
As I tottered down stairs. The door closed with a bang!
And as I stood shiv'ring in the keen wintry wind,
I wondered how mortals could be so unkind
As to kick their poor fellows, when "down in the heel,"
And never regret for unfortunates feel;
But with merciless, pitiless act, word, and look,
Lacerate the poor heart whom Dame Fortune forsook.
But why should I wonder? It has always been so—
For the poor "broken downs" to be tossed to and fro
On Life's dark and dreary tempestuous wave,
Till their "forms" are "locked up" in the depths of the grave.

THE OLD SCISSORS' SOLILOQUY.

[By Parmenas Mix.]

I am lying at rest in the sanctum to-night,—
The place is deserted and still,—
To my right lie exchanges and manuscripts white,
To my left are the ink and the quill—
Yes, the quill, for my master's old-fashioned and quaint,
And refuses to write with a pen ;
He insists that old Franklin, the editor saint,
Used a quill, and he'll imitate Ben.

I love the old fellow—together for years
We have managed the *Farmer's Gazette*,
And although I am old, I'm his favorite shears
And can crowd the compositors yet.
But my duties are rather too heavy, I think,
And I oftentimes envy the quill,
As it lazily leans with its nib in the ink
While I'm slashing away with a will.

But when I was new—I remember it well,
Though a score of long years have gone by,—
The heaviest share of the editing fell
On the quill, and I think with a sigh
Of the days when I'd scissor an extract or two
From a neighboring editor's leader,
Then laugh in my sleeve at the quill as it flew
In behalf of the general reader.

I am being paid off for my merriment then,
For my master is wrinkled and gray,
And seldom lays hold on his primitive pen
Except when he wishes to say :
"We are needing some money to run this machine,
And subscribers will please to remit."
Or, "That last load of wood that Jones brought us was green,
And so knotty it couldn't be split."

He is nervous and deaf and is getting quite blind
(Though he hates to acknowledge the latter),
And I'm sorry to say it's a puzzle to find
Head or tail to the most of his matter.
The compositors plague him whenever they see
The result of a luckless endeavor,
But the darling old rascal just lays it to me,
And I make no remonstrance whatever.

Yes, I shoulder the blame—very little I care
For the jolly compositor's jest,
For I think of a head with the silvery hair
That will soon, very soon be at rest.
He has labored full long for the true and the good
'Mid the manifold troubles that ink us—
His only emolument raiment and food,
And—a pass now and then to the circus.

Heigho! from the past comes a memory bright
Of a lass with the freshness of clover
Who used me to clip from her tresses one night
A memorial lock for her lover.
That dear little lock is still glossy and brown,
But the lass is much older and fatter,
And the youth—he's an editor here in the town—
I'm employed on the staff of the latter.

I am lying at rest in the sanctum to-night—
The place is deserted and still—
The stars are abroad and the moon is in sight
Through the trees on the brow of the hill.
Clouds hurry along in undignified haste
And the wind rushes by with a wail—
Hello! there's a whopping big rat in the paste—
How I'd like to shut down on his tail!

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Around her waist I put my arms,
It felt as soft as cake;
"Oh, dear!" says she, "what liberty
You printer boys do take!"

"Why yes, my Sal, my charming gal
(I squeezed her some, I guess),
Can you say aught, my chick, against
The Freedom of the Press?"

I kissed her some—I did, by gum—
She colored like a beet;
Upon my living soul she looked
Almost too good to eat.

I gave another buss and then
Says she, "I do confess,
I rather, kinder, sorter like,
The Freedom of the Press."

THE TRAGEDY OF TYPES.

[By Erratic Enrique.]

Tom Tripod was an editor,
Who boasted of his skill,
But whose effusions, printers said,
Were only fit to "kill."
He likewise bragged of family rank,
With bold, unblushing face,
Till Slug, the foreman, snickered out
"This minion's lower case!"
Now Tripod loved a lovely one,
A maiden, without guile,
Who, when he asked her to be his,

Replied: "Well, I should smile!"
And so she did upon his suit
Of store-clothes, newly bought
With double column, display ad.,
By wholesale dealer, sought.
So they were wed and duly went
Upon a bridal trip,
While Slug, at home, to fill the "form,"
With shears began to clip.
And when he had enough of "mail,"
He seized a Faber stub
To write a leaded "leader" on
The mysteries of grub.
He then attacked the County Judge,
The parson and his flock,
And gave the Governor special fits,
And hit the Mayor a knock.
He called the rival papers all
The names he could invent,
Then cut his "takes" and told the boys
He didn't care a cent.
They set them all, and such a roar
As greeted Tripod home
Was equal to a blizzard blast,
Or fall of the Vendome.
The slandered judge with cowhide slashed,
The parson stormed like mad,
While Mayor and Council hinted strong
He'd seen his last town ad.
Poor Tripod was completely floored,
And wore a doleful mug,
But like a guilty, tainted thing,
Cringed artful Simeon Slug.
But Tom forgave him graciously,
Drank off the bitter cup,
Resolved no more to go abroad,
And now is write side up.

THE CELESTIAL REPORTER.

[By C. V. T.]

"Copy!" rang in the editor's ears
As he drove his pen at a break-neck pace,
Or cut and slashed with his faithful shears,
In his journalistic steeple chase.

The politics foreign and at home,
A word on stocks, another on wheat,
The latest news from France and Rome,
And a "stick" on Jones' contested seat.

At least a squib on the play last night,
A knowing hint on the coming trot,
A word or two on the drunken fight
And a puff on Smither's patent cot.

And still the "devil" he cried for more,
"The devil take it," the editor said,
As he thrust out copy, then slammed the door,
And for more ideas 'gan scratching his head.

As he scratched and scribbled, and scribbled and scratched,
His sanctum filled with a fitful light,
And although his door was not unlatched,
A figure stood out before his sight.

"Too busy just now," the editor said,
"Call in to-morrow, some other day,
Can't stop to talk with living or dead,
So just vanish, get; come, dust, I say."

But the angel stood with folded wing,
"I'm out of work," he sadly said,
"I'm willing to take most anything,
Am up in the classics, and fairly read."

"Of course you have heard of Gabriel,
The times up there are terribly slow,
There's such a lively run on—well,
Fact is I've got the bounce, you know."

"Never heard of you," the editor said,
"You can try the courts, though, if you like,
And on your way there's a fellow dead;
Shot, I believe, by Roaring Mike.

"Four 'sticks' to the courts and one for the man,
A clean description is all we take;
Be back as soon as ever you can,
And write a clear hand, for heaven's sake."

"I am off," the angel quickly said,
And spreading his wings away he flew.
To visit the living and the dead
In this world's seething hurlybaloo.

Full a week passed by, and day by day
Poor Gabriel seemed to thinner grow,
"This sort of a grind will hardly pay,
Don't you ever take a rest, you know?"

The editor frowning replied, "well, well,
If you are bound to kick, why go to ——"
"It can be no worse," the angel said,
And down to Hades he straightway sped.

* * * * * *

But, alas for the fate of Gabriel,
They would have no newspaper man in——

"SOJERING."

[By Jimmy Platt.]

He was a clever printer man—
  Upon a stool he sat,
And calmly watched the copy hook
  And gobbled up the fat.

The hook was awful lean that night,
  And with a purpose naughty
He hemmed and hawed and slugged away,
  And sojered like all forty.

He heard the paragraphist say:
  "A poem have I writ—
The editor now scans it o'er,
  'Twill be here in a bit!"

The printer man joyed in his soul,
  His heart was happy, very—
He hemmed and hawed and slugged away,
  And sojered all so merry.

Alas, that poem all so fair
  Came not his string to save—
It climbed the golden basket's rim
  And found an early grave.

But still he sojered—sojered on,
  Nor staid for this nor that,
For who can turn the printer's soul
  When sojering for fat.

The paper went to press, and still
  Upon his stool he sat
And hemmed and hawed and slugged away
  A sojerin' for fat.

Unto this very day he's there—
  Perhaps you printers know 'im?
He sojers morning, noon, and night,
  Awaiting for that poem.

OUT OF SORTS.

[By P. S. M. Munro.]

Ah ! Woe is me ! My heart is sad.
It really is to dash-ed bad !
The good fat take I longed to get—
The take on which my heart was set,
Is mine, but—not a quad.

Some Russian, Turk, or Zulu thief,
Some dirty robber—to be brief—
Has skinned the case I filled so well,
Nor left behind, the tale to tell,
A solitary quad.

It was a rat, a cursed rat,
That, mousing round, took all my fat,
And left me standing idly here,
While others pile their thousands near,
Because they have the quads.

But that's my luck, as poets tell,
" I never loved a dear gazelle—"
Ah, yes ! the sentiment is fine,
And fits my case. Alas ! 'tis mine,
The case—but not the quads.

Oh ! he who did the beastly deed,
Who left me thus in plenteous need,
I wish I had him by the hair,
I'd make him climb the golden stair,
And quod him for my quads.

I'll chase him till I've locked him up,
And plainly prove the thieving pup.
The matter shall be kept alive,
Nor e'er thrown in until I drive
To space this thief of quads.

A PROTEST.

Oh, why don't people form their *a*'s,
And finish off their *b*'s?
Why do they make such crooked *c*'s
And such confounded *d*'s?

Why do they form such shocking *e*'s
And *f*'s with ague-fits?
Their *g*'s and *h*'s are too much
For any printer's wits.

What a human eye is without sight
Is an *i* without a dot:
J's are such curious, crooked things
We recognize them not.

K ought to stand for kussedness,
But comes in well for kick;
L's and *m*'s are michievous,
While *n*'s just raise Old Nick.

O's are rarely closed at all,
And *p*'s are shaggy things;
Q's might as well be spider's legs
And *r*'s mosquito wings!

Some people make a passing *s*,
Who never cross a *t*,
Others use the self-same strokes
To form a *u* or *v*.

W's get strangely mixed,
X's seem on a spree,
Y is a skeleton on wires—
Zounds, how we swear at *Z*!

& yet, just think, what typos get
From drivers of the quill—

They call us such a careless set
And scribble on at will!

Well, they will scribble, and we must swear
And vainly try to please,
Till they go back to school and learn
To make their *a*, *b*, *c*'s!

EMPTYING TAKES.

[by J. B. W.]

With a vengeful despair of attaining the bank,
In a back-capper's arms the galley-boy sank
And thus gasconaded the printer:

"Disgracing his spacing, with quads in his teeth,
While harboring hopes of a champion's wreath,
Here comes the rapid printer.

"Piping his eye in an aimless way
At a stickful of sayings the copy don't say,
There is the slouchy printer.

"Dropping his copy and pi-ing his take,
Forgiving the blessings of those in his wake,
That is the awkward printer.

"Ah! Taking his ease comes the picture of health;
If he were a woman and I had wealth,
I'd marry the 'average' printer."

Slightly aroused by the proof-reader's call,
He muttered, "Now that one's the meanest of all!
He calls himself a printer."

Then into the rabble the little one flew,
And soon with a galley of "foreign" withdrew,
Having knocked out sixteen printers.

ONLY A PRINTER.

[By Harvey Howard.]

"Only a printer!" a fair maid said
As she haughtily tossed her golden head.

"Only a printer! as poor as a mouse
That's lived for years in a meeting house."

Only a printer! and when he sought
The hand that riches might have bought,

A cold, quick "No!" was her scornful reply,
With an added smile as she marked the sigh

With which, lamenting, he turned away.
"He'll do to flirt with; but tell me, pray,

If you think I'd marry a workingman!
If I want to marry a Count, I can."

"Only a printer!" but after days
See men walking in devious ways

From those they have traveled in days of old,
And holding posts that they had not held.

"Only a printer!" The years sped past,
And honors came to the typo fast.

"Only a printer at last had come
Into the heirship of quite a sum;

And following the bent of a printer's mind—
For true it is they are all inclined,

No odds how happy they be at home,
To leave it in foreign lands to roam—

Following his bent, as I've said before,
He traveled the land from shore to shore,

And finally crossed the raging sea,
And wandered around in the "old countree."

One morn as he smoked a contemplative pipe,
Pausing, the tears from his eyes to wipe—

For he thought of the golden head that was tossed
By the maiden that he in his youth had lost—

He suddenly thought he would take a shave,
For shorn men always appear most grave.

He entered the shop, and cast his eye
Upon the barber, who sat close by.

Aha! and why that startled gaze?
Why shouts the printer in wild amaze?

Seated upon that chair by the door
Was one who had shaved him in years before.

Yes; shaved him—but not his bearded face;
Shaved him—but not in a barber's place.

Shaved him of stamps in a little loan,
When "only a printer," had "Count Tyrone,"

And the girl who cast off the typo man,
With "If I'll marry a Count, I can,"

Had married the Count—and become the wife
Of a Paris barber! Oh, such is life!

And the fancy French she had learned at school
Was all the stock of the little fool

Who had wedded a barber rather than one
Who was now at the head of the highest *ton.*

"He was only a printer!" Ah, yes, my girl,
Your scornful "onlies" at printers hurl.

"*Only* a printer" is much the same thing
As being ace-high, or, at least, a king.

A MODEL SUBSCRIBER.

"Good morning, sir ; Mr. Editor, how are your folks to-day ?
I owe for your next year's paper ; I thought I'd come and pay.
And Jones is agoin' to take it, and this is his money here ;
I shut down lendin' it to him, and then coaxed him to try it a year.
And here is a few items that happened last week in our town,
I thought they'd look good for the paper, so I just dotted 'em down.
And here's a bushel of russets my wife picked expressly for you ;
A small bunch of flowers from Jennie, she thought she must do something, too.
You're doin' the politics bully, as all our family agree ;
Just keep your old goose quill a flappin', and give them a good one for me.
And now you are chuck full of business, and I won't be takin' your time,
I've things of my own I must 'tend to—good day, sir, I believe I will climb."
The editor sat in his sanctum, and brought down his fist with a thump,
"God bless that old farmer," he muttered, "he's a regular jolly trump."
And 'tis thus with our noble profession, and thus it will ever be still ;
There are some who appreciate its labor, and some who perhaps never will.
But in the great time that is coming, when Gabriel's trumpet shall sound,
And they who have labored and rested shall come from the quivering ground ;
And they who have striven and suffered to teach and ennoble the race,

Shall march to the front of the column, each one in his
God-given place.
As they march through the gates of the City, with proud,
victorious tread,
The editor and his assistants will not be far from the head.

A TRAMP PRINTER'S STORY.

[By Harry Bonsall.]

I'm down to "hair-space" means, the typo said,
I've tramped full many a foot-sore, hungry mile;
Last night I made the station house my bed—
To-day no "sorts" I've had—not e'en a "smile";
No "rat" am I, and yet the "jours" suspect
The "union's" prices I would undermine;
If I could but regain their lost respect
I yet might work it on the good old "line."

It was not always so. Once I could hold
A "sit" with any, and for any "sub;"
But since I took to drink I'm gruffly told
I cannot have a "case" to earn my grub;
Well, then, so be it! better men than me
Have been mistrusted and misunderstood,
The more I "tramp" the less I "set," you see,
And outdoor exercise, you know, is good.

I stormed the heights at Fredericksburg; at Chancelorsville
Wounded I lay—would I'd been buried there!
At Libby Prison I was starved and ill,
But never, until now, owned to despair.
I cannot "square" my course by any "rule,"
My "stick" won't "justify" the life I've led;
And since the "proof" reveals that I'm a fool—
I'm ready for the "slide"—"This Matter's Dead."

THE OLD PRINTER.

[By C. W. M'Clure.]

A printer stood at his *case* one night,
In his office dark and drear,
And his weary sight was dim as the light
Of the mouldy lamp hung near.
The wintry winds were howling without,
And the snow falling thick and fast,
But the printer, I trow, shook his locks of snow,
And laughed at the shrieking blast.
He watched the clock as the hands crept round,
Keeping time with its snail-like tick,
As he gathered the type with a weary click,
In his old rust-eaten *stick.*

His hair's as white as the falling snow,
And silently, day by day,
He beheld them, with grief, like the autumn leaf,
One by one, "passing away."
Time had cut with his plow-furrows deep in his brow,
His cheek was fevered and thin,
And his long Roman nose could almost repose
Its head on his grey-bearded chin;
And with fingers long, as the hours stole on,
Keeping time with the clock's dull tick,
He gathered the type with a weary click,
In his old rust-eaten stick.

For many years, through joys and through tears,
That old printer's time-*battered face*,
Ghostly and lean, night and morn had been seen,
Earnestly bent o'er his case.
In a few years more death will *lock up his form*,
And put it to press in the *mould*,
And a *stone* on the spot where they lay him to rot,
Will tell us his name, and how old;

And his comrades will light the old lamp by his *case*,
And list to the clock's dull tick,
As they set up his death with a solemn click,
In his old rust-eaten *stick*.

AN EDITOR'S OBITUARY.

Ye Editor sat in his rickety chair, as worried as worried could be, for ye devil was grinning before him there, and "copy," ye devil sayed he.

Oh! ye editor grabbed his big quill pen, and it sputtered ye ink so free, that his manuscript looked like a war-map, when, "Take this," to ye devil spake he.

He scribbled and scratched through ye live-long day, no rest or refreshment had he; for ye devil kept constantly coming that way, and howling for more "cop-ee!"

Day after day he scissored and wrote, a slaying the whole countree; while ye devil kept piping his single note, "A little more outside cop-ee!"

And when ye boys in ye news-room hear ye noise of ye fray, ye sound of a blow, and many a horrid, blasphemous word, "He's raising ye devil!" say they.

And oft when a man with a grievance came in, ye editor man to see, he'd turn his back with a word of sin—"Go talk to ye devil!" sayed he.

And ever and oft, when a proof of his work ye proprietor wanted to see, "Ye proof shall be shown by my personal clerk; ye must go to ye devil!" sayed he.

And thus he was destined through all of his life, by this spirit tormented to be; in hunger and poverty, sorrow and strife, always close to ye devil was he.

Ye Editor died. * * * *But ye Devil lived on!* And ye force of life's habits we see, for ye editor's breath no sooner was gone, than straight to ye Devil went he.

SONG OF THE PRINTER.

Pick and click
Goes the type in the stick,
As the printer stands at his case;
His eyes glance quick, and his fingers pick
The type at a rapid pace;
And one by one as the letters go,
Words are piled up steady and slow—
Steady and slow,
But still they grow,
And words of fire they soon will glow;
Wonderful words, that without a sound
Traverse the earth to its utmost bound;
Words that shall make
The tyrant quake,
And the fetters of the oppress'd shall break;
Words that can crumble an army's might,
Or treble its strength in a righteous fight.
Yet the type they look but leaden and dumb,
As he puts them in place with finger and thumb;
But the printer smiles,
And his work beguiles
By chanting a song as the letters he piles,
With pick and click,
Like the world's chronometer, tick! tick! tick!

O, where is the man with such simple tools
Can govern the world as I?
With a printing press, an iron stick,
And a little leaden die,
With paper of white, and ink of black,
I support the Right, and the Wrong attack.

Say, where is he, or who may he be,
That can rival the printer's power?

To no monarchs that live the wall doth he give :
Their sway lasts only an hour ;
While the printer still grows, and God only knows
When his might shall cease to tower !

THE TOWEL'S FAREWELL.

[By Fred C. Crocker.]

Farewell to thee, dear roller, that has held me up so long ;
Farewell, you dirty cases, that have fabled me in song ;
For to-morrow, ere you waken, I shall silent pass away,
To a laundry, round the corner, where I'm to be washed, they say.

It's all so strange, my comrades, it seems to me a dream,
To step from out my inky shroud and meet the water's gleam ;
I think I may survive the bath, but should I pass away,
Just tell the comps, who for me ask, that I was washed to-day.

No more I'll clasp the blacklead hands that oft did fondle me,
For I must join the washman bold, so heedless to my plea ;
He'll take me down, and wonder long how many pounds I weigh,
And charge you well for all the time he spends on me to-day.

But I'll come back in snowy coat, to fill my usual sphere,
And mount again the vacant rack, a place to me most dear;
Then will the comp., with grimy hands, reach up to me and say,
" Ha ! Ha ! old boy, I see your back—washed—dyed within a day !"

THE ARTISTIC PRINTER.

[By Herbert L. Baker.]

A lot of bent leads and some broken-down rule,
A high smelling pipe and an old office stool,
Some crazy "art" fonts and some doctored up inks,
And wads of chewed paper to fill up the chinks.

Some "butes," a few "fakes," lot of "curliques," too,
Some "slobs" for his jobs, an old knife-blade to hew
Material too good to deserve such a fate,
But suffers destruction at a terrible rate.

The artist then goes out and fills up with "booze"—
A horrible nightmare appears in his snooze.
He wakes up next day with "idees" in his head,
And sets up his nightmare in bits of cold lead.

No importance to him are the words in his job—
Subordinate all to the "bute" and the "slob."
But in goes the fancy as full as 'twill stick,
While all's covered over with colors most sick.

Then specimens go to the press of the trade,
And flattery thick on the "genius" is laid.
"A step in advance," and "an exquisite taste,"
"To praise this young artist with pleasure we haste."

The customer—well, just see how he'll chill
The budding young genius, and kick on the bill.
Artistic it may be, but naught strikes my heart,
When the *use* of the job has been killed by the "*art*."

L'ENVY.

To criticise others is easy enough—
It's easier far than to be "up to snuff."
We point in derision, of "artists" make game,
But wish we were "artists" ourselves, just the same.

EMPLOYMENT VS. DISMISSAL.

[By Alba.]

The soldier's adage on the field—
"Every bullet has its billet,"
When the carnage is reveal'd,
'Twill in verity fulfil it.

To us printers nowadays
(The Australian one's condition)
How appropriate the phrase,
With a little transposition.

"Every billet has its bullet!"
And a speedy one—you bet!
Engaged—the Boss will soon annul it,
Ere for tucker you have set.

Several stickfuls—say, five bob;
Pub. night on some suburban paper;
A catalogue or pamphlet job
As evanescent as the vapor.

You loaf about the crib meanwhile,
Awaiting for your sugar, may be,
Until the Boss says with a smile
Enough to aggravate a gaby:

"That's all I've got for you just now;
Look in again when you are passing."—
This "looking in" deludes somehow;
'Tis not so lucrative as grassing.

You saunter to "the Rooms" at last,
And on the slate inscribe your handle;
Some time next month you'll get a cast
To win the price of soap and candle.

Wonder not then at the moan
Issuing from poor typo's gullet,
When his hopes of work have flown—
"A smalley billet—sudden bullet!"

—*Australian Typo. Journal.*

THE AGILE TYPE-LIFTER.

[By Red Ink.]

"There's some comps as set type like lightnin',
And some—well, as slow as a snail;
That, for all I'm worth, put me in mind, boys,
Of a hen lifting mush from a pail.
Some that bob as if hinged in the middle,
And describe monograms in the air;
Others scramble and dive 'round the boxes
In a style to make any one stare.

"In the course of my peregrinations
(And I've travelled a furlong or two),
There's many a strange, awkward motion
Been brought within range of my view.
But of 'whips' my experience is scanty,
Though accounts of their exploits are rife;
And though I've heard of 'em by dozens,
I never saw one in my life.

"Save one chap—and he *was* a slasher,
A fair gormandizer of type;
Like the throb of an engine his action,
As the crocodile's snap was his gripe.
Raised up in 'a small country office,'
Where 'the job type was kept in a bag,'
And they'd 'chalk out a case on the floor'
When they had a big rush on their rag.

"When he felt in an extra good humor,
His cases he'd turn upside down,
And he'd set up as much in that fashion
As any two men in the town.
Waugh! Talk of your slow Montrealers!
Suppose their performance was fine?
Sim's stickful would be on the galley
Before they had set their first line.

"But you see this yer rushin' so racked him,
That his arm got just like a wood doll;
And one day when the type was a flyin',
An' clicking a telegraph call,
His hand came right off at the wrist, boys,
Describin' an arc as it rose;
And though I stood from him six alleys,
It struck me *full square on the nose.*

"Yaas. Poor Sim's hash was settled from that time,
And we pitied his fate pooty much.
He now 'makes a stamp,' in a kind of way,
Peddlin' aprons an' bodkins, an' such.
Now take the advice of a 'float,' boys,
Don't hanker for what's past man's power;
Tho' you *hear* now and then of these '2000' whips,
Be content with twelve hundred an hour."

* * * * * * * * *

So saying, the tramp got down from the stone,
Had a yawn, gave a hitch to his clothes,
And said he would "shas-say" along and see
What luck the next town would disclose;
Then taking a "chew" from Jim Allen—that youth,
Who, in quoting the muse, flutters high—
He picked up his bundle, waltz'd out of the door,
With "Be good to yourselves. By! by!"

A DEADLY WEAPON.

[By J. W.]

The devil came up to the earth one day,
And he called on a friend, in a casual way,
For a quiet ten minutes' chatter.
The name of that friend I had best conceal,
And I do it more willingly since I feel
That it really doesn't matter.

They'd whiskey hot—I'm inclined to think
That whisky's the fiend's particular drink—
And then they began debating
A scheme for further attacks on man—
A diabolical, infernal plan—
Which the devil was meditating.

"I want to invent," said the fiend, with a smile,
"A weapon that's cowardly, fierce and vile,
For madmen and rogues to play with.
More deadly, more brutal, more cruel, more keen,
Than dynamite, dagger, infernal machine,
Or anything Christians slay with.

"I want to improve on the poisoned shaft,
On the hellish weapons of heathen craft,
On Europe's most skilled invention;
It must beat the bullet, outstab the knife,
Its wounds must torture while lingers life;
Is there anything you can mention?"

The friend went straight to his desk and took
A weapon that lay by his blotting-book,
And held it above him crying:
"Here's the deadliest weapon that woundeth men:
Can the devil improve on a poisoned pen?"
Said the devil: "I don't mean trying."

He took his hat and he said "Good-bye,"
With a gleam of joy in his fearful eye,
As he thought of the scribes inhuman
Who make of a gift that the gods might own
The deadliest weapon the world has known,
And stab at both man and woman.

THE BLACKSMITH'S LAMENT.

'Tis the last of the matter
Left standiug alone ;
All the rest of the column
Lies under the stone.
No typo will own it,
No foreman is nigh,
To speak to one kindly,
Who weeps o'er the pi.

I'll not leave thee, vast ruin,
But sadly deplore ;
'Twas the work of the devil,
Just 'scaped through the door.
Now kind nature teach me
Some exquisite way
Of maiming and torture
The devil to pay.

Thus, thus it is always,
From galley to stick,
If I'm out for a moment
They'll play me some trick.
I've suffered sufficient
My sins to atone,
And now I'm determined
To let 'em alone.

THE INTELLIGENT COMPOSITOR.

The typo stood in front of his case
And a fiendish smile crept over his face,
As he butchered his take, nor left a trace
Of meaning or sense in any place.

"Now for it," quoth he, "while the foreman's out,
'As the orator ceased, a prolonged snout
Rent the air'—that's just about
The proper wrench instead of shout."

And the editor wrote of the calm, shrewd head
That the orator had, but in type it read,
"That the orator toted a clam-shaped head."
(When the orator called the editor fled.)

With anguish did the heart of the poetess thrill,
And the typo fiend's blood did she yearn to spill,
For he headed her rhyme to the Whip Poor Will,
"An Ode to Hoop-pole Bill."

Of an actress wrote he, "She can't be beat,
And to watch her face is quite a treat."
"As an actress," said typo, "she is a beat,
And to wash her face is quite a treat."

And the editor wrote of "her soul-lit eyes,
That shine like stars from out the skies."
But the typo fixed it, "Her sore-lid eyes,
That stone-like stars from out of the styes."

"Lawyer Jones to-day will appear in court,"
"Lawyer Jones to-day will rear and snort,"
Was the twist he gave it and thought it sport—
(He now sings with angels, "Hold the Fort.")

JONAS JONES.

I will sing to you the ditty of Brother Jonas Jones.
It was in the balmy spring-time, when auction bills are seen,
And Irish fairies blarney Earth into wearin' o' the green,
When Jonas Jones, our devil, placed himself outside the door,
Because he thought his losses ought to *raise* the devil more.
In gorgeous raiment Jonas went, with plug hat o'er his eye,
Refulgent boots and fierce moustache—whereon was cast the dye.
A dime and pin—of solid brass—he carried off a rule,—
Unlike the famous golden one—a worn and much-used tool;
And Jonas Jones he vowed a vow he'd make the name of Jones
Like "Founder of the *Tribune*" rise above imposing stones.

II.

Years fled. One day in winter, when the yearly wail for wood
And the "Notice to Delinquents" both in the papers stood,
There came a muffled tramping slowly up the office stair
And each queried to his neighbor: "Know ye who cometh there?"
Then the door swung slowly open—trembled there some rag-wrapped bones,
Whence a voice came, faint and husky: "Remember Jonas Jones?"
Then we old ones rubbed our glasses and our mem'ry bumps the same,
"Jonas Jones?" we queried wildly, and he answered us—"the same!"
The devil (having crossed himself) had seized the office chair;
But we lead the wreck of Jonas and placed it kindly there.
"Fear not, my boy," spoke Jonas, "once, a foolish devil, I

Left this office, far to wander ; Now I've wandered back—
to die !
In Victoria's Dominion I've spelled wagon with two g's,
In New Orleans I have wrestled with their cussed horned
e's."
"Sampled any crooked whiskey?" "Yes, but more of
whiskey straight,
And I've sampled the tobacco, too, of each and every
State."
"Have a chaw?" Well, now you tempt me—touch me in
a spot that's soft !"
"Have some lager?" "Bob, you really are an honor to
the craft."

* * * * * * * * *

There's a grave down in the valley, but no grand imposing
stones
Bear the name of boyhood's promise, o'er the bones of
Jonas Jones.

WRONG FONT EYES.

[By Père Absinthe.]

Hi Quadrat read proof on *The Call*,
And clouds overshadowed his face ;
The proofs were unusually "foul,"
For "subs" occupied every case.

A Fourth of July grand excursion
Had set every bosom aflame,
And each had embraced the diversion
Who could get anyone on his "frame."

And such "subs!" No wonder despair
Her signal hung up o'er his brow,
For most of the "smiths" that were there
Had but recently quitted the plow.

They got the despatches in minion,
Or brevier, as accident fell;
While grave editorial opinion
Was chucked in obscure nonpareil.

They leaded what should have been solid,
Dumped whole "takes" in the wrong place—
While some, superlatively stolid,
Had "disted" the heads in their case.

And what made it worse for poor Hi,
He expected "trouble" at home;
And his breast would heave with a sigh
As he longed for morning to come.

When "thirty" at last had been called,
And he'd gone o'er the last "revise,"
And wearily forth he had crawled,
The sun was high up in the skies.

He scarcely had reached his own door,
When the nurse, overwhelmed with joy,
Announced that the "trouble" was o'er,
The result—a bouncing fine boy.

Hi quickly uncovered his heir,
And rapturously gazed upon't—
But suddenly turned in despair,
Exclaiming, "The eyes are wrong font!"

Hi boasted a light Celtic eye,
While the babe's were as black as an ace;
So he said, as he turned with a sigh,
"Some blacksmith's been mixing the case."

THE PRINTER'S PROGRESS.

The shades of night were coming down,
When limped into a western town
A tramp, who bore, by every sign,
The banner with that well-known line,
"Dead broke."

His hat was torn, his tangled hair
Stood like a hedgehog's in despair,
And like rheumatic jewsharp rung
The accents of that thickened tongue,
"Dead broke."

"Oh, stay!" the printer said, "and place
Your weary form at yonder case."
A flush of joy suffused his cheek,
But still he said in language meek,
"Dead broke!"

"The clerk will cash your morning's string,
Soon as the cub shall thirty bring."
This was his regular's last good night
And still replied this singular wight,
"Dead broke!"

And there, with a smile that was fierce and wild,
The leaded local he swiftly piled,
And anon, with a grim and ominous laugh,
He toiled through the solid telegraph—
Dead broke.

He passed his galleys at rapid pace,
And worked the hook with a careless grace,
With dashes, slugs and pick-ups a few,
And he hung up his case when the night was through,
Dead broke.

He tore the dupes with an anxious smile,
And pasted his string in the Frisco style,

And measured twelve-three with careful gauge
As the make-up planed down the local page—
Dead broke.

"You'll find a bunk behind the press;
That's better'n carryin' the flag, I guess."
But he counted his currency o'er and o'er
And chuckled low to himself, "No more
Dead broke!"

When the first blushes of early morn
Had roused the dispenser of morning horn,
The comp appeared and showed his trait
Of taking the national beverage straight,
Dead sure.

* * * * * * *

[An interval of thirteen drinks is supposed to have elapsed.]

There in the gutter making his bed,
In his pocket, as usual, nary a red,
The bright sun shone on this man of sin;
And the cop exclaimed, as he scooped him in,
"Dead drunk!"

THE PHANTOM PRINTERS.

[By F. M. Koerner.]

In an ancient German city,
In a narrow, gloomy lane,
There stands a moldering dwelling,
With many a broken pane;
The mildewed walls are crumbling,
And the spirit of decay,
Like a black, ill-omened raven,
Broods o'er it night and day.

And gossips say, at midnight,
When wise folks are abed,
'Tis thronged with spectral shadows,
And filled with shapes of dread;
The wraith of Faustus hovers
High in the ebon air,
And at his awful summons
The phantoms gather there.

They throng that ancient building,
They seize on rule and stick,
And like the beat of seconds
Resounds the ghostly "click."
With lightning speed they pick up;
No "whip" Australia boasts
Could vie in speed or deftness
With any of those ghosts.

They are the shades of printers
Who lived in olden times,
Condemned to ceaseless setting
In penance for their crimes—
For drinking and for swearing,
And sins done in the flesh,
Which still, despite much preaching,
Draws souls to Satan's mesh.

'Tis said that they are setting
The grim and endless rolls,
Where gleam in blood-red letters
The names of damned souls;
And wayfarers belated
Who chance to wander nigh,
With limbs that scarce support them,
And hair upstanding, fly.

But when the cock's loud clarion
Thro' morning's air sounds shrill,

At once the phantoms vanish,
And all again is still.
Through broken pane and doorway
Streams in the sun's fair light,
Nor shines on any vestige
Of the fearful deeds of night.

THE TYPESETTING MACHINE.

Ye printers dear, what's this I hear, the news that's goin' 'round?
A grand machine, to take your place, has surely now been found;
It'll set the type quite neatly, at a most tremendous speed,
And the clever printer man, they say, we shall no longer need.
A million ems, or more, a day, they say it will turn out,
Correct its proof, revise, make-up, and whirl the forms about;
Deliver papers in the street, and do it mighty quick,
And the most admired thing of all—"the beastly thing don't kick!"

The editor will touch the keys, and deftly "set" his work;
The "special" man, his articles into the thing will jerk;
The "night man" and the "local" will quickly spread their notes;
The "funny" man will calmly smoke and click his anecdotes;
The "fashion" and the "sporting sharp" their screeds will neatly do;
The machine will edit copy, yes, and punctuate it, too.

Then the chapel will be silent, and the Father go to grass,
And the stupid typo's blunders will never come to pass.
The editors of rival sheets will revel and feel good,

While the printer man tramps o'er the land or takes to sawing wood.
But the summer time will come again and winter's winds will blow,
And many a harvest time will come again and go,
Ere the thing of cranks and gearing takes the place of pen and ink,
Or supplants the toiling typo, with his power to *work* and *think*.

Wellcome Library